

中学英语拾级读物

GRADED
ENGLISH
READERS

第七级

Short Stories
of O. Henry

欧·亨利短篇故事

第 1 册

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Stage VII No. 1

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欧·亨利短篇小说

夏祖燧 林 易 编注

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前 言

受国家教育委员会中学司委托,由上海外国语学院、北京外国语学院、北京师范大学、华东师范大学所属的四家大学出版社联合编辑、出版的《中学英语拾级读物》(简称《拾级读物》或《GE》)与读者见面了,这是我国中学英语教学的一项重要配套工程,旨在促进中学英语教学的改革。

取名《拾级读物》,不仅因为它有十个级别五十本书,而且还寓有“循序渐进,拾级而上”之意。中学生从初二开始阅读,逐级向上攀登,便可达到借助词典读懂浅近原著的水平。

《拾级读物》每册的词汇量、字数及对应年级大致如下:

级别	词汇量	每册大约字数	对应年级
一	500—700	10万	初二
二	600—900	10万	初二、初三
三	800—1200	12万	初三
四	1000—1500	12万	高一
五	1400—1800	12万	高一、高二
六	1700—2000	12万	高二、高三
七	2000—2500	14万	重点中学高三
八	2500—3000	16万	外国语学校高三
九	3000—3500	18万	高材生、中学教师
十	3000—3500	18万	高材生、中学教师

阅读是学好任何一种语言的必由之路,也是获取信息的主

要渠道。只做习题，不大量阅读是学不好英语的。近年来不少学生为了应付考试，花费大量的精力和时间去做各种各样的复习题、模拟试题，但收效甚微，对外语能力的提高并无多大益处，这是外语教学中的一种偏向。《拾级读物》的出版正是为了给中学英语教学提供一套可读性与系统性相结合的课外读物。

《拾级读物》主要供学生自己阅读，但教师可根据学生的实际水平帮助他们选择使用，并进行适当的辅导。特别在阅读方法上教师可作示范性的讲示，引导学生逐步摆脱语法和汉语的束缚，在此过程中，一是抓篇章大意和故事情节；二是注意学过语言现象的再现和在新环境下的发展。对不易理解之处，要启发学生先根据上下文去琢磨，实在影响阅读时再查阅词典。对不影响理解全文的语言难点则要舍得放过。只有这样，才能培养学生良好的阅读习惯，保持他们阅读的兴趣，提高他们阅读的速度。

《拾级读物》的级别是衡量中学生英语阅读水平的客观尺度。为了便于检查，我们还准备编写一套相应的测试材料和教学参考书。

《拾级读物》除供中学生使用外，还可作为中学英语教师培训、进修的教材。

第七级共五册，书目如下：(1)《欧·亨利短篇故事》；(2)《哈代作品选》；(3)《英美短篇小说》；(4)《中国现代故事》；(5)《世界名人小传》。各册基本上按由浅入深，由易到难的原则编排。

鉴于编者水平有限，本读物在选材、注释等各方面肯定有不少缺点，敬请广大师生、各界读者不吝指正，供我们再版时参考。

《中学英语拾级读物》编辑委员会

一九八七年五月

中学英语拾级读物 第七级 第一册

欧·亨利短篇故事

(简写本)

本册选收美国著名作家欧·亨利 (O. Henry, 1862~1910) 原著、经过改写的短篇故事 21 篇。内容丰富, 情节生动, 构思巧妙, 文笔幽默, 经常出现意想不到的结局。各篇基本上根据难易程度, 按循序渐进、由浅入深的原则编排, 文字简练, 注释详明。可供重点中学高中三年级学生、大学一年级学生和具有中等水平的自学英语者选读。

中学英语拾级读物是受国家教育委员会中学司委托编注的。

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1. The Green Door*

Let us think about adventure.¹ You are walking along Broadway.² You are looking into the shop windows and you are deciding which theater to go to. You are asking yourself, do I want something to make me laugh, or something to make me feel sad?

Suddenly a hand is placed on your arm. You turn to look deep into the eyes of a beautiful woman, wonderful in jewels and richly dressed. Quickly she puts into your hand a piece of hot — very hot — bread and butter. She cuts a small piece of cloth from your coat. She speaks one word and it means nothing to you. Then quickly she runs down a side street, looking back fearfully over her shoulder.

That would be pure adventure. Would you accept it?

No. Your face would turn red. You would drop the bread and butter. You would walk straight along with one hand over the hole in your coat. This you would do, if you are not one of the very few in whom the pure spirit of adventure is not dead.³

There have never been many adventurers.⁴ You can read stories about men called adventurers. But they were really busi-

nessmen. There was something they wanted — a lady, or money, or a country, or honor. And so they got it. But a true adventurer is different. He starts without any special purpose. He is ready for anything he may meet.

There have been many half-adventurers. And they were great men. History is rich with their stories. But each of them had a special purpose. They were not followers of true adventure.

