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高等学校试用教材

JICHU YING YU JFANDUJIAOCAI

基础英语泛读教材

天津人民出版社

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前 言

《基础英语泛读教材》是为适应大学英语本科基础课教学的需要而编写的一部泛读教材。它的使用对象是大学英语专业一年级学生,兼及社会上具有同等水平的一般读者。

泛读是英语学习基础阶段不可或缺的重要课程。它对学生开阔视野、扩大词汇、巩固语法、提高理解力以及培养学生良好的阅读习惯都具有重要的作用。泛读课做为我国大学英语专业的必修课程,多年来缺乏比较系统的教材,因而在教学中存在着“东鳞西爪”、“饥肠辘辘”的现象。教师由于经常忙于选材,而无暇核定内容的深浅,难以保证授课的系统性和科学性。多年的教学实践证明,编写英语专业学生需要、具有由浅入深的梯度、并且有助于学生文化素养积累的泛读教材是加强基础课教学的重要环节之一。

我们根据国家教委英语教材编审计划,在编写这套《泛读教材》时,认真学习和研究了教学大纲的有关要求,在选材及安排难易梯度方面,努力达到一定程度的科学性和系统性,力求做到体裁与题材的多样化、语言的规范化,在内容方面力求覆盖面广,思想性强,做到知识性和趣味性相结合。我们选入了一些文学名著,以英美作家为主,少数篇目选自其他国家的名著的英译本。同时也编选了历史、文化、社会、科普、宗教、管理等方面的名篇佳作。每篇包括教材本文、生词与短语表、注释及问答练习。本书对某些著名作家做了较详细的介绍,目的在于扩展学生

的知识面。作者介绍及注释等部分用中文写出，语言力求简洁、明了，对学生的阅读和理解起到辅助作用。我们希望《泛读教材》能够提高学生广泛阅读的兴趣，增强他们在书的世界里驰骋的勇气，从而不仅为较高年级的专业课和选修课打下一个良好基础，而且有助于提高他们的治学能力。

本教材分两学期讲授。以每周二学时为一单元计，每学期由18单元组成。每篇平均约20页左右，进度可由教师视实际情况灵活掌握。通过泛读课的课内教学，每学期学生词汇量约增加1500字左右。

在本教材的编选过程中，南开大学外文系师生给予我们很大的支持。在选材和课文注释等方面，常耀信教授提出了宝贵的建议，并审校了全部初稿。对此，我们在此表示衷心的感谢。

我们虽然力求一丝不苟，但限于水平，难免出现谬误之处，希望广大读者和专家不吝斧正。

编者

1988年1月于天津

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Rip van Winkle

by Washington Irving⁽¹⁾
Simplified by Michael West

The story

This story was found among the papers of an old gentleman who lived in New York.

The Catskill mountains are about 250 kilometres north of New York.

At the foot of the Catskill mountains in the year 1765 there was a village. The people of that village were Dutch. They had come from Europe a long time ago and made their home there. Their houses were just like the houses in which they lived in Europe, and their dress was the same as the dress of the people in Holland, their home country.

Rip van Winkle

Rip van Winkle lived in one of the houses in that village. He was a very simple and kind man. He was a friend and helper to all the people in the village.

Rip's wife was very unkind to him, but he did not get angry with her. He did everything that she told him to do, but he kept away from her as much as he could⁽²⁾. Perhaps he was so kind to others because she was so unkind to him. All the people of the vil-

lage loved him, and the children were very happy with him. He played with them; he made things for them; he told them long stories. The children followed him whenever he walked about in the village.

Rip did not like work. He was not really lazy. He worked very hard at the things that he liked doing: he used to sit all day on a wet-rock catching fish; he used to walk all day up hills and in the forests with his gun.

Rip and his wife

Rip worked very hard helping a friend to gather his corn, or to build a wall. He helped the women in their gardens or cleaning their houses, or carrying home things from the shop, or doing anything that their men were too lazy to do for them.

He was ready to do anyone's work, but not his own. He did not keep his own land and his garden in order. Long grass grew in his fields; his cow got into the garden and ate the plants. He did not keep his family in order. The children's clothes were old and dirty. His son, Rip, had the oldest and dirtiest clothes of them all.

But Rip was always happy. His wife talked and talked angrily at him all day; she talked about his laziness and the way he treated his family⁽³⁾; but he did not answer, and so she went on talking—and he went outside the house.

Rip had a dog named Wolf. Rip's wife did not like Wolf; she drove him out of the house and threw things at him. Wolf did not like Mrs van Winkle.

The village inn

There was an inn in the village: it was called "King George the Third" and there was a picture of King George outside. The men of the village used to sit outside the inn, drinking and talking. There was Derick Brummel, the schoolteacher; he was very wise and used long words. There was Nicholas Vedder, the innkeeper; he sat there all day with a long pipe in his mouth. He moved along the seat to keep out of the hot sun, so you could tell the time by where he was sitting. Rip used to go and sit there to get away from his home, but his wife drove him away from there. So Rip used to take his gun and go away into the forest with his dog, Wolf.

