

原版系列编辑 Nicholas Tims

Parties and Presents: **Three short stories 派对与礼物

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Margaret Johnson 改写

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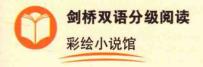
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Preface 前言

"剑桥双语分级阅读·彩绘小说馆"从剑桥大学出版社原版引进,是 "剑桥双语分级阅读·小说馆"的彩色升级版。"彩绘小说馆"由英美著名 语言教学专家及小说家合力创作,是专为非英语国家的青少年英语学习者 打造的分级阅读系列读物。

"剑桥双语分级阅读"丛书总规模 100 余册,其中本系列 20 余册,出版以来深受世界各地英语教师和学习者的喜爱,已有多个读本荣获英国"语言学习文学奖"和"语言学习文学奖提名奖"。

- "彩绘小说馆"具有以下突出特色:
- 1. 它的故事均以青少年为主人公,从孩子的视角讲述那些充满冒险与挑战、幻想与新奇、开心与失落的故事,充分满足孩子的心理需求,使小读者在欣赏跌宕起伏的故事情节的同时不知不觉提升英语水平。
- 2. 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,本系列是中国读者首选的英语学习读物。
- 3. 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习得材料的科学性与可学性。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。
- 4. 它的故事题材丰富多样,包括历险、悬疑、人文、奇幻、喜剧、历史、戏剧等,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"。
- 5. 赠送原版配套单词互动游戏及剑桥原声真情朗读录音。所配音频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。
- 6. 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。
- 7. 本系列读物根据"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(与中国读者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。

为了更好地帮助读者学习和欣赏,"彩绘小说馆"在阅读理解、文化扩展、词汇积累等方面进行了精心设计。

- 1. 增加适量辅助学习的内容。在章节中间设置了对页练习,包括Looking back (前情回顾)、Activities (阅读活动)、Looking forward (情节预测) 三个板块,重点培养读者的阅读理解能力与思维判断能力。还增加了Cultural note (文化点滴)和 Words & expressions (词汇与表达)板块,帮助读者扫除阅读障碍,提升鉴赏能力。
- 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•彩绘小说馆",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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The Garden Party

It was a lovely day for a garden party. The weather was warm, with no wind, and the sky was blue. The garden was ready for the party. The grass was short and very green in the sun. There were hundreds and hundreds of beautiful roses everywhere.



The workmen arrived to put up the marquee while the family were still eating breakfast.

'Where do you want the marquee to go, Mother?' asked Meg.



'My dear child, don't ask me,' answered Mrs Sheridan, her mother. 'I'm leaving everything to you children this year.'

But Meg's hair was wet, and Jose was still wearing her nightclothes, so they couldn't go out to speak to the men.

'You go, Laura,' Meg said. 'You're the artist in the family. You know about these things.'

Laura ran outside, still holding the piece of bread she was eating. She felt very happy. She liked deciding things.

Four men stood waiting in the garden. They looked strong.

'Why did I bring my bread out with me?' thought Laura, feeling stupid. But there was nowhere to put it, and she couldn't throw it away.

'Good morning,' she said importantly to the men.

'Oh dear,' she thought. 'I sound just like Mother.' Her face went red. Now she felt like a little girl.

'Oh...er...have you come about the marquee?' she said.

'That's right, Miss,' said one of the men. He was tall and thin, and he smiled at her. 'That's it.'

His smile was so friendly that Laura felt better. What nice eyes he had - small, but such a dark blue! She looked at the others and they were smiling too. 'Don't worry - we're very nice, Laura thought their smiles were saying to her, and she smiled back. How very nice workmen were! And what a beautiful day! But she mustn't talk about the day. She must talk to them about the marquee.

'Well,' she said, 'what about putting it on the grass over there?'

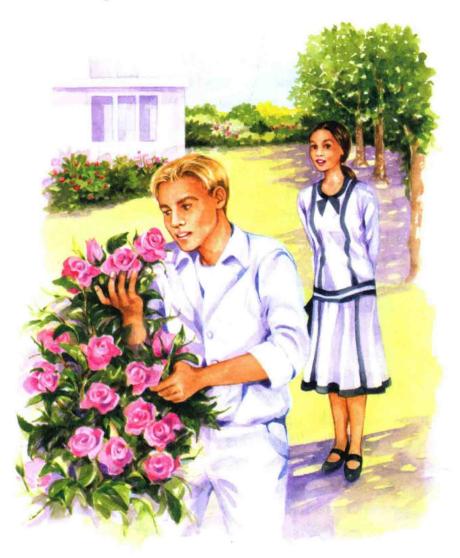
The men turned and looked.