In the big city of New York,⁵ Romance and Adventure⁶ are always waiting. As we walk along the street, they are watching us. We look up suddenly and see a face in a window. The face seems to interest us strangely. Or in a quiet street, we hear a cry of fear and pain coming from a house where no one lives. A cab⁷ takes us to a strange door, instead of to our own. The door opens and we are asked to enter. At every corner, eyes look toward us, or hands are raised, or fingers point. Adventure is offered.

But few of us are ready to accept. We are ready to do only the things we do every day. We wish to do only the things that everyone else does. We move on,⁸ and some day we come to the end of a long quiet life. Then we begin to think. Then, when it is too late, we are sorry that we have never known true Romance and Adventure.

Rudolf Steiner⁹ was a true adventurer. There were few evenings when he did not go out seeking something different.¹⁰ He was always interested in what might be waiting around the next corner. Sometimes adventure led him into strange

places. Two times the cops¹¹ arrested him. Again and again he discovered that he had lost all his money. One night his watch was taken from him. But he continued happily to accept every offer of adventure.

One evening Rudolf was walking slowly along a street in the older part of the city. Many people were walking along the street that night. Some were hurrying home. Others were going to have their dinner at some restaurant.¹²

The adventurer¹³ was a pleasant and good-looking young man. By day, he worked in a music shop.¹⁴

He walked quietly and watchfully.

He passed a busy restaurant and saw beside it an open door. Above the door a sign was hanging, a sign for a doctor's office. A very large black man stood at the door. He was strangely and brightly dressed in red and yellow. Quietly, he was offering small pieces of paper to those who passed by.

Rudolf had often seen such a thing before. The black man's small pieces of paper would have the name of the doctor in the office on the third floor. Usually Rudolf walked past without taking the paper that was offered. But tonight the paper was put into his hand very quickly. He kept it, smiling.

When he had walked on further, he looked down at the paper. Surprised, he turned it over, and looked again with interest. On one side there was nothing. On the other side were three words: "The Green Door".

And then, three steps beyond, another man threw down

the paper the black man had given him. Rudolf picked it up. There was a doctor's name, with the street and the number. This was what Rudolf had expected to find on his own piece of paper.¹⁵

The young adventurer stopped at the corner to think. Then he went across the street, walked further, and returned across the street to the first side.



Now he again walked past the black man. Again, he received a piece of paper. Ten steps away, he looked at it. There were the same words that had appeared on the first paper: "The Green Door". Three or four other pieces of paper were lying in the street where they had been dropped. He looked at them. Every one had the doctor's name on it.

Two times, now, Adventure had asked Rudolf to follow.

He was ready.

He walked slowly back to where the big black man stood. This time as he passed, he received no paper. The papers were offered to some, but not to all who passed. It seemed to Rudolf that the large black face looked coldly at him.

The look was painful to Rudolf. It seemed to say that he had failed. It seemed to say that he was not a true adventurer.

Standing away from the crowd of people, the young man looked up at the building. He believed that his adventure must be somewhere inside. The building was five floors high. A small restaurant was on the ground floor.

On the floor above that was a hat shop. Above the hat shop was the doctor's office. Above this were several signs, of dressmakers, music teachers, and other doctors. On the top floor, people seemed to have furnished rooms.¹⁶

Rudolf entered the door and walked quickly up.

On the second floor he stopped. The hall was not every well lighted. There were two gas lights, one far to his right, the other nearer, to his left.

He looked toward the nearer light and saw a green door.

For one moment he waited.¹⁷ Then he remembered the cold face of the black man at the door below. He walked straight to the green door, striking it loudly with his hand. Then he waited to see who would open the door.

In the moments that passed then, he could feel the quick breath of true adventure. What might not be behind the wood of that green door! Bad men planning bad acts, or beauty in

trouble, or death, or love — anything might be there.

A soft sound was heard, and the door slowly opened. A girl not yet twenty stood there. Her face was very white, and she was very weak. She put out one hand, and started to fall. Rudolf caught her¹⁸ and carried her inside and put her down on a bed.

He closed the door and looked around. It was very clean, but she was very poor. That was what he saw.

The girl lay with her eyes closed. But now she opened them, and the young man looked at her face. He had never seen it before, but he knew that it was a face he had always hoped to see someday. Her eyes were gray, her nose was small, her hair was brown. It was a face to make this a wonderful adventure. But her face was very thin and it had no color.

The girl looked at him and then smiled. "I fell, didn't I?" she asked. "That's what happens when you don't eat for three days."

"What!" cried Rudolf. "Wait till I come back."

He rushed out of the green door and down to the street. In twenty minutes he returned. Both arms were full of things from a food shop and from the restaurant. He put them on the table — bread and butter, cold meats, cakes, fish, milk and more.

"Only little fools," said Rudolf, "stop eating. You must not do things like that. Dinner is ready." He helped her to move to a chair at the table, and asked, "Is there a cup for the milk?"

"There, by the window," she answered.

He filled the cup. "Drink that first," he ordered. "And then you shall have something else. And may I be your guest?"¹⁹

He moved another chair to the table and sat down.

A little color began to come into the girl's face. She started to eat like some small wild animal that has been without food for a long time. She seemed to think it was not strange that this young man was helping her. Her need had been so great that she was ready to accept any help.

