

大学英语阶梯阅读系列教程

Band1

郭浩儒 苏 衡 主编

Love Story

# 爱情的故事

附注释、练习、答案



Erich Segal 原著 李凤华 选编

北京航空航天大学出版社

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## 内容简介

《爱情的故事》是美国畅销小说, 语言简洁流畅, 人物栩栩如生。从书中人们可以看到年青人的热恋与奋斗, 还可了解美国大学生的生活及美国社会家庭、婚姻、父子关系等方面的一些矛盾。

本书对原文重点有注释, 并附有有针对性的练习及其答案。

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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

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## Chapter 1

In the autumn of my last year at college, I got into the habit of studying at the Radcliffe library<sup>①</sup>. I didn't do it just to admire the girls, though I agree I liked that too. The place was quiet, nobody knew me, and there was less demand for the books I needed for my studies. The day before one of my midterm history exams, I still hadn't found time to read the first book on the reading list. (That, of course, is a very common disease at Harvard<sup>②</sup>.) I walked over to the reservations desk to get one of the books, which would save me from failing the exams the next day. There were two girls working there. One was a tall, sporty type. The other was the quiet kind, in glasses. I chose her — Minnie Four Eyes<sup>③</sup>.

"Do you have *English Society in the Middle Ages*?"

She looked at me. It was a sharp, unfriendly look.

"Don't you have your own library at Harvard?" she asked.

"Listen, Harvard students are allowed to use the Radcliffe library."

"I'm not talking about what you're allowed to do, Preppie<sup>④</sup>. I'm talking about what's right and fair. You fellows have five million books. We only have a few thousand."

My God, I thought. I wish I'd spoken to the sporty one! This girl's the type that thinks that, because there are five times as many men at Harvard as there are girls at Radcliffe, the girls have to be five times as smart. I can usually make those types feel pretty small<sup>⑤</sup>. But just then I badly needed that damn book.

"Listen, I need that damn book."

"Would you please watch your language, Preppie?"

"What makes you so sure I went to prep school?"

"You look stupid and rich," she said, removing her glasses.



"You're wrong," I said. "I'm smart and poor."

"Oh, no, Preppie," she said. "I'm smart and poor."

She was looking straight at me. Her eyes were brown. All right, maybe I look rich, but I wouldn't let a Radcliffe girl — even with pretty eyes — call me stupid.

"What makes you so smart?" I asked.

"I wouldn't go for coffee with you," she replied.

"Listen, I wouldn't ask you."

"That," she replied, "is what makes you stupid."

Let me explain why I took her for coffee. By allowing her to think I wanted to, I got that book. And, because she couldn't leave the library until closing time, I had plenty of time to study it. I learned some useful facts about the church and the law in the eleventh century. As a result, I got an A in my history exam. That, by the way, was the mark I gave to Jenny's legs when she first walked out from behind that desk. I can't say I gave her high marks for her clothes, however. They were rather strange, to say the least. I specially hated that Indian thing she used for a handbag. Fortunately I didn't mention this, as I later discovered she had made that herself.

We went to a coffee shop nearby. I ordered coffee for both of us, and a chocolate ice cream for her.

"I'm Jennifer Cavilleri," she said. "I'm American, but my family came from Italy." I had guessed that already. "And I'm studying music," she added.

"My name is Oliver," I said.

"Is that your first or your last name?" she asked.

"First," I said. Then I told her that my full name (well, most of it<sup>®</sup>, anyway) was Oliver Barrett.

"Oh," she said. "Like Elizabeth Barrett the writer?"

"Yes," I said. "No relation."

In the silence that followed, I was thankful that she hadn't come up with the usual question: "Barrett, like the hall?" For I'm ashamed to say that the Barrett of Barrett Hall is a relation of mine. Barrett Hall is the largest and ugliest building in Harvard Yard<sup>⑦</sup>. It is also a huge public reminder of my family's wealth, pride and connections with Harvard.

She remained quiet. Had we run out of conversation so quickly? Had I disappointed her by not being a relation of Barrett the writer? Or what? She simply sat there, half-smiling at me. Just for something to do, I looked at her notebooks. Her handwriting was unusual — small, sharp little letters with no capitals. She was certainly taking some very advanced subjects: Music 150, Music 201.

"Music 201? That is pretty advanced, isn't it?"

"Yes," she said. She didn't quite succeed in hiding her pride. "Sixteenth-century polyphony<sup>®</sup>."

