

高等学校教材

英语 泛读教程



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上海外语教育出版社

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高等学校通用教材

大学基础阶段
英语泛读教程

第一册

曾肯千 陈道芳 编
胡斐佩 王炳炎

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出版说明

《英语泛读教程》是为我国高等院校英语专业基础阶段编写的一套泛读课教材。全书分四册，即每学期一册。本书的编写指导思想、教学要求和选材标准力求体现《高等学校英语专业基础阶段教学大纲》的基本精神和有关规定，经过试用，教学效果良好。国家教委高等学校外语专业教材编审委员会于1987年组织了审查。

参加本书审稿会议的有上海外国语学院、天津外国语学院、北京师范大学、四川外国语学院和南开大学等高等院校的代表。审稿会由上海外国语学院何兆熊教授主持，上海外国语学院李冬教授担任主审。参加审稿会议的代表对这套教材提出了宝贵的意见和建议，并认为本书是根据《高等学校英语专业基础阶段教学大纲》要求选编的比较完整的教材，一致推荐作为全国高等学校英语专业通用教材，现经国家教委教材编审委员会批准出版。

编者的话

(一) 本教程是高等学校英语专业基础阶段的课内阅读教材，它的编写指导思想是：通过课内大量阅读实践，提高学生英语阅读理解能力；培养学生细微观察语言、分析归纳、假设判断、推理论证等逻辑思维能力；训练阅读技巧，提高阅读速度；扩大学生认知词汇量，增加学生文化背景知识。本书不包括快速阅读材料及有关速读技巧的训练。

(二) 本教程分四册，近100万字，供英语专业基础阶段第一至第四级使用，即每学期一册。每册分为20个单元，每周一个单元，略有余裕，由教师根据实际授课时间自由取舍。

(三) 本教程的选材原则是：(1) 由浅入深、从易到难，最后达到《高等学校英语专业基础阶段教学大纲》所规定的阶段终点阅读要求。鉴于各地区、各院校新生入学水平不一，第一、二册对难度作了适当控制，选用了较多的浅易材料，并以反映一般生活的故事、小说题材为主，非故事性题材为辅，以便于培养学生阅读兴趣和通过口、笔头活动配合其他各项语言技能的发展。从第三册开始，逐步提高难度，扩大题材范围，以适应阅读理解能力发展的需要。为便于教学双方掌握有关阅读水平的要求，本书选用了《大纲》所开列的阅读难度标准篇目，如第二级结束时的“The Story of My Life”和第四级结束时的“The Moon Is Down”。

A784/04

(2) 坚持思想标准、语言标准和文化标准的统一。本书所选材料既要求思想内容健康, 引入向上, 又力求语言文字规范、题材广泛、内容新颖, 以便于学生在思想上获得教益的同时, 尽量扩大语言接触面, 并增加对所学语言国家社会文化背景的了解。为此, 本教程除保留了一些多年实践证明教学效果较好的传统篇目(如The £ 1,000,000 Bank-note, An Inspector Calls 等)外, 还选用了一些反映80年代美英国家社会情况的材料(如Iacocca, One against the Plague等)。

(四) 为便于组织课堂教学, 本教程在编写体例上每单元由课文、注释、理解点(Comprehension Points)和练习四个部分组成。

课文: 每单元长度为7000—8000字, 通常由一篇完整的材料组成, 最多不超过三篇; 长篇连用, 一般不超过三单元。学生对课文应阅读两遍, 第一遍用快速进行预读(preview), 要求对所读材料的主题及文章结构具有概略了解; 第二遍用正常速度(average reading speed)逐句阅读, 进一步了解所读材料的中心大意、抓住主要情节或论点, 并根据所读材料进行推理分析, 领会作者真实意图, 同时完成一定量的笔头作业。

注释: 注释包括少量单词、短语和部分难句的注释以及有关背景知识和重要作者的介绍。第一、二册的注释以中文为主, 第三册以后增加英文注释比例。少数生词和语言难点未加注释, 是为了培养学生查阅工具书的习惯和独立解决问题的能力, 也是为了便于教师课堂检查和讲解。

理解点: 每单元根据具体内容列出了数量不等的理解点。

这些理解点包括了语言和内容两个方面的理解问题，其目的在于培养学生细致观察语言的能力和引导学生分析判断、深入理解作者意图。它既可作为学生独立阅读时的阅读指导提纲 (Guide to Reading)，也可作为教师课堂检查的依据，教师可根据学生理解上的共同问题，讲解有关阅读技巧。每题括号中的数字分别表示页码和行数。

