

大学英语阶梯阅读系列教程

Band 2

郭浩儒 朱国振 主编

Selections of Short Stories

# 名人短篇小说选

附注释、练习、答案



郭 巍 选编

北京航空航天大学出版社

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## 内 容 简 介

本书精选英美名家之短篇小说十六篇,语言流畅,通俗易懂,富有人情味。对于阅读过程中可能遇到的难点也一一给出注解。

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## 前 言

在进入新世纪的时候,大学生们无不在通过各种途径提高英语水平,以使自己拥有一个得心应手的交际工具,在激烈的人才竞争中占据有利位置。强烈的学习欲望应该令人称道,但也容易出现饥不择食、把别人成功的方法不加分析地照搬过来,或是人云亦云,受一些商业广告的诱惑,尝试那些似乎是有效的作法。这样做,其学习成效之低犹如寒流到来,学习愿望也会一下子降到零度。这的确令人十分遗憾。究其原因,恐怕是浮躁的学习心态使然。

语言知识的学习是一个认知过程,语言技能的掌握是一个在大量实践活动中一点一滴积累的过程。指导学习活动的方法只有符合了语言能力形成的规律才会发生作用。既然语言能力的形成是个相对漫长的过程,因而不能将提高英语水平寄希望于什么“捷径”或“速成”上。学好一种语言,非得下苦功不可,学好英语除了要多听、多说外,还要大量阅读。在阅读中,可以巩固课堂里学过的知识;可以扩大眼界;可以实践各种各样的阅读技巧;可以熟悉了解西方文化、社会习俗、风土人情、最新科技动态;可以了解英语各种文体的写作方法……一句话,你可以在轻松自然的状态下吸收语言,获得乐趣。何乐而不为!

在大学阶段,教师的主导作用逐渐转化为指导作用,语言环境和学习材料的重要性相对上升,学习者的能动性将发挥很大的作用。英语教学将从单纯课堂教学的模式,转化为大学英语课堂教学与学生课外自主学习相结合的双渠道模式。北京航空航天大学面向 21 世纪,在双渠道教学模式方面进行了探索和实践,要求学生每月读一本外语书,并且以不同方式进行检查。实践证明这不仅可行,而且得到学生的认同。

基于上述认识,我们组织编写了这套阶梯阅读系列教程。由学生根据个人兴趣爱好选读。由于不是指令性阅读,在很大程度上要靠阅读材料本身能够吸引学生。因此每一级读物有若干本,使学生有选择余地。在每一级读物中,有经典名著的简写本,有英美短篇小说选,有介绍最新科技的科技荟萃,有汇集西方社会热门话题的时文选读。此外,由于课外阅读的目的是巩固扩展语言知识,实践

阅读技巧,熟悉了解西方文化,因此我们每四、五千字设计了一个练习。练习分为内容理解和语言知识两部分,以主观题为主,题型多样。在适当的时候,有的书还要配上磁带,把文字阅读和有声阅读结合起来。

编 者

1999年6月于北京航空航天大学

## CONTENTS

1. A Boy and His Father Become Partners .....	1
Exercise 1 .....	4
2. My Father, My Son, My Self .....	6
Exercise 2 .....	11
3. The Red Swing .....	15
Exercise 3 .....	22
4. My Oedipus Complex .....	25
Exercise 4 .....	41
5. The Snob .....	46
Exercise 5 .....	52
6. Christmas Day in the Morning .....	57
Exercise 6 .....	62
7. Button, Button .....	65
Exercise 7 .....	73
8. A Clean Well-lighted Place .....	77
Exercise 8 .....	83
9. The Fun They Had .....	86
Exercise 9 .....	90
10. My Paper Dream .....	93
Exercise 10 .....	98
11. The River .....	102
Exercise 11 .....	106
12. A White Heron .....	109

Exercise 12 .....	114
13. A Pair of New Shoes .....	117
Exercise 13 .....	122
14. Man on a Park Bench .....	125
Exercise 14 .....	130
15. A Road to the Big City .....	133
Exercise 15 .....	142
16. A Horseman in the Sky .....	145
Exercise 16 .....	150
Keys to the Exercises .....	154

# 1 A Boy and His Father Become Partners

*By Ralph Moody*

I like all kinds of chocolate. Best of all, though, I like bitter baking chocolate. Mother had bought a bar of it, and somehow I couldn't stop thinking about it.