'No, I don't think that's the right place,' said the tall man.

He turned back to Laura. 'You see, with a marquee, you want it to be somewhere you can really see it. What about over there, in front of those trees?'

In front of the karaka trees! Oh dear, they were so lovely in the sunlight, with their large leaves and yellow fruit. Did the marquee really have to go there?

But three of the men were already walking over there with the marquee. Only the tall man stayed behind. He was smelling some flowers.



Laura forgot all about the karaka trees as she watched him.

'That's wonderful!' she thought. 'He likes the smell of flowers! I don't know any other men like that. Oh, workmen are nice. Why can't I have workmen for friends? The boys who come to dinner on Sunday nights aren't interested in smelling flowers!'

The tall man was drawing something on a piece of paper. Laura watched him. People like her weren't friends with workmen. It was because of class. Some people thought they were better than others, because of their name or because they were rich. Well, she didn't feel like that!

Over by the karaka trees, the other men were busy putting the marquee up. They called to each other in a friendly way. Laura loved it. And to show how happy she was, to show the tall man she was like them, she ate some of her bread as she looked at his little picture. She felt just like a worker.

'Laura, Laura, where are you? Telephone, Laura!' a voice called from the house.

'Coming!' she answered and then she ran quickly across the grass and up to the house.

Inside, she found her father and her brother, Laurie, getting ready to go to work.

'Laura,' said Laurie, 'if you have time, can you take a look at my jacket before this afternoon? Can you see if it looks all right?'

'Yes, of course,' agreed Laura, and then she felt so happy she ran to Laurie and put her arms round him.

'Oh, I do love parties,' she said. 'Don't you?'

'Oh, yes,' answered Laurie in a warm voice, then he

pushed her softly away. 'Don't forget your telephone call,' he said.

Her telephone call! Of course. 'Hello?' she said into the phone. 'Kitty? Oh, hello, good morning, dear. Of course you can come to lunch, dear, but I don't think it will be anything very special. Yes, isn't it a beautiful morning? What's that? You're going to wear your white dress? Oh, yes.'

Then Laura heard her mother – she was calling from upstairs. 'Just a minute,' she said to Kitty, 'Mother's saying something.'

Laura sat back, 'What, Mother?' she shouted, 'I can't hear you.'

'Kitty can wear the lovely hat that she wore on Sunday,' Mrs Sheridan called.

'Mother wants you to wear that lovely hat you wore on Sunday, Laura said into the phone. 'Good. See you at one o'clock then. Bye.'

Laura put the phone down. Then she stood, listening. All the doors in the house were open. The house was full of the sound of people moving and talking. She could feel a soft wind travelling everywhere. The sun was dancing through the open windows. It was all so beautiful! The front doorbell rang.

Laura heard their servant Sadie going to answer it. Then she heard a man talking.

'I'm sure I don't know,' Sadie said. 'Wait. I'll ask Mrs Sheridan?

Laura went into the hall. 'What is it, Sadie?' she asked.

'This man's brought some flowers, Miss Laura,' Sadie told her.



Laura looked and saw lots and *lots* of pink lily flowers by the door. 'But there are so many!' Laura said. 'It must be a mistake! Sadie, go and find my mother.'

But at that moment, Mrs Sheridan came down the stairs. 'It's all right,' she said. 'I asked for all these.'

She put her hand on Laura's arm. 'I was walking past the flower shop yesterday and I saw these lilies in the window. And I thought, "For once in my life, I must have enough lilies. I must have them for the garden party."'

Laura put her arm round her mother. 'I thought you were leaving the party to us,' she said.

'Darling, it's only a few flowers,' her mother replied. 'I fell in love with them."

The man brought more lilies. 'Put them on both sides of the door, please, Mrs Sheridan told him. 'What do you think, Laura? Do they look nice there?'

'I think they look lovely, Mother,' Laura said.

Jose and Meg were in the living room with Hans.

'I think we'll move all the furniture out except for the piano and the chairs, Jose was saying.

'Good idea,' agreed Meg.

'Hans, move these tables out and clean this carpet, please,' said Jose. 'Oh, and can you ask Mother and Miss Laura to come here?'

'Yes, Miss Jose.'

Jose turned to Meg. 'I want to sing this afternoon. Let's try some songs. What about This Life Is Weary?'

Jose began to play the piano.

This Life Is Weary was a sad song. As she began to sing, Jose made her face very sad. Mrs Sheridan and Laura came into the room and stood to listen.