Up the mountain side

One afternoon Rip went on and on through the forest till he came to the foot of one of the highest Catskill mountains. He went up—and up. At last he felt tired and sat down on a little grassy hill. Through an opening in the trees he could see down as far as the Hudson River. It was a beautiful sight. The sun was going down and the river looked like gold.

The Hudson River got its name from Captain Henry Hudson. He was an Englishman. Captain Hudson with his Dutch seamen reached the river in his ship in 1610 and wanted to stay there all the winter; but his men did not want to stay. They put him and eight other seamen in a small boat, and then sailed away, leaving the nine men there.

Rip sat down on a little grassy hill. After a time he fell asleep.

A strange-looking man

At last Rip awoke. 'Oh!' he said, 'It's late. It'll be dark before I can get back to the village, and my wife will be very angry with me. I must start to go back at once!'

He stood up. He was starting to go back when he heard a voice calling⁽⁴⁾, 'Rip van Winkle! Rip van Winkle!' He looked round, but he could see only a bird flying across the mountain.

'That wasn't a real voice!' he said. 'I only thought that I heard it.' He turned to go down, but he heard the same cry again; 'Rip van Winkle! Rip van Winkle!' Wolf, his dog, was afraid; it made an angry noise and came close to Rip's side.

Rip, too, felt afraid. He looked down, and he saw a strange-looking person coming up among the rocks: Rip had never seen anyone quite like him. He was carrying some heavy thing on his back.

'Who can this person be?' Rip wondered. 'No one comes here. But perhaps it's one of the people in the village needing help.' So he went quickly down.

Between the rocks

As Rip came nearer he was very surprised at what he saw. He saw a short, square, old man with long hair and a long beard. His hair was nearly white, but his clothes were like the clothes that Dutchmen wore in the year 1600.

The old man was carrying a small barrel on his back. Rip took it and carried it for him. They climbed up a narrow place. As they went up, Rip heard a deep sound—a long, rolling sound

like the sound of big guns, or like thunder. (But there was no rain, and there were no thunder clouds.)

As they went on, Rip saw two big rocks in front; the sound seemed to come from the other side of them.

‘Why,’ Rip wondered, ‘why is he carrying that little barrel up the mountain? Why? Where is he going?’ But Rip was afraid to ask. They went between the rocks and came to a small open space. It was shut in by high rocks on all sides, and trees grew down over it, hiding the sky.

The strange-looking men

There were some strange-looking people in this place. They were dressed like the old man whom Rip had met—like Dutchmen of the year 1600. Their faces were strange: one man had a very big head and very small eyes; another had a very big nose so that his face seemed to be all nose⁽⁵⁾! They all had beards. There was one man who seemed to be their captain. He was fat and round. He had a fine long coat, a high hat with a feather, and his shoes were high at the back with a rose on the front.

They were playing a game of ninepins.⁽⁶⁾ None of them spoke, but they rolled the balls at the nine pins, and the noise of the balls made a sound like thunder among the high hills.

Rip takes a drink

As Rip and the old man came near, the men stopped playing. They stood and looked at Rip; it was such a cold dead look, with unchanging eyes, that Rip was filled with fear. The old man

pointed to the barrel and showed Rip that he must give drinks to all the men. He did that. They drank; then they started to play again.

When no one was looking, Rip gave himself a drink from the barrel. It was very strong, but very good. He took another drink—and another—and another. Yes! It was very strong! His eyes closed; he fell into a deep sleep.

Waking up

Rip woke up. He was on the little grassy hill from which he first saw the strange old man. It was a nice sunny morning. The birds were flying about among the trees.

‘Oh!’ thought Rip, ‘Have I slept here all night?’

Then he remembered the things that happened before he fell asleep. He remembered the old man with his barrel, the high rocks, the little open space where those men were playing nine-pins—and the drink. ‘Oh! that drink! It was strong! What shall I say to my wife?’

He looked round to find his gun. In place of the good, well-oiled gun he saw a very old gun; the metal was red as if it had been there in the rain for years.⁽⁷⁾ and the wooden part was soft and full of holes.

‘Those old men have done this!’ he thought. ‘They gave me too much to drink and then stole my gun.’

Poor fool!

Then he looked round: ‘Where’s Wolf?’ He called, ‘Wolf!’

Wolf!' but Wolf did not come

'I'll go back to that place and make those old men give me back my dog and my gun.'

He found it hard to walk: his legs were painful. At last he came to the place where he had climbed up with the old man.

It was hard work to climb up the hill because of the trees and plants through which he had to cut his way. At last he reached the two big rocks.

'We went between them,' he said. But he could not find any opening.