I was helping Father on the winnower<sup>1</sup> (扬谷机). It was right then I got the idea. I could whack<sup>2</sup> (重击, 敲) a chunk<sup>3</sup> (一块) off the end of that bar of chocolate. Mother would be sure to miss it, but before she had any idea who had done it, I could confess<sup>4</sup> (承认) I'd taken it. Probably I would not even get a spanking<sup>5</sup> (打屁股).

I waited until Mother was out feeding the chickens. Then I told Father I thought I'd go in for a drink of water. I got the bar down, but I heard Mother coming just when I had the knife ready to whack, so I slipped the chocolate into the front of my shirt and left quickly. Before I went back to help Father, I went to the barn and hid the chocolate there.

All the rest of the afternoon, I didn't like to look at Father. Every time he spoke, it made me jump. My hands began shaking so much that he asked me what was the matter. I told him it was just that my hands were cold. I knew he didn't believe me, and every time he looked my way, my heart started pounding. I didn't want the chocolate anymore. I just wanted a chance to put it back without being caught.

On the way out for the cows, I calmed down a little and could think better. I told myself that I hadn't really stolen the whole bar of chocolate, because I meant to take only a little piece. That's as much as I would have taken, too if Mother hadn't come along when she did. If I put back the whole bar, I wouldn't have done anything wrong at all.



I nearly decided to put it all back. But just thinking so much about chocolate made my tongue almost taste the smooth bitterness of it. I got thinking that if I sliced about half an inch off the end with a sharp knife, Mother might never notice it.

I was nearly out to where the cows were when I remembered what Father had said once — some of the family money was mine because I had helped to earn it. Why wouldn't it be all right to figure the bar of chocolate had been bought with my own money? That seemed to fix everything.

But by the time I had the cows headed home, I had begun to worry again. We were nearly to the railroad tracks when I decided to leave the whole matter to the Lord. I picked up a dried \* soapweed stalk<sup>6</sup> (皂草梗) with seedpods<sup>7</sup> (莢) on it and decided I would throw it up into the air and take my orders from the way it landed. If it pointed west, I'd take the whole bar back. If it pointed south, I'd take half an inch off the end. If it pointed east, I'd bought the bar with my own money and it wouldn't be stealing to keep it.

I swung the pot stalk as high as I could. When it came down, it pointed mostly west — but a little south.

That night I couldn't sleep. I kept trying to remember how much that stalk had really been pointing to the south. At last I got up, slipped out into the yard, and took the ax from the chopping block. Then I went into the barn and got the chocolate. I took it outside and laid it on the lower rail of the corral fence. The moon gave enough light for me to see what I was doing.

Just as I was starting to cut, Father said: "Son!"

I couldn't think of a thing to say. I grabbed up the bar of chocolate and hid it next to my chest before I turned around. Father picked me up by the shoulder straps<sup>8</sup> (背帶) of my overalls and took me over to the woodpile. I didn't know

anybody who could spank as hard as he did!

Then he stood me on my feet and asked if I thought I had deserved it. He said it wasn't so much that I'd taken the chocolate, but that I'd tried to hide it from him.

"Son, " he said, "I know you help to earn the family money. We might say the chocolate was yours in the first place. You could have had it if you'd asked for it, but I won't have you being sneaky<sup>9</sup> (鬼鬼祟祟) about things. Now, do you want to keep your money separate from mine — or are we partners?"

I never knew till then how much I wanted my money to go in with Father's. When I went to sleep my hand was still hurting — from where he squeezed it when we shook hands.

## Exercise One

### Section A Understanding

#### 1. Answer the following questions briefly.

- 1) What did the boy feel after he stole the chocolate?
- 2) How much did the boy mean to take off the chocolate?
- 3) Did the boy ever think of putting the chocolate back? Why?
- 4) Why didn't the boy put it back?
- 5) How did he justify his own action?
- 6) How did he finally solve his problem?
- 7) Was he successful?
- 8) What did he get as a punishment?

#### 2. Translate the following sentences into Chinese.

- 1) I could whack a chunk off the end of that bar of chocolate.
- 2) I got the bar down, but I heard Mother coming just when I had the knife ready to whack, so I slipped the chocolate into the front of my shirt and left quickly.
- 3) We were nearly to the railroad tracks when I decided to leave the whole matter to the Lord.
- 4) I nearly decided to put it all back. But just thinking so much about chocolate made my tongue almost taste the smooth bitterness of it.
- 5) I couldn't think of a thing to say. I grabbed up the bar of chocolate and hid it next to my chest before I turned around.

