

INTERNATIONAL ENGLISH SIDE READERS

國際英文輔助讀物

RIP VAN WINKLE

李伯大夢

著作：L. FAUCETT博士

編註：王 渝 安

900 WORD LEVEL

900常用字範圍



遠東圖書公司

INTERNATIONAL ENGLISH SIDE

By LAWRENCE FAUCETT, M.A. Oxon.

Editor: JAMES Y. A. WANG

RIP VAN WINKLE

Retold by

L. W. and M. G. M. FAUCETT

900 WORD LEVEL

THE FAR EAST BOOK CO.

登記號三六三
准登三六三
核准作三六三
局第廿二卷
新聞部第廿二
新字號第廿二
院台內政七
行政部內政七
行局內政七
經局內政七
司為業證
公證業證
本登記本

有著作權·不准翻印

國際英文輔助讀物

李伯大夢

基本定價伍角

(外埠酌加運費)

著者：L. FAUCETT 博士

編註者：王 渝 安

發行所：遠東圖書公司

印刷者：遠東圖書公司

發行所：遠東圖書公司

台北市重慶南路一段六十六之一號十樓

編輯要旨

1. 本叢書共選出日常用字1500字，均屬說話、書寫、閱讀及兒童讀物中出現率（word frequency）極高之基本字彙。
2. 本叢書分爲十五冊，第一冊以日常用字100字爲度，第二冊以200字爲度，以此類推至第十五冊，日常用字即達1500字。
3. 本叢書內容包括童話、寓言、故事、戲劇、文學名著等，各種文體俱備。
4. 本叢書每冊皆附有生字表及成語註釋，以便查閱。
5. 本叢書每冊後均附有練習，以供讀者自修。
6. 凡注有星號（*）之字爲超出1500字範圍以外者，書中均以插圖或文字解釋。

CONTENTS

	Page
1. RIP VAN WINKLE	3
QUESTIONS AND TESTS.	26

This book is a Side Reader to be read with any series. It is written in simple but idiomatic language suitable for reading during the *third* year of learning English or thereafter.

Words outside the 900 WORD LEVEL are starred (*), and illustrated or explained in the text.

MASTER THE 1000 WORD LEVEL.

THEN READ THE STORIES QUICKLY WITHOUT TRANSLATION TILL YOU ARE READING EASILY.

THEN GO ON TO THE 1000 WORD LEVEL.

RIP VAN WINKLE

1. *The Kaatskill Mountains*

Whoever has travelled up the Hudson River will remember the Kaatskill Mountains. They are a part of the great Appalachian mountains and are seen to the west of the river. Every change of sky, indeed every hour of the day, causes some change in the wonderful colors of these mountains. All the good wives, far and near, think they can tell from them if the day will be wet or dry. When the day is fair, they are clothed in blue and purple, and stand out clearly in the evening sky; but sometimes when the rest of the country is cloudless, gray clouds may be seen about their tops, which in the light of the setting sun will shine like fires of gold.

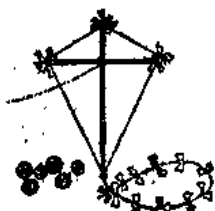
At the foot of these beautiful mountains the traveller may see light smoke coming up from a village. The *cottages of this village show among the trees just where the fields end and the mountain-side begins. It is a little village, but very old, having been first peopled by the Dutch who came over in the early days from Holland.

2. *Rip Van Winkle*

In that same village there lived many years ago a simple, good natured man of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was not only good natured but

also a kind man, and an obedient husband to a wife, with a bad nature.

Certainly he was greatly liked by all the good wives of the village. They, as usual, took the man's side in all family troubles, and whenever they talked these matters over in the evenings, they alwasys found kind words for Rip Van Winke. The children of the village, too, would cry out with joy whenever he came near. He helped them



at their games, made their play-things, taught them to fly *kites and play with *marbles, and told them long stories. Whenever he went about the village, he was followed by these children, pulling on his coat, climbing on his back playing and laughing with him. The dogs in the village were also friendly toward him.

Rip Van Winkle would not do any kind of work that brought in money. He would sit all day and fish, even if he never caught a fish. He would carry a gun for hours at a time, making his way through woods and through water, up and down hill, to get a few birds. He would never refuse to help a friend even in the hardest work, and was the first man to work whenever a stone wall was to be built. The women of the village used him to do work about the house which their husbands would not do for them. To tell the truth, Rip was ready to do anybody's business but his own.

