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The New Zealand File

Richard MacAndrew 著

新西兰档案



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北京语言大学出版社
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Preface 前言

“剑桥双语分级阅读·小说馆”是一套从剑桥大学出版社引进的面向非英语国家英语学习者的分级系列读物，由英语语言教学专家及小说作家合力创作。创作过程历时二十余年，出版后受到世界各地英语教师和英语学习者的喜爱，许多读本再版十余次，二十余年来畅销不衰，成为全球英语学习者首选的优秀读本。

本系列读物具有以下突出的特色：

1. 它是原创英语读物，而非改编自普通作品的读物。因此，阅读本系列读物，我们读到的是原汁原味的原创英语，而非人为改编过的二手英语。

2. 它是当代优秀短篇小说，而非上个或上上个世纪的小说。因此，阅读本系列读物，我们读到的是当今活的、学了就能用的英语，而非穿越时空的、学了难以用的英语；了解的是与我们同时代英语国家人们的、而非隔代人的生活、文化、风土人情和价值观。

3. 它是专为非英语国家的英语学习者量身定制的读物，而非为英语母语者而写的大众读物。因此，本系列读物是最适合英语学习的读物。

4. 它是英美知名小说家和英语语言教学专家合力创作的读物，小说家保障了读物的可读性与可欣赏性，英语语言教学专家保障了读物语言作为英语学习得材料的科学性与可学性。本系列读物中的许多小说都曾在世界上颇具影响力的“语言学习文学奖 (Language Learner Literature Award)”评选中获得大奖。因此，阅读本系列读物，我们会在欣赏小说的同时，自然而然地、有效地提高自己的英语水平。

5. 它的故事题材丰富多样，包括侦探、情感、历险、悬疑、人文、科幻、喜剧等，读者可以随心选择自己喜欢的类别进行阅读；它的故事内容生动有趣，故事情节引人入胜、扣人心弦，一旦开始阅读，就想一口气读完，使阅读真正升华到“悦读”。

6. 随书附赠的音频材料内容精彩——它不是普通英语母语者的朗读录音，而是专业配音员的演绎再创作。听着它，我们犹如在听广播剧、听评书，又仿佛是在听电影、听话剧……这种聆听英语的享受将彻底扫除学生对英语听力的畏难心理。

7. 读本中所使用的语言，既有英式英语，也有美式英语，对应的音频材料也相应分为英音和美音。读者可根据自己的喜好来选择。

8. 本系列一百多本读物根据“欧洲共同语言参考框架（CEF）”和“剑桥大学外语考试部（ESOL）”的标准来确定级别划分，是建立在科学研究和实践基础之上的分级。全套共分七个级别（与中国学生英语基础水平的大致对应关系，请参见图书封底表格），读者可根据自己的英语基础选择相应级别的读本来学习。

为了更好地帮助中国学生学习和欣赏，“剑桥双语分级阅读·小说馆”从剑桥大学出版社原版引进后又增加了以下内容：

1. 增加了适量的辅助学习内容，包括“读前思考”“读后活动”“学习指导”三个板块，其中“学习指导”板块又包括生词、短语和表达、文化点滴、阅读练习四项内容。增加这些板块的宗旨是全方位帮助学生提升英语阅读能力，扩充词汇量，扫除阅读中的文化障碍，提高对英语小说的鉴赏能力。

2. 增加了小说全文的参考译文。出于语言学习的考虑，译文尽量采用直译，保证两种语言句子的基本对应，避免文学式意译。值得一提的是，所增加的辅助学习内容和参考译文，均由来自全国不同省市著名中学（包括人大附中、北大附中、清华附中、黄冈中学、上海中学等三十余所中学）的一线英语教师完成，从而确保了所加内容与中国学生的英语学习特点和学习需求相吻合，为学生阅读和欣赏读物、提高英语水平给予恰到好处的助力。

3. 提供配套网络资源。本系列读物配有专题网页，读者可以在网页上了解读物的基本信息、故事梗概、作者和编译者介绍；可以通过“在线测试”(http://cdextras.cambridge.org/Readers/RPT_last.swf) 帮助自己确定适合的阅读级别，再结合自己对题材和英式或美式英语的偏好，来选择具体的读本；还可以进行故事预览和试听，下载录音和拓展习题，与其他读者分享、交流读书心得。教师还可以分享教学经验并下载教案等相关资源（<http://www.blcup.com> 和 <http://www.camstory.cn>）。

英语阅读是英语课堂的延伸和补充，也是培养英语语感、提高英语水平的有效途径。选择好的英语读物，收获的将不仅仅是语言的进步。欢迎年轻朋友们来到“剑桥双语分级阅读·小说馆”，打开一本本好书，品味一个个好故事，为实现梦想搭建桥梁。

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故事中的人物



Ian Munro: a British spy working for British Intelligence

伊恩·芒罗：一位为英国情报局工作的英国间谍



Naylor: Ian Munro's boss

内勒：伊恩·芒罗的上司



Cochrane: another British spy working for British Intelligence

科克伦：另一位为英国情报局工作的英国间谍



Lisa Jardine: a nurse in Wanaka, New Zealand

丽莎·贾丁：新西兰瓦纳卡的一位护士



读前思考

1. Look at the picture on the front cover. What kind of place does it show?
2. Read about the *People in the story* on page 6. Is Cochrane Ian Munro's boss? Where does Lisa Jardine live? What does she do?
3. Look at the map on page 7 and the *Contents* on page 5. Which island of New Zealand does Ian Munro go to?
4. If you have the recording, listen to Chapter 1.