"What's polyphony?"

"Nothing to do with sex, Preppie. It's a type of music. You wouldn't understand it."

Why was I letting her doing this to me? Didn't she read the college newspaper? Didn't she know who I was?

"Hey, don't you know who I am?"

"Yes," she answered. "You're the man who owns the Barrett Hall."

She didn't know who I was. "I don't own Barrett Hall," I argued. "My great grandfather gave it to Harvard."

"So that his not-so-great grandson would be sure of a place in college!"

That was the limit. I was angry now. "Jenny, if you are so sure I'm a loser, why did you push me into buying you coffee?"

She looked straight into my eyes and smiled.

"I like your body." she said.

Part of the art of being a big winner is the ability to be a good lover. All good Harvard men know how to turn a defeat into a victory.

And as I walked back with Jenny to her dorm, I had high hopes of a victory over this Radcliffe cow<sup>⑨</sup>.

"Listen, you Radcliffe cow, Friday night is the Dartmouth hockey match."

"So?"

"So I'd like you to come."

She replied with the usual Radcliffe admiration for sporting excellence: "And why should I come to a stupid ice-hockey game?"

I answered, "Because I'm playing."

There was a moment's silence. I think I heard snow falling.

"For which side?" she asked.

#### Notes:

1. the Radcliffe library: 雷德克利夫女子学院图书馆。Radcliffe College is one of the colleges subordinated to Harvard University.
2. Harvard: Harvard University, 哈佛大学. It is one of the best and most famous universities in the United States.
3. Minnie Four Eyes: 四眼的明妮。"Minnie" is the pet name for "Mary". Actually Oliver didn't know Jenny's name, so he casually chose a name to address her.
4. Preppie: 预备学校学生。
5. make... feel small: 使...觉得渺小, 使...觉得低人一等。
6. Well, most of it: "it" refers to "name". The full name of Oliver was Oliver Barrett IV.

7. Harvard Yard: 哈佛校园
8. polyphony: 复调音乐(作品)。
9. ...this Radcliffe cow: 雷德克利夫娘们。This is a vulgar term used to address a girl.

## Chapter 2

**Oliver Barrett IV**

**Ipswich, Massachusetts**

**Age: 20**

**Subject: General Studies**

**Dean's List: '61, '62, and '63**

**First Team: '62, '63**

**Career Aim: Law**

**Third Year student**

**Height: 5 feet 11 inches**

**Weight: 185 pounds**

By now Jenny had read these details about me in the programme<sup>①</sup>, I hope. I had made quite sure that Vic, the team manager, gave her one.

"My God, Barrett, is this your first date?"

"Shut your mouth, Vic, or I'll shut it for you."

As we practised a few shots on the ice, I did not wave to her (I wanted to look cool) or even look her way. But I think she thought I was looking her way. Or why did she remove her glasses?

By the middle of the second quarter of the game, we were winning 0-0. That is, Davey Johnson and I were getting ready to score a goal. The Dartmouth players sensed this, and they started to play a rougher game. Maybe they could break a bone or two before we scored. The fans were screaming for blood already. And in hockey this really means blood. Or, failing that, a goal. I have always felt that it is my duty to provide them with both.

Al Redding, the Dartmouth center man, rushed across our blue line. I banged into him, got control of the puck<sup>②</sup> and started off

down the ice. The fans were really screaming for blood now. I could see Davey Johnson on my left. But I decided to take the puck all the way, because the Dartmouth goalkeeper had been terrified of me since we played against each other at preschool. Before I could get a shot at the goal, two big Dartmouth men were after me. And in a moment, there we were, the three of us, banging away at the puck and at each other. It had always been my practice, in moments like this, to hit out hard at anything wearing colors of the enemy team. And that was what I was doing now. The puck was somewhere about, but at the moment we were all too busy attacking each other.

The referee blew his whistle. Foul<sup>③</sup>! "You! Two minutes in the penalty box!"

I looked up. He was pointing at me. Me! What have I done to make that referee give me a penalty?

"Come on, ref, what did I do?"

He was not interested in further conversation. He was calling to the officer's desk: "Number seven, two minutes in the penalty box for holding." He made wild signals with his arms.

I argued a bit, of course. The crowd expects you to argue, even when it is obvious that you were in the wrong. The referee waved me off the ice. Burning with helpless anger, I went toward that penalty box. As I climbed in, I heard the voice on the public address: "Penalty. Barret of Harvard. Two minutes for holding."

