

英语阅读词汇

双突破

8000 词

郑超 主编
华中理工大学出版社

- Reading Comprehension
- Vocabulary

- Note
- Key



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目前,越来越多的中国人,通过系统的课程学习,已经掌握了英语基本语法和不低于 8 000 的英语词汇,然而,每当他们脱离课程内容,翻开西方出版的英语书报,尝试自由阅读的时候,仍感到有困难,尤其难在以下几个方面。

1. 专题词汇:如果用中文阅读,我们每个人除了读与自己专业相关的文章以外,还能毫无困难地浏览有关时事、政治、经济、文化、体育、娱乐等等领域的报道、评述,欣赏小说、诗歌、散文、剧本,尤其是跟踪了解那些在世界上炒得很热的时髦话题。这是我们平时读书看报的主要兴趣所在。而当我们用英语阅读时,却缺乏相关的词汇实力,以及与这些专题词汇相联系的背景知识。
2. 文体风格:英语无论在口语还是在书面语言上,措辞、造句的习惯都与中文大相径庭,尤其是文体活泼的小说和新闻报道,有时几个极常用的单词凑在一起,对中国的英文读者来讲就是极难对付的拦路虎。
3. 语言知识:虽然高级阶段的英语学习者在句法分析上已无太大困难,但在词的搭配和惯用法上,难点仍普遍存在;尤其是确定多义词的词义,以及一些常用词在某一热门话题中的新颖词义,则更是不易。

本书旨在帮助词汇量已达 8 000 的高级阶段英语学习者过好自由阅读关,同时将词汇量扩大到 10 000 左右。基于上述三点分析,本书主要在以下几方面做了努力。

1. 选材视角多样,体裁丰富,全部为近年西方报刊杂志文章,动态反映当代语言的特色与发展,没有过时英语的负面影响。
2. 注重知识性与趣味性,可读性强,引人入胜。围绕一个个热门话题或文学主题,指导读者系统了解相关的词汇知识和表述风格。
3. 练习设计侧重词汇与阅读两个方面,运用各种题型帮助读者消化文中难点。读者在阅读过程中遇到的难解之处,大都能在文后练习(均附参考答案)中受到启发,自然化解。而这些练习又能帮助读者熟悉各种英语水平测试的题型,提高答题技巧(包括简答、英汉翻译等主观题的技巧)。可谓一举两得。

作为广东外语外贸大学几位致力于语言习得理论、文学和翻译学研究的英语学者的共同课题,本书的编写组织得十分认真、严密。本人作为主编,在高层次英语教材、读物的编著上有较多的经验。我在留英期间编著的高级英语阅读教材《前沿英语》(UP-FRONT ENGLISH)曾于 1995 年底获第三届全国高校优秀教材二等奖。其后,我又曾参加《研究生英语》的编写工作。我在编写《前沿英语》时提出的,注意培养读者跟踪获取伴随社会发展而不断涌现的新颖语言知识和交际背景知识的能力的观点,曾获得较广泛的赞同。

本书的编写得到广东外语外贸大学语言学与应用语言学研究所所所长、博士生导师王初明教授的鼓励和支持,同时得到英、美专家 Dr. David Evans, Dr. Jonathan Kaye(原伦敦大学语言学教授,现广外

特聘教授)和 Hazel Medd 等的指点,以及广外研究生方建军、陈思、张丽华、谢静等的帮助,在此谨表诚挚的谢意。

我本人还要衷心感谢《英语世界》杂志主编陈羽纶先生长期以来对自己从事高层次英语教材研究的鼓励和关怀。

郑超

2000 年元月



The Celebration

庆 功

David Allan Evans

导读:平静的湖面,晶莹透彻,看似无险。几个田径场上夺锦归来的棒小伙,挟余勇轮番跃入水中,却各遇一番挑战生命的经历。海明威式的小说,对于中国读者,也有如临平湖而未卜深浅。用词看似简单,得其意境,十分不易。美国作家,诗人大卫·阿兰·伊万斯来华讲学,应本书编著者之邀,特将这篇海氏风格浓郁的小小说献给我国的英语爱好者。词汇量雄厚的读者,不妨先以此检验一下您的基本词汇功底,是否在文学欣赏的湖面上,也能施展自如。

There were no stars and no moon over Crystal Lake. It was early in May, after swimming hours. We were the Central High School relay team—which earlier that day had broken two 25-year-old records at the Holstein Relays, the last meet of our senior year—sitting on the edge of the dock about 15 yards from shore, with our feet cut off at the ankles by the cold, black water. We were celebrating, working on our third beer.