练习：练习的形式有三种，即正误判断题、多项选择题和综合性问答题。练习的内容包括检查学生对课文大意、中心思想、基本观点、基本事实、具体论点以及语言的含蓄意义等方面的理解情况。从第三册开始，通过多项选择题的形式增加了一些词汇理解练习，以期引导学生扩大词汇知识。上述各项练习，既可由教师在课堂上进行口头检查，也可指定为学生阅读过程中的笔头作业。

本书的编写得到了中国英语教学研究会中南地区分会和中国人民解放军外国语学院的大力支持以及试用单位的热情鼓励，谨此致谢。

— 编者 1988年2月
于中国人民解放军外国语学院

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Unit One

RICH MAN — POOR MAN

I. A Letter for Adam¹

One day a postman came to my village. The postman brought me a letter from my son, Saul².

"Is **your** name Adam?" the postman asked.

"Yes," I said.

"I've got a letter for **you**." The postman read the envelope³: "Adam of the village of Minta⁴."

"A letter for *me*. Who is it from?" I asked.

The postman looked at the envelope again. "From Saul," he said. He gave me the letter and walked away.

"Martha⁵, Martha," I called to my wife. "Come here. We have a letter from our son, Saul."

Martha came out and looked at the letter. She was excited but she was also worried.

"A letter from Saul," she said. "Is he alive and well? I'm going to find the school teacher. He can read the letter."

There was no school fifty years ago. So I cannot read or write. I live in a small village. The only work is farming. My only son, Saul, left the village two years ago

and my three daughters are married. Saul is making a lot of money in a foreign country.

Martha and the school teacher came back. A lot of other people came. Everyone wanted to hear my letter. The school teacher opened the envelope and read the letter.

20 Taylor Street,⁶

London E.⁷ 19

England

16 March

Dear Father,

I am living in London. I have a job in a factory. The work is very hard. I often work at night. But the pay is good.⁸

I am well and I live with people from my country.

I am sending you £⁹ 100 in this letter. This is for you and my mother.

Love to you and mother.

Saul

"One hundred pounds!" I said to the school teacher. "You're wrong. It's a mistake."

"No," the school teacher said. "I'm not wrong. It's not a mistake. Here is the money." And he gave me a piece of paper.

"What is this?" I asked.

"A money order¹⁰," the school teacher said. "Go to

Darpur.¹¹ Take this money order to the Post Office in Darpur. The money order is worth one hundred pounds¹². The Post Office official¹³ will give you the money."

"One hundred pounds!" I said again.

Everyone laughed and said, "Adam, you are a rich man. You can buy many things, for your farm and for your house."

"And I can buy some good food and drink in Darpur. I am going to give a party¹⁴ for you all," I told my friends.

Martha said, "Saul is a good son."

That evening, the village people talked about the money order and my money. Martha and I also talked about the money. We needed many things for the farm.

2. Adam Goes to Darpur

The next morning I got up very early. It was dark and everyone was asleep. But I was going to Darpur.

I washed and dressed carefully. I put on my best clothes and I carried my best stick. I put the money order carefully in my pocket and I said goodbye to Martha.

I walked ten miles to the main road. I sat down at the main road and ate my breakfast.

I waited for the bus. I waited for two hours. Then the bus came and I got on.

It is a long way to Darpur. The bus takes three hours. I arrived in Darpur and walked to the Post Office imme-

diately.

I do not often go to Darpur. I only know the market, and one shop. This is the shop of Rick. I buy things for my farm from Rick.

There were a lot of people in the Post Office. I asked about money orders. A man showed me the queue¹⁵. There was a long line of people and I waited at the back.

Finally it was my turn; I was at the front of the queue. But the official did not serve¹⁶ me.

"Excuse me," I said. "It's my turn.¹⁷ I'm next."

"You are next? Old man, I'm very busy," the official said. "Look at my papers. Look at all these people. I am very busy. And you must wait."

So I waited. Finally the official looked at me.

"What do you want?" he asked.

I gave him my money order. "This is my money order for one hundred pounds," I replied.

The official held out his hand. "Identity Card¹⁸," he said.