Rip stood there. He called again, 'Wolf! Wolf!' but there was no answer, only the cries of birds flying up above. 'Poor fool! Poor fool!' they seemed to say.

'What shall I do?' said Rip. 'It's getting late and I've had no food. I must leave Wolf and my own gun. Wolf will find food up here in the mountains.'

He took up the old gun and went back home.

Strange people

As Rip came nearer to the village he met a number of people, but he did not know any of them.

'That's strange!' he said. 'I thought that I knew everyone in the village and in the country all round it.'

Their clothes were strange—not like the dress of the people whom he knew. They looked at him. They seemed surprised and put up their hands to their faces.

'Why do they all put up their hands to their faces?' he wondered.

He put up his hand to his face, and he found that his beard was a foot long.

He came to the village. Children ran after him, shouting at him and pointing at his beard. They were strange children, strangely dressed. None of them were children whom he knew; those children were all his friends, but these children were not.

He knew all the dogs in the village—in his village. But these dogs didn't know him; they weren't friendly; they made angry noises at him and would not let him touch them.

A changed village

The village was changed. It was bigger. There were more people in it. There were many houses he had never seen before, and the old houses that he knew had gone. There were strange names over the doors, strange faces at the windows. Everything was strange.

'Isn't this my village? Isn't this the village I was born in?—the village that I left only yesterday.'

He looked up: 'There are the Catskill mountains; there's the silver Hudson River—everything just as it has always been! That drink last night has done something to my mind!'

After some time he found his way to his own house. He went up to it very quietly because he was afraid he would hear the angry voice of his wife. But the windows were broken; there was no door. There was a dog which looked like Wolf, but its bones showed through its side. It was dirty and unfed.

Rip called it, but it looked at him and then ran away.

'Even my dog doesn't remember me!'

An empty house

He went into the house. His wife had always kept it very clean, with everything in its right place. But there was nothing there – no chairs, tables – nothing. It was not lived in now; it had not been lived in for a long time.

He called for his wife and children. But there was no answer. He called again 'Wife! Wife! Answer me.' But there was no answer. He called his son, who was also called Rip. He called, 'Rip, my boy! ... My boy, answer me!' But there was no answer.

He went quickly away. 'I'll go to the inn. My friends there will tell me what has happened. They will tell me where my wife and children are, and what has happened to my house.'

But the inn was not there! It had gone! In its place he saw a big wooden house. It had a new name. There was a notice over the door:

THE UNION HOTEL
Jonathan Doolittle

George Washington

The great tree which grew in front of the George Inn had gone. There was a high post where it had grown, and on the post there was a flag with strange marks and lines on it. He looked for the picture of King George; but this too was changed. King George had a red coat, but the coat was now blue, and instead of a crown he had a hat. Under the picture he saw the words

GEORGE WASHINGTON

There were some people round the door of the inn, but Rip did not know any of them. And they were not like the people he used to meet at the inn. His people were quiet, slow, sleepy people; but these were making a lot of noise, talking quickly and in high voices. No! These were not like his friends.

He looked at the people. 'Where's Nicholas Vedder?' he thought. 'Where's Nicholas Vedder with his long pipe? And where's Derick Brummel, the schoolteacher, with his long words?'

An election

There was a small man with a dried-up face and a lot of papers in his pocket. He was talking about things that Rip had never heard of—about the People's Rights, and an election—about electing a man to go to 'Congress'.

'What is "Congress"?' Rip wondered. 'Is it a thing—or a place? And why send a man there?'

And then the little man talked about a war: 'the war of seventy-six.'⁽⁸⁾

'Does he mean 1776?' Rip asked himself. 'But that was a long time back; and 1776—that is a long time in front. What war is he talking about?'

The men sitting in front of the inn looked at Rip—his long beard, his old and useless gun, his strange-looking clothes, and the women and children following him.

The little man came to him and said, 'On which side are

you?’⁽⁹⁾

‘Side of what?’ asked Rip.

‘Which side do you want to win the election?’

‘Election?’ said Rip.

‘Whom do you want to send to Congress to make laws and rule our country?’

Rip did not understand.

‘Who is he?’

Then a rich old gentleman in fine clothes and a high hat came. He said, ‘Get out of my way!’ as he moved through the people.

He looked at Rip. Then he said in a deep voice: ‘Why have you come to the election carrying a gun?—And who are all these people following you? Have you come to cause a fight?’

‘No! No! No!’ said Rip. ‘I’m a poor man, a quiet man, and King George is my king. God save the King!’⁽¹⁰⁾

‘King George!’ cried all the people. ‘Take him away! Away! He’s not an American. Who is he? Call the police!’

‘Why have you come here?’ said the rich old gentleman. ‘Are you looking for someone? For whom?’

‘I’m looking for some of my friends who come to this inn. They used to come, but I can’t see any of them here.’

‘Does no one here know Rip van Winkle?’

‘Who are these friends of yours? What are their names?’ said the rich old gentleman.