“Okay,” said Jake, “we all get one dive, and then we have to tell the others what it was like down there.”

“Scary,” said Leroy.

“You first, Jake,” said Gene.

Jake was short and stocky, the fastest out of the blocks, and so the lead-off runner. He eased his hips over the tires that bolstered the dock's sides, and slid into the water.

About a minute later he burst out next to the dock just beyond Gene's feet. He blew water out of his nose, climbed the two-step aluminum ladder, sat back down in his spot, and picked up his beer.

He was excited, breathing hard, as if he'd just finished his leg of a race.

“You wouldn't believe it,” he said.

“Believe what?” said Gene.

Jake rubbed his hair with his towel. “You can't see anything. It's like being in a cave; being blindfolded in a cave.” He paused, still excited.

“I'm not sure I want to do this,” said Leroy, speaking through his towel over his head.

“No,” said Jake, “it's great. You've got to feel your way around; you might as well not have eyes. Like those fish at the bottom of the ocean.”

“It's that dark?” said Gene.

“Unbelievable,” said Jake.

“Okay,” I said. “Let's drink to Jake.” We all held our cans above our heads and took a long drink.

Gene was next. He was the second runner, the slowest, but the surest with the handoff, had never dropped a baton in four years. He put down his beer and pointed his toes at the water and slid off the dock like

a knife—both hands palm-down on his hips.

He came up about a minute later, holding onto the dock with one hand.

“Goddamn, you’re right, Jake,” he said. “But the mud—” He took a couple of deep breaths.

“You hit bottom?” asked Leroy.

“Not me,” said Jake.

“Yeah,” said Gene, “it’s only about 10 feet deep. I went down fast and then I hit the mud. It was so slimy and deep; I thought I’d just keep going through it and never get back up, but I must’ve hit the bottom of the mud; it was up to my knees.”

“The bottom of the bottom,” said Leroy.

“That mud—goddamn,” said Gene. “That was something else. Dark too.” He was breathing evenly now and he moved hand over hand to the ladder, climbed up and got his towel and sat down in his spot next to his beer, and wiped off his head and face.

“This is to Gene and his muddy dive,” I said, and we all toasted and took a drink.

I was next. Number three, the second slowest, the best diver. I stood up on the dock.

“Watch this,” I said.

“Hey, look—the diver,” said Gene.

I put my hands together in front of my face as if starting to pray, and stood knock-kneed.

“Thithy,” said Leroy in a high voice. “Here’s the thithy going head first.”

I shuffled awkwardly to the edge, stood there, eased my toes until I

could grip the very edge, pretended to teeter, then let myself tip over into the water, like a praying statue, tucking up tight into a cannonball just after the shock of the cold, then let myself fall deeper and deeper, turning over completely and passing through a sudden and very cold current; then I hit the mud and opened up. I had my eyes closed. At first I fought against the sucking slime, but the more I struggled the deeper I went. Then I relaxed again, stopped kicking, moved my hands and arms vigorously, and rose. It was soundless. I yelled as loud as I could, but heard only a small, tight noise inside my skull, as if from inside a bank vault. I let myself fall again and this time when I got to the bottom I picked up a handful of mud and held it close to my face, and then I opened my eyes wide for about three seconds, but saw nothing, not even my hand. The mud dissolved or was swept away quickly, and I imagined my hands getting cleaner and cleaner by the second. I pulled upward and my hand hit the underside of the dock. Where was I, under the very middle of the dock? I felt a mossy, empty barrel and rapped on it several times with my knuckles, but heard nothing. I kicked and swam forward, touched a cable, grabbed it, using it to pull myself quickly away—far enough, I figured, to get clear of the dock. I reached upward; nothing. I swam another few seconds and, just before I emerged, opened my eyes one more time. Open or closed, even near the surface, the darkness was the same. Then I busted out, almost out of breath.