"Excuse me. I don't understand," I replied.

"Your Identity Card," the official said again. "Give me your Identity Card."

"What is an Identity Card?" I asked again.

"I can't give you any money for this money order. First I must see your Identity Card. Your Identity Card gives your name and your address. Your Identity Card describes you. There is a photograph of you in your Identity Card. I don't

know you. Who are you?" The official was a little angry.

But I was also angry. "Who am I?" I said. "Everyone knows me. I am Adam of the village of Minta. I haven't got an Identity Card and I don't need an Identity Card."

"Old man, I'm very busy and you're very stupid," the official said. "Who are you? Where is Minta?"

"Give me my money. Give me my one hundred pounds," I said.

The official looked angry and said, "Show me your Identity Card. I don't know you."

The official gave back my money order and he turned away.

"Where can I buy an Identity Card?" I asked the official. He did not speak to me. He did not answer.

"Go to the Ministry of the Interior¹⁹," a man said. He was standing in the queue. And he told me the way.

3. An Identity Card

I walked to the Ministry of the Interior. I waited in another queue. I spoke to another official. I asked for an Identity Card.

"Fill in this application form²⁰," the official said. "And bring me the form and three photographs of yourself and two pounds. Come back tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?" I said. "Can I have an Identity Card today,

please? I live in Minta. I live five hours' journey from Darpur²¹. I'm an old man."

"Yes, come back tomorrow." And the official turned away.

I walked away from the Ministry of the Interior. I walked to the market. At the market I looked at everyone. I was looking for a man from my village. But I could not find a villager. So then I walked to the shop of Rick. I spoke to Rick.

"I want an Identity Card," I told him. "But I need three photographs of myself."

"I see. You need some photographs." And he showed me the way to a photographer.²²

I found the house. The photographer was asleep, but he came to me quickly. The man's clothes were dirty and he looked tired.

"I need an Identity Card," I said. "I want three photographs of myself."

"Yes, you want three photographs of yourself," the photographer replied. "And I take very good photographs. Come and see my camera."

We walked into his room. In the middle of the room was a large camera.

"This is the best camera in Darpur. This camera is very, very good," the photographer said proudly.

"I've never seen a camera," I said. "I don't know about

cameras. Hurry up and take a photograph of me.”²³

“Please do not hurry me, old man,” the photographer said. “I am an artist.” And he gave me a mirror and a comb.²⁴

“I don’t want a mirror, I don’t want a comb. Please take my photograph. I’m going to Minta this afternoon. And I’m in a hurry,” I said.

“Yes,” he said. “But first the price. This is the best camera in Darpur and I’m the best photographer. Three photographs will cost you two pounds fifty.”

“Two pounds fifty!” And I laughed.

“Two pounds fifty—and pay me now please,” the photographer answered.

I did not know the price of photographs. What could I do? Then the photographer said, “You are an old man. For you, the price is two pounds.”

So I gave him the money and he took the photograph. “Come back tomorrow morning,” he said.

“I want my three photographs now, immediately,” I said.

“Don’t be stupid,” the photographer said. “Photographs take twenty-four hours. Come back tomorrow.”

What could I do? So I said, “Yes. Tomorrow morning.”

“Good,” said the photographer. “Now go. I have a lot of work. I’m very busy.”

I went back to the bus station. I sat on the bus for three hours. I walked ten miles back to my village.

It was night time and I was very tired. Martha and my

friends were waiting for me.

"Where is the money?" Martha asked.

"I have no money. I cannot change the money order.²⁵⁵ First I must have an Identity Card." And I told Martha everything.

"Tomorrow I am going to Darpur again," I said. Then I did not talk again. I was very tired and it was late at night. I lay on my bed and I slept.

4. No Photographs

I woke up late the next morning. The sun was already high. I did not walk to the main road and catch a bus. All the buses go to Darpur early in the morning.

So I stayed at home on Wednesday. I was still very tired. I rested and talked to the villagers about the money order. I told them about the Identity Card and the photographer.

The school teacher said, "Yes, the official is correct. In a Post Office, you always show your Identity Card."

The school teacher filled in my application form for an Identity Card.

On Thursday I travelled to Darpur again. I walked to the main road and I caught a bus. In Darpur, I walked to the house of the photographer.

I knocked on the door of the house. No one came to the door. I knocked again loudly with my stick. A woman opened