Chapter 1

From Fiji to Christchurch

Ian Munro was lying on a beach on the Fijian island of Viti Levu. The sun was hot and the sea was warm and blue. Next to him a tall beautiful Fijian woman was putting sun oil on her long dark legs.

‘This is the life,’ Munro thought to himself.

Just then a man with a phone in his hand ran along the beach from Munro’s hotel. He was wearing a white shirt and dark trousers – one of the hotel workers.

‘Mr Munro! Mr Munro!’ he called.

Munro sat up.

‘Telephone, Mr Munro,’ said the man, giving Munro the phone. ‘Your father. He says it’s important.’

‘Thank you,’ said Munro. He took the phone. ‘Hello?’

‘Munro,’ said a voice that Munro knew well. It was Naylor, his boss.

‘Hello, Dad,’ said Munro.

‘Forget the jokes,’ said Naylor. ‘Are you with someone?’

‘Yes,’ replied Munro.

‘I know you’re on holiday. But I need you. Are you free?’

‘No, but I can be,’ replied Munro.

‘Good,’ said Naylor. ‘Get yourself to New Zealand. There’s a plane tonight to Christchurch. Your ticket will be at the airport. Cochrane will meet you at Christchurch airport. You know Cochrane?’

Munro did know Cochrane. He always had a lot to say for himself. Too much, actually, thought Munro.

‘Yes,’ he answered.

‘Good,’ said Naylor again. ‘He’ll find you at the airport. And he’ll tell you what the job is.’

Munro smiled to himself. Naylor never left Britain on business or on holiday.

‘Any questions?’ asked Naylor.

‘No,’ said Munro. Naylor finished the call. Munro looked at the woman next to him. Then he spoke into the phone again.

‘Oh no! That’s terrible,’ he said. ‘Yes, of course I can. I’ll get a plane as soon as I can...OK, Dad... Yes... Yes... I’ll call you from the airport... OK. Bye.’

He turned off the phone and kissed the woman softly.

‘Sorry, my dear,’ he said. ‘I’ve got to go. My grandmother’s very ill.’

‘Oh Ian!’ she said, looking up at him with a half-smile on her face. ‘Every time you come to Fiji one of your family gets ill and you have to leave early. What is wrong with all you Munros?’

Munro laughed.

‘I’ll call you,’ he said, touching the side of her face. Then he stood up and started walking along the beach.

* * *

Twelve hours later Munro’s plane arrived at Christchurch airport. Munro watched out of the window as the plane moved across to the airport buildings. Fiji was a wonderful place, but it was good to get back to work.

Munro was one of a number of people who worked for British Intelligence. Many years ago people called them spies. Today they were ‘foreign executives’. Same job, different name.

Cochrane was waiting for him, a small bag in his hand, a smile on his face. He was wearing a dark brown jacket and light brown trousers. He looked like someone who sold used cars.

‘Good holiday?’ he asked. ‘Fiji, I hear. Lovely place, lovely people.’

‘Yes,’ said Munro.

‘Let’s get a coffee, shall we?’ said Cochrane. ‘Then

I'll tell you what the old man's got for you.'

Naylor? The old man? Munro smiled to himself. He couldn't see Naylor liking that.

Five minutes later they were sitting at a table in a corner of the airport coffee shop. Munro looked around at the other people. Cochrane saw him.

'Hey! Come on, Munro,' he said, laughing a little. 'I can do my job, you know. Nobody followed me here.'

Munro said nothing. He just waited for Cochrane to begin.

Cochrane put his bag on the table and opened it. He started taking things out and putting them in front of Munro.

'Map of New Zealand,' he said. 'Car keys. I'll show you the car when we've finished here. Phone. My number is in the address book. Address of safe house.' He gave Munro a piece of paper. 'Nobody knows about this place except you and me. And the old man, of course. Remember the address and give me back the paper.' Munro read the address twice and then passed it back to Cochrane.

Cochrane showed Munro a photo of a man – just the head and shoulders. The man had short fair hair and blue eyes. He was wearing a light blue shirt, open at the neck.



‘Longstaffe,’ said Cochrane. ‘One of ours. Do you know him?’

‘I know who he is,’ said Munro. ‘I don’t think I’ve ever spoken to him.’

‘That’s OK,’ said Cochrane putting away the photo. ‘He knows who you are too. He’s a good man.’

Cochrane shut his bag and drank some of his coffee.

‘Well,’ he said. ‘This is the job. Go to Haast Beach...’ He started to open the map, but Munro