I was about 10 yards from the dock, in deep water, facing the center of the lake. I turned around and looked back at the others.

I heard Leroy's girlish voice: "Over here, thithy."

I swam quickly to the dock, found the ladder, climbed up and stood above my spot. It had been a good, quick workout; my heart was ticking

fast, but I was in good shape. I wiped off my face with my towel and hung it over my shoulders, and picked up my beer.

"Tell us about it, Paul," said Gene.

"The mud is so soft you wonder how it holds together," I said. "And there's no noise at all. Did you hear me yelling?"

"Not me," said Jake.

"I thought I felt something underneath me," said Gene.

"I was right under you, knocking on the barrel," I said. "And the current was so cold. You guys feel a current?"

"Not me," said Gene. "It was all cold."

"Current? Crystal Lake is no river," said Jake.

I wiped off my hands. "It's hard to describe," I said, trying to think of more words, and just then a thought came to me, and I wondered if the others had it too: we were all diving into the same spot in the same lake, but every one of us had a different dive, a different story to tell. What I brought back up out of that private, cold, and muddy darkness was mine alone, and nobody else would ever understand it completely. Even friends are strangers.

"I was just thinking," I said. "It's great, but it's hard to put into words."

"That's right," said Gene. "It's a strange feeling down there."

Leroy held up his beer. "To Paul and his dive," he said.

We all drank to me, my dive.

"Oh shit," said Leroy. "I'm not sure I want to do this." He was the anchorman, the fastest by far: conference champion in the hundred, the best swimmer—city champion in the butterfly and backstroke.

"You of all people," I said. "Here goes nothing," he said, and

dropped off the dock, close-pinning his nose with his fingers.

About thirty seconds later, Gene suddenly yelled and rolled backward on the dock, holding his beer upright. "What the hell," he said, and then Leroy came up right under where he'd been sitting.

"What the hell?" said Gene, pointing down at Leroy.

Leroy, Jake, and I laughed, and then Leroy climbed up on the dock and sat down. We were all looking at Gene and laughing. Finally, I said:

"The last story of the evening."

"Yeah, what was it like, you bastard?" said Gene.

"Nothing," said Leroy.

"Nothing?" said Jake.

Leroy wiped off his face.

"Except for one thing," he said.

"One thing?" I said.

"The monster," said Leroy.

"Oh yeah," said Jake. "The monster."

"Tell us about it, asshole," said Gene.

"The slimy monster of the deep," said Leroy. "The monster of the mud."

"Get real," said Jake.

"The cold, slimy monster of Crystal Lake," said Leroy.

"That's it," I said. "Let's drink to the Cold, Slimy, Monster of Crystal Lake."

Now we were all laughing, holding up our beers—the relay team with two brand-new records—drinking to Leroy, to the Monster, to all of us, good friends and strangers, about to start on the fourth and final

beer.

Word Treasury

backstroke: a kind of swimming stroke that a swimmer does lying on his/her back

bastard: Offensive words such as **bastard**, **thithy** (= **sissy**), **asshole**, **shit** are often used carelessly among close male friends.

blindfold: If you **blindfold** someone, you tie a strip of cloth over their eyes.

bust: In American oral English, when someone **busts** something, they hit it violently.

butterfly: a type of swimming stroke: the swimmer brings his/her arms over his/her head together

cannonball: a heavy metal ball that was fired from a cannon

knock-kneed: Both the knees bend inwardly, especially when one turns coward.

rap: If you **rap** on something, you hit it with a series of quick blows.

relay: A **relay** or a **relay race** is a race between two or more teams.