In fact, he told everybody that it was of no use to work on his farm as it was the worst little piece of ground in the whole country. Everything about it went wrong. His walls were always falling down, his cow would get into his cornfields, rain always began to fall whenever he had any work to do outside. As the years passed, what had once been a good farm, when his father owned it, became the worst-kept farm in the whole village.

His children, too, were as wild and badly kept as the farm. He had a son who dressed in his father's old clothes, and who seemed to be following his father in all his lazy ways.

3. Dame Van Winkle

Rip Van Winkle was just one of those good natured people who are willing to do anything rather than work. If left alone, he would have been perfectly happy doing nothing, but his wife never left him alone, but kept telling him how lazy he was, and that the whole family was without money because of his laziness.

Morning, noon, and night, she was always talking in this way. Rip had only one way of answering such talk. He would look unhappily from side to side, but say nothing. This, however, always made his wife more angry, so that there was then only one thing for him to do and that was to go out of the house.

Rip's only family friend was his dog, Wolf, who

was in trouble as often as his master, for Rip Van Winkle's wife looked upon them as friends, and thought sometimes that this dog was the cause of much of her worry and unhappiness.



Whenever Wolf entered the house he would put his head down, and with his *tail between his legs would walk about, ready at any time to run out of the house if Dame Van Winkle should come after him with a *stick.

Matters became worse as time passed on. A bad-natured wife never becomes kinder as the years pass, and Rip was hardly ever at home. He used to go to the village *inn, over whose door there hung a picture of the English king, George III. There he would sit all day long, talking with the people of the village, and telling stories which never seemed to come to an end. Whenever a passing traveller left an old newspaper at the inn, Rip and, his friends used to listen to the village schoolmaster reading the news, and then for days afterward each man would give his ideas of how the government should rule the country.

4. *The Village Inn*

The leader in all their talks was Nicholas Vedder, one of the oldest men in the village, and the owner of the inn. Nicholas would take his seat at the door of his inn, and quietly sit there from morning to night under a large tree, just moving enough to



keep out of the sun. The village people could tell what time it was by his movements almost as well as if they had looked at a clock.

It is true that old Nicholas Vedder did not often speak, but he smoked his *pipe all the time. His friends, however, understood him and knew what his thoughts were, by the way he smoked this pipe. Whenever anything was told or read which did not please him, he would be seen to smoke quickly and angrily. When anything pleased him, he smoked very slowly, and blow the smoke out in light clouds.

But even from this peaceful place Rip was driven by his wife. She would suddenly come into the middle of this company, and say that they were all helping Rip to be lazy and good-for-nothing.

Poor Rip at last did not know what to do or

where to go. He found that the only way that he could escape from the words of his wife and the work of his farm was to take his gun and go into the woods. There he would sometimes sit down at the foot of a tree, and, giving part of his dinner to his dog Wolf, say: 'Poor Wolf, my wife and her stick make your life hard, but don't worry! While I live, you will always have a friend.' Wolf would then look up into his master's face, and if dogs can feel sad, I truly believe that he was sorry for Rip Van Winkle.

5. Rip Van Winkle goes to the Mountains

One fine autumn day when Rip had been driven out of the village by his wife, he walked to one



of the highest parts of the Kaatskill Mountains. He was very tired when he arrived there late in the afternoon, and threw himself down on the ground. Through the trees he could see around the country for miles and miles. He saw the great Hudson River far, far below him. On the other side he looked down into a deep and wild mountain *valley, the bottom of which was filled with pieces of rocks which had fallen from above. Into this dark valley the light of the setting sun did not shine. For some time Rip lay looking at this valley as evening slowly came on. Soon he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and when he thought of what his wife would say to him for being late, he began to be afraid.

As he was about to go down, he heard a voice from a long way off calling 'Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!' He looked around but could see nothing except a big black bird flying alone across the mountain. As he turned again to go on his way, he heard the same voice calling through the quiet evening air, 'Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!' At the same time Wolf, his dog, ran to his side, and began to look down toward the deep, dark valley. Rip now began to feel terribly afraid. As he looked down, he saw a strange man climbing up the rocks, carrying something heavy on his back. Rip was surprised to see anyone in this wild place, but supposing him to

be some person who was lost and needed help, he went down at once to help him.