The crowd shouted. Several Harvard fans unkindly suggested that the referee needed glasses. I just sat, trying to get my breath back, not looking up or even out on to the ice. There, the Harvard team were playing without me.

"Why are you sitting here when all your friends are out playing?"

The voice was Jenny's. I took no notice of her. Instead, I called out to my team: "Come on, Harvard, get that puck."

"What did you do wrong?"

I turned and answered her. She was my date, after all.

"I tried too hard."

And I went back to watching the rest of my team trying to hold off Al Redding's determined attempts to score.

"Is that something to be ashamed of?"

"Jenny, please. I'm trying to think."

"About what?"

"About how I'm going to flatten that Al Redding as soon as I get back to the ice." I looked out to the ice again.

"Are you a dirty player?"

My eyes were on our goal, which the Dartmouth players were attacking strongly. I couldn't wait to get out there again. Jenny continued: "Would you ever 'flatten' me?"

I answered without turning: "I will right now if you don't shut up."

"I'm leaving. Goodbye."

By the time I turned, she had disappeared. As I stood up to look up for her, I was informed that my two-minute penalty was over. I jumped out of the box, and back on to the ice.

The crowd shouted a welcome. Barrett's back, all's well with the team. Wherever she was hiding, Jenny would hear the crowd shouting for me. So who cares where she is.

Where is she?

Al Redding hit a murderous shot at our goal mouth. Our goal-keeper knocked the puck away towards Gene Kennaway. Gene passed it in my direction. As I went after that puck I thought I just had time to look up at the stands and search for Jenny. I did. I saw

her. She was there.

The next thing I knew, I was flat on the ice. Two Dartmouth players had banged into me and I sat down hard on the ice, in front of everyone. Barrett down! I could hear the Harvard fans draw in their breath. I could hear the bloodthirsty Dartmouth fans shouting, "Hit them again! Hit them again!"

What would Jenny think?

And Dartmouth had the puck around our goal again. Again our goalkeeper hit their shot away. Kennaway pushed the puck at Johnson, and he shot it down to me. (I had stood up by this time.) Now the crowd went wild. This had to be a goal. I took the puck and went at top speed across the Dartmouth blue line. Two Dartmouth players were coming straight at me.

"Go, Oliver, go! Knock their heads off!"

I heard Jenny's screaming above the crowd. It was madly, beautifully violent. I got past one Dartmouth man, and banged into the other so hard that it took his breath away. Then, instead of shooting like that, off balance, I passed the puck to Davey Johnson. He had come up on my right side and was ready. Davey banged that puck into the Dartmouth net. Goal for Harvard!

In a moment we were all kissing and shouting and jumping up and down and banging each other on the back. The crowd was screaming with excitement. And that Dartmouth man was still sitting down. The fans threw programmes on to the ice. That goal really finished Dartmouth. Not really; that player got up again as soon as he got his breath again. But after that we murdered them, seven goals to zero.

If I had a home at Harvard, it was Dillon Field House<sup>④</sup>. Every afternoon of my college life I walked into that place, greeted my friends, threw off all the rules of polite society, and turned into a



big, rough hockey player. It was great to put on my boots and my good old number seven shirt and get out on to the ice.

As I was lucky enough to have a bad knee (Yes, lucky. My bad knee saved me from two years in the Army), I had to take care of it after the game. As I sat and watched the hot bath water rising around my knee, I could examine my cuts and bruises (I enjoy them, in a way), and think about anything and everything — or nothing. Tonight I could think about the goal I had scored, and the one I had helped Davey to score.

I let down my whole pleasantly aching body into the water. I closed my eyes and just sat there, up to my knee in warmth. Ahh-hh!

My God! Jenny would be waiting outside. I hope! Still waiting. God! How long had I been enjoying my warm bath while she was out there in the icy cold of a New England winter? I got dressed as fast as I could. I wasn't even quite dry as I pushed open the center door of Dillon and come outside.

The cold air hit me. My God, it was cold. And dark. There was still a small group of fans outside. Most were old hockey players, the ones who in their hearts never leave Harvard. Men like old Jordan Jencks. They come to every game, at home or away. How do they do it? I mean, Jencks is a big banker, and why do they do it?

"That was quite a fall you had, Oliver."

"Yes, Mr. Jencks. You know the sort of game those fellows play."

I was looking around for Jenny. Had she left and walked all the way back to her dorm alone?

"Jenny?"

I took three or four steps away from the fans, and looked about