Usually a **relay team** consists of four members. Each of them runs one section of the race, with the **lead-off** runner starting the running and the **anchorman** taking the last turn. A short stick that is passed from one runner to another is called a **baton**, and the passing of the baton is called **handoff**.

shuffle: If you **shuffle**, you walk without lifting your feet properly off the ground.

slime: A thick, slippery substance which covers a surface or comes from the bodies of animals such as snails. Something that is covered in slime is **slimy**.

teeter: If someone **teeters**, they move or shake unsteadily and seem about to fall over.

vault: A room with thick walls, a strong door, and strong locks where money, important documents, and jewels can be kept safely. One typical example is a **bank vault**.

workout: a period of physical exercise or training

Questions for First Impression

1. Choose the best answer from the four choices given below each question.

1) What did the youngsters celebrate?

- A) They celebrated winning a swimming game.
- B) They celebrated beating two 25-year-old opponents.
- C) They celebrated maintaining two national records.
- D) They celebrated becoming a record-breaking champion team.

2) How did they carry on their celebration?

- A) By excessively drinking.
- B) By skin-diving in relays.
- C) By swimming together.

- D) By toasting each other.
- 3) When did these senior high school boys conduct their underwater adventures?
- A) Before they began drinking beer.
 B) While they dealt with their third can of beer.
 C) After they had finished their third can of beer.
 D) As soon as they opened their last can.
- 4) Which of the following is not mentioned about the young guys?
- A) Jake was the heaviest, though not the slowest.
 B) Gene was the slowest runner among the four.
 C) Paul was the best diver, though teased as the thithy.
 D) A champion dasher and swimmer, Leroy was not the fastest runner of the team, though.
- 5) In what manner did Gene get into the water?
- A) He slid along the dock's side.
 B) He dropped off with his nose pinched.
 C) He jumped ramrod straight.
 D) He tipped over.
- 6) Which of the following is not true according to the text?
- A) Jake failed to hit the slimy bottom of the lake.
 B) Gene hit the bottom of the bottom.
 C) Paul hit the bottom twice.
 D) Leroy did not hit the bottom at all.

- 7) Which of the following similes was not used by any characters of the story to describe what they felt underwater?
- A) Like fish at the bottom of the ocean.
 - B) Like being in a cave.
 - C) Like nothing except for the monster.
 - D) Like a mossy, empty barrel.
- 8) Why does the narrator think that even friends are strangers?
- A) Because friends may disagree with each other.
 - B) Because friends may sneer at each other.
 - C) Because friends may not understand each other's experiences.
 - D) Because friends may challenge each other mercilessly.

Detail Digestion

2. Consider the underlined descriptions quoted from the text. Select the most appropriate paraphrase from the four choices given below each. Then, consider how to translate them into Chinese as vividly as possible.

- 1) ... sitting on the edge of the dock about 15 yards from shore, with our feet cut off at the ankles by the cold, black water.
- A) with our feet partly immersed in the chilly, dark water
 - B) with our feet entirely immersed in the chilly, dark water
 - C) with our ankles caught between rocks in the cool, deep water
 - D) with our ankles injured by the rocks in the cool, deep water

Your Chinese translation: _____

- 2) He eased his hips over the tires that bolstered the dock's sides, and slid into the water.
- A) He moved his hips slowly over the tires that were used to cushion the possible collision with the dock's sides
 - B) He relaxed his hips over the tires that were used to support the dock's sides against surging waves
 - C) He moved his hips slowly over the tires that were used to support the dock's sides against surging waves
 - D) He relaxed his hips over the tires that were used to cushion the possible collision with the dock's sides

Your Chinese translation: _____

- 3) About a minute later he burst out next to the dock just beyond Gene's feet.
- A) he swam ahead of Gene towards the dock with a burst of laughter
 - B) he suddenly appeared from the depth of the lake in front of Gene when he approached the dock
 - C) he cried loudly when he swam near the dock besides Gene
 - D) he jumped to his feet in front of Gene's spot on the dock

Your Chinese translation: _____

- 4) He was breathing evenly now and he moved hand over hand to the ladder, climbed up and got his towel and sat down in his spot next to his beer, and wiped off his head and face.
- A) He calmed down now and swam stroke by stroke to the ladder of