But slowly, as her strength returned, she began to tell him her little story. There are a thousand stories like hers in the city every day. It was the shop girl's story²⁰ — not enough pay, illness, a lost job, lost hope. And then the adventurer at the green door.

But to Rudolf it was not a little story. It was a big story.

"And you suffered all that!" he said.

"It was really bad," said the girl.

"And you have no family or friends in the city?"

"None."

"I am all alone in the world, too," said Rudolf.

"I am glad of that," said the girl. And it pleased the young man to hear that she was glad he was alone.

Very suddenly her eyes closed. It was not easy for her to open them again. "I'm falling asleep," she said, "and I feel so good."

Rudolf rose and took his hat.

"Then I'll say good night. A long night's sleep will be fine

for you."

He held out his hand and she took it and said, "Good night." But her eyes asked a question.

He answered with words. "I'm coming tomorrow to see how you are."

Then, when he was at the door, she asked, "How did you happen to come to my door?"

He looked at her for a moment and felt a sudden pain. What if those pieces of paper had been placed in some other man's hand?²¹ Quickly he decided that she must never know the truth. He must never let her know that he knew that she had taken such a strange way to call for help.²²

"I was looking for someone else," he said.

The last thing he saw was her smile.

Outside the door he stopped and looked around the hall. And then he went along the hall to the other end. He came back and went to the floor above, and walked to the far end of that hall. Every door in the house was painted green.

He went down to the street. The black man was there. Rudolf showed him the two pieces of paper with the words, "The Green Door".

"Why did you give these to me?" he asked.

"I give some of those and some with the doctor's name," the black man said. "I'm paid a dollar to give those."

"But what do they mean?" Rudolf asked.

The black man smiled. "There it is," he said. He pointed his finger down the street. "But you are a little late."²³

Rudolf looked down the street. There he saw a theater, and over the theater there was a big sign in electric lights. It said, "The Green Door".²⁴

In a shop on the corner near his home, Rudolf stopped to buy a newspaper. As he stepped outside again he said to himself, "I know that it was planned that I should meet her. I know it."

For Rudolf Steiner was a true follower of Romance and Adventure.²⁵

Notes:

*The Green Door: 绿色门

1. adventure [əd'ventʃə] *n.* 奇遇, 冒险; 冒险活动
2. Broadway ['brɔ:dweɪ] *n.* 百老汇大街(美国纽约的繁华街道, 剧院、夜总会等多设于此)
3. This you would do, if you are not one of the very few in whom the pure spirit of adventure is not dead: 如果你不是那种纯真冒险精神尚未消失的为数极少的人, 你也会这样做的。
4. adventurer [əd'ventʃərə] *n.* 冒险家
5. New York ['nju:'jɔ:k] 纽约(美国州名和城市名)
6. Romance and Adventure: 奇遇之神和冒险之神(两词大写, 表示拟人化; romance [rə'mæns] *n.* 奇遇, 浪漫事迹; 罗曼斯)
7. cab [kæb] *n.* 出租小马车; 出租汽车
8. move on: 走下去; 继续前进
9. Rudolf Steiner ['ru:dɔlf 'stainə:] 鲁道夫·斯坦纳(人名)
10. There were few evenings when he did not go out seeking something different: 他经常晚上出去找新鲜事儿, 不出去的时候很少。
11. cop [kɒp] *n.* 警察
12. restaurant ['restərɒnt] *n.* 餐馆, 饭店
13. adventurer: 指 Rudolf Steiner
14. music shop: 乐器店(出售乐器、唱片、乐谱、音乐书籍等)

15. This was what Rudolf had expected to find on his own piece of paper: 鲁道夫本来以为(黑人给)他的那张纸上也是这些。
16. furnished rooms: 备有家具的出租房间(或廉价的小公寓房间)
17. For one moment he waited: 他等了一会儿。
18. Rudolf caught her: 鲁道夫扶住她。
19. And may I be your guest: 我可以和你一起吃吗?(直译:我可以当你的客人吗?)
20. It was the shop girl's story: 这是一个女店员的(典型)故事。
21. What if those pieces of paper had been placed in some other man's hand? 要是那两张纸被塞在别的男人手里, 那会怎么样呢?
22. He must never let her know that he knew that she had taken such a strange way to call for help: 他一定不让她知道, 他晓得她用这种奇怪的方式求援。(他以为这些纸片是她叫黑人散发的, 这种办法欠妥, 怕她感到羞愧, 所以决定不告诉她自己知道此事。)
23. But you are a little late: 不过你晚了点儿。(因为戏已经开演了。)
24. over the theater there was a big sign in electric lights. It said, "The Green Door": 在戏院上面有一个用电灯泡组成的大型广告牌, 标出“绿色门”三字。(这是剧院当晚上演的剧名。)
25. For Rudolf Steiner was a true follower of Romance and Adventure: 因为鲁道夫·斯坦纳是奇遇之神和冒险之神的忠诚信徒。(鲁道夫相信他和那个姑娘相遇是命运安排的。)