#### 3. True or False.

- 1) The boy liked chocolate very much, especially those sweet kind. T
- 2) The boy meant to take only a little of the chocolate. T
- 3) The boy took the chocolate because he thought he had helped to earn the family's money. F
- 4) Taking the bar of chocolate made the boy very upset. T

- 5) The boy's father gave him a spanking because he had taken the chocolate. F
- 6) The spanking was really severe that the boy began to hate his father ever since. F

## Section B Language Knowledge

### 1. Translate the following sentences into English.

- 1) 不知怎么,我总是不停地想着那块巧克力。(somehow)
- 2) 我可以在妈妈发现之前,承认我拿了那块巧克力。(confess)
- 3) 如果我把整块巧克力都放回去的话,那我根本就没干过什么错事。
- 4) 可以说巧克力本来就是你的。(in the first place)
- 5) 我的双手抖得厉害,以至于爸爸问我发生了什么事。
- 6) 我不再想要那块巧克力了。(anymore)
- 7) 我想不出什么话好说。(think of)

### 2. Fill in blanks with following words or phrases in their proper forms.

confess    jump    mean    as hard as    sneaky  
deserve    leave to    calm down    pound    slice

- 1) Every time he spoke, it made me jump
- 2) In the experiment, we leave nothing to chance: weights are checked twice.
- 3) Do you think you deserve the spanking?
- 4) I meant to write, but I had no time.
- 5) None of my classmates studies as hard as she does.
- 6) I won't have you being sneaky about things.
- 7) We must confess that our work is not satisfactory.
- 8) When she calmed down a little, she could tell us what had happened to her.
- 9) Could you slice me a piece of ham?
- 10) When the train was getting closer to his hometown, his heart started pounding fast.

## 2 My Father, My Son, My Self

*By Walt Harrington*

My father still looks remarkably<sup>1</sup>(异常地) like I remember him when I was growing up; hair full, body trim<sup>2</sup>(匀称的), face tanned<sup>3</sup>(太阳晒黑的), eyes sharp. What's different is his gentleness and patience. I had remembered neither as a boy, and I wondered which of us had changed.

My son Matthew and I had flown to Arizona for a visit, and his 67-year-old grandfather was \*tuning up<sup>4</sup>(调音) his guitar to play for the boy. "You know 'Oh, Give Me a Home Where the Buffalo Roam'?" my father asked.

All the while, four-year-old Matthew was \*bouncing on<sup>5</sup>(在...反弹, 蹦跳) the couch, furtively<sup>6</sup>(偷偷地) strumming<sup>7</sup>(胡乱弹奏) the guitar he wasn't supposed to touch and talking incessantly<sup>8</sup>(不停地).

When I was a boy, my father wasn't around much. He worked seven days a week as a milkman. But even at work he was the taskmaster<sup>9</sup>(任务监工) \*in absentia<sup>10</sup>(=in absence). Infractions<sup>11</sup>(违反规定的行为) were added up, and at night he dispensed<sup>12</sup>(实施) punishment, though rarely beyond a threatening voice or a scolding<sup>13</sup>(责骂的) finger.

I believe that manhood required that I stand up to him, even if it meant fists. One day some friends and I buried our high school's \*parking-lot barriers<sup>14</sup>(停车场的路障) under the woodpile for the annual \*home-coming bonfire<sup>15</sup>(学生开学举行的篝火仪式).

We hated the things because they kept us from leaving school in our cars until after the buses had left. I thought the prank<sup>16</sup>(开玩笑) was pretty funny, and I mentioned it to my father. He didn't think it was funny, and he ordered me to go

with him to dig the barriers out.

Can you imagine anything more humiliating<sup>17</sup>(屈辱) at age 16? I refused, and we stood toe to toe. Dad was in a rage, and I thought for an instant that the test had come.

But then he shook his head and calmly walked away. The next day my friends told me that they had seen him at the bonfire celebration. He'd climbed into the woodpile in front of hundreds of kids, pulled out the barriers and left. He never mentioned it to me. He still hasn't.

Despite our father-son struggles, I never doubted my father's love, which was our lifeline through some pretty rough times. There are plenty of warm memories — he and I on the couch watching TV together, walking a gravel<sup>18</sup>(碎石) road in Crete, Ill. <sup>19</sup>(=Illinois 美国伊利诺斯州), at dusk, riding home in a car, singing “Red River Valley.” ...