On coming nearer he was still more surprised at the stranger's dress and looks. He was a short old man, with a long *beard and a round funny face. His clothes were of the kind worn by the Dutch long years ago. He carried on his back a strong *barrel which seemed full of something to drink, and he made signs showing that he wanted Rip to come nearer and help him to carry this.



Although rather afraid of the man, Rip went at once, and each helping the other, they climbed up the mountainside over the dry rocks of what had been a mountain river. As they climbed Rip now and then heard long and heavy rolling sounds, like *thunder, that seemed to come out of the high rocks to which their rough road was taking them. Rip waited, and then, thinking it was only a far-away mountain storm, he went on. Passing through the opening in the rocks, they came to a small place over which the trees on the sides of the mountain made



1 thunder=sound made in clouds during a storm.

a cover. Through the trees far above them they could see the sky and the bright evening clouds. During the whole time Rip and his strange friend had walked on silently. Though Rip wondered why they should carry this barrel up the mountain-side, yet there was something strange about the unknown man that made it impossible for Rip to ask him questions.

6. The Strange Little Men playing Nine-pins

On entering this covered place Rip saw a company of strange-looking fellows playing *nine-pins. They were dressed in the same strange clothes as the man who was walking with Rip. Their faces,



too, were strange. One had a large beard, a long face, and small eyes; the face of another seemed to be almost all nose, and on top of his head he had a tall white hat. They all had beards of different kinds and colors. There was one who seemed to be to the leader. He was a heavily built old man, with a face which showed that he cared little for wind or rain. His clothes were much finer than those of the others. They made Rip think of an old Dutch picture hanging in the best room of the village schoolmaster, which had been brought over from Holland many years before.

What seemed still more amusing to Rip was that though these people were amusing themselves, yet their faces were serious. They never spoke and were the saddest-looking party of people that he had ever seen. Nothing was heard but the deep rolling sound of the heavy balls, which whenever they were rolled made a sound like that of far-away thunder.

As Rip and the little man came near, the others suddenly stopped their play, and looked at Rip with such fixed and strange eyes that he was very frightened. The little man now filled large cups from the drink in the barrel, and pointing from the cups to the people, made Rip understand that he was expected to take one to each man. He obeyed with fear. They drank from the cups, without a sound, and then returned to their game.

In a little time Rip began to be less afraid. He even drank a little himself. He found the drink to be much better than he had ever had before. He was a great drinker and soon took another cup, and after that returned so often to fill his cup that, at last, he fell asleep.

7. *Rip Van Winkle wakes up*

On waking he found himself on the side of the mountain where he had first seen the old man of the valley. He *rubbed his eyes in surprise for it was a bright, sunny morning. The birds were singing in the trees. 'Surely,' thought Rip, 'I have not slept here all night.' Then he remembered all that had happened before he fell asleep--the strange man with the barrel, the wild place between the rocks, the sad party of men playing nine-pins, the strange drink. 'Oh, that drink!' thought Rip. 'What shall I say to my wife?'



He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean, well-kept gun, he found an old gun lying by him, the wood of which had fallen in pieces long ago. He now thought that the people he had met the night before had put something into the drink, and that this had made him sleep. Then, perhaps, they had taken his gun away, putting this old one in its place. Wolf, too, had

gone, but he might have run off after some bird or wild animal. He called Wolf's name many times, but no dog was to be seen.

He decided to go back to the place where he had seen the men the evening before, and if he met any of them, to ask for his gun and his dog. As he rose to walk, he found he could hardly move his legs. 'These mountain rocks do not make a good bed' thought Rip. 'If I'm sick after this, what a time I shall have with my wife!' With some trouble he got down into the valley and found the road by which he and the strange little man had gone the night before, but to his surprise a mountain river was now running down over the rocks. He was able to get across it and to make his way through the trees and long grass on the other side.

At last he reached the place where there should have been an opening to the little valley where the men had been playing nine-pins, but no such opening could he find. The rocks made a high wall, over which the water came down in a beautiful waterfall. Here, then, poor Rip had to stop. He called and called for his dog, but he was answered only by the cries of the wild birds as they flew in circles high above his head.

What was to be done? The morning was passing away, and Rip felt badly in need of food. He was very sorry to lose his dog and gun, and