He had this way of smiling at me, this way of tossing a backhanded<sup>20</sup>(反手的, 间接的) compliment, letting me know he was proud of me and my achievements. He was a \* rugged teaser<sup>21</sup>(粗鲁地和人开玩笑的人), and it was during his teasing that I always sensed his great unspoken love. When I was older, I would understand that this is how many men show affection without acknowledging vulnerability<sup>22</sup>(脆弱). And I imitated his way of saying “I love you” by telling him his nose was too big or his ties too ugly.

But I can't recall a time my father hugged or kissed me or said he loved me. I remember snuggling<sup>23</sup>(依偎) next to him on Sunday mornings, I remember the strong, warm feeling of \*dozing off<sup>24</sup>(打盹儿) in his arms. But men, even little men, did not kiss or hug; they shook hands.

There were times much later when I would be going back to college, times when I wanted so badly to hug him. But the muscles wouldn't move with the emotion. I hugged my mother. I

shook hands with my father.

"It's not what a man says, but what he does that counts," he would say. Words and emotions were suspect. He went to work every day, he protected me, he taught me right from wrong, he made me tough in mind and spirit. It was our bond. It was our barrier.

I've tried not to repeat what I saw as my father's mistake. Matthew and I cuddle and kiss goodbye. This is the new masculinity<sup>25</sup> (男子气概), and it's as common today as the old masculinity of my father's day. But, honestly, I don't believe that in the end the new masculinity will prevent the growing-up ~~conflicts~~ between fathers and sons. All I hope is that Matthew and I build some repository<sup>26</sup> (储存处) of unconscious joy so that it will remain a lifeline between us through the rough times ahead.

It was only after having a boy of my own that I began to think a lot about the relationship between fathers and sons and to see — and to understand — my own father with remarkable clarity.

If there is a universal complaint from men about their fathers, it is that their dads lacked patience. I remember one rainy day when I was about six and my father was putting a new roof on his mother's house, a dangerous job when it's dry, much less wet, I wanted to help. He was impatient and said no. I made a scene and got the only spanking I can recall. He has chuckled at that memory many times over the years, but I never saw the humor.

Only now that I've struggled to find patience in myself when Matthew insists he help me paint the house or saw down dead trees in the back yard am I able to see that day through my father's eyes. Who'd have guessed I'd be angry with my father for 30 years, until I relived similar experiences with my own

son, who, I suppose, is angry now with me.

More surprisingly, contrary to my teen-age conviction<sup>27</sup> (信念) that I wasn't at all like my father, I have come to the greater realization. I'm very much like him. We share the same sense of humor, same stubbornness<sup>28</sup> (倔强), same voice even. Although I didn't always see these similarities as desirable, I have grown into them, come to like them.

For reasons too profound and too petty<sup>29</sup> (=small) to tell, there was a time years ago when my father and I didn't speak or see each other. I finally gave up my stubbornness and visited unexpectedly. For two days we talked, of everything and nothing. Neither mentioned that we hadn't seen each other in five years.

I left as depressed as I've ever been, knowing that reconciliation<sup>30</sup> (和解) was impossible. Two days later I got the only letter my father ever sent me. I'm the writer, he's the milkman. But the letter's tone and cadence<sup>31</sup> (节奏), its emotion and simplicity might have been my own.

"I know that if I had it to do over again," he wrote, "I would somehow find more time to spend with you. It seems we never realize this until it's too late."

It turned out that as he had watched me walk out the door after our visit — at the instant I was thinking we were hopelessly lost to each other — he was telling himself to stop me, to sit down and talk, that if we didn't he might never see me again. "But I just let you go," he wrote.

I realize that his muscles just hadn't been able to move with the emotion, which is all I ever really needed to know.

Not long ago, Matthew asked me, "Sons can grow up to be their daddies, right?" this was no small struggling for insight, and I was careful in my response, "No," I said, "sons can grow up to be like their daddies in some ways, but they can't be their



daddies. They must be themselves." Matthew would hear nothing of these subtleties.

"Sons can grow up to be their daddies!" he said defiantly<sup>32</sup> (反抗地). "They can." I didn't argue. It made me feel good.

ALL MORNING I am anxious. Matthew and I are about to leave Arizona for home, and I am determined to do something I have never done.

There is a time in every son's life when he resents the echoes reminding him that, for all his vaunted<sup>33</sup> (自吹) individuality, he is his father's son. But there should also come a time — as it had for me — when these echoes call out only the understanding that the generations have melded and blurred<sup>34</sup> (模糊) without threat.

So just before my son and I walked through the gate and onto our plane, I lean over, hug my father and say, "I want you to know that I love you. That I always have."