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英汉对照

Essential English

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基础英语

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基础英语

ESSENTIAL ENGLISH

(英 汉 对 照)

第 三 册

原著 C.E. 埃克斯利

译注 吴国荣 韩振邦

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LESSON 1

Hob Gives His First Impressions of England

[The students whom we have met in Books I and II, LUCILLE, FRIEDA, OLAF, JAN, PEDRO and HOB, are back again with MR. PRIESTLEY, their teacher, in his study.]

HOB: Do you remember, sir, that at our last lesson before the holidays, you promised to let me tell the story of my first day in England?

MR. PRIESTLEY: I remember it very well; and so now, at our very first lesson, we are all waiting to hear what you have to tell us.

HOB: Thank you, sir. Well, my first impressions of England are connected with food——

LUCILLE: You don't need to tell us that!

HOB: ...and, strange to say, they are of how an English breakfast beat me.

FRIEDA: You don't really expect us to believe that, do you, Hob?

HOB: Well, it's quite true. Of course, it was

some time ago and, though I say it myself, I'm a better man now than I was then, but, honestly, I was beaten. But let me begin at the beginning.

* * * *

When I left the train at Victoria Station my first impression was of rain and fog and people with umbrellas. A taxi-cab, which might have been used by Lot and his family as they left Sodom and Gomorrah^①, took me and my luggage and struggled bravely through the traffic. And what traffic and what crowds! I had never believed my geography teacher when he told us there were more people in London than in the whole of my country. I thought he had just said it to make his lesson more interesting, but I believed him now.

However, I got to my little hotel at last, and the first thing that took my eye was the porter, a big fat man with a round pink face like an advertisement for babies' food. Then I met the manager. He rubbed his hands all the time as if he was washing them, and smiled

① Sodom ['sɒdəm] 和 Gomorrah [gə'mɒrə] 相传为死海地区五城市中的两个城市，都是罪恶之地（源出基督教《圣经》）。洛特在圣使的帮助下逃出该地。——译者



without stopping. What he said I could not understand, though I had learned English at school. I said to myself, "Perhaps he doesn't speak it very well — some English people don't." But I told him my name, and he smiled again and told one of the little boys with brass buttons to show me up to my room. Ten minutes later I was lying in a hot bath washing off the last dusty reminders of the Continent; another ten minutes and I was under the bed-clothes and fast asleep.

When I woke next morning, I felt hungrier than I had ever felt in my life before; I seemed to have a hole instead of a stomach.^① I dressed quickly and hurried down to the dining-room.

① 直译为：好象觉得没有胃而是一个洞。

——译者

It was a big room with six tall windows and the ugliest wallpaper I had ever seen. However, I had been told that the hotel was not beautiful but that you were better fed there than in any other hotel in London; —and that was what I wanted just then.

The waiter came hurrying up. Before I came downstairs I had prepared myself very carefully for what I must say. I had looked three times in my dictionary to make sure that “breakfast” really meant “breakfast”. I had tried to get the right pronunciation and had stood in front of a mirror and twisted my mouth until it ached.

The waiter asked me something I could not understand, but I spoke only my one prepared word, “BREAKFAST”. He looked at me in a puzzled way, so I repeated it. Still he did not understand. It was unbelievable that English people didn’t understand their own language. The waiter shook his head, bowed and went away, but he came back in a minute and brought the manager with him. I was feeling slightly annoyed, but I said, “BREAKFAST”. The manager smiled and washed his hands, but looked as helpless as the waiter, so I took out a pencil and wrote on the table

napkin, "Breakfast". I have never seen such surprised faces in my life—so perhaps I did not pronounce it correctly after all.

A little later the waiter brought a tray with tea, toast, butter and marmalade—enough to feed a small army—and went away. But I was hungry, and I left nothing; I am sure I drank at least two pints of tea, ate almost a loaf of toasted bread and large quantities of butter and marmalade with it. When the waiter came back I thought his face showed a little surprise, but you can never tell what a waiter's face really shows. In another minute he brought another tray with a huge portion of bacon and eggs. He must have misunderstood me, but I thought it was no use explaining to people who don't understand their own language, so I just set to work on the bacon and eggs and ate on steadily, wondering all the time whether I could possibly clear that plate.

Well, I finished the bacon and eggs, and was just trying to get up out of the chair when here was the waiter again with another tray. This time it was a whole fish in a thick white sauce. Surely this must be a joke, I thought; but before I could tell him anything, he had put down the tray and gone away. There was

nothing for it but to face that fish with what little courage I had left, but all the time I was eating it I was trying to think of what I could say to that waiter when he returned. I had brought my grammar book with me in case of need, but have you noticed how all these grammar books give you sentences like this:

The little girl gave the pen of my aunt to the gardener.

—but not the *essential* English about breakfasts big enough to feed an army?

But at last I had made up two sentences in my mind—avoiding verbs as much as possible, because I was never sure which were irregular. I called the waiter to me. He bowed, and then I told him in very correct English what I thought of English breakfasts. I told him that only a man who was dying of hunger could eat such a breakfast. He must have understood me at once. I felt very proud of my English, especially “dying of hunger”; that was a grand expression. I have never seen anyone clear away the empty plates as fast as he did; he almost ran out of the room, but in a minute he was back again—with a big plateful of sandwiches. This was too much. I gave up the struggle. I got up and made my way slowly

and heavily to my room—at least five pounds heavier. I never believed until then that any meal could defeat me, but on that day I met my Waterloo^①.

霍布谈他对英国的最初印象

〔我们在第一册和第二册中结识的那些学生，露西尔、弗丽达、奥莱夫、简、佩卓和霍布又回来和他们的老师普里斯特利先生在书房中相聚了。〕

霍 布：先生，放假前上最后一堂课的时候，你曾答应让我讲我到达英国后第一天的经历，你还记得这件事吗？

普里斯特利先生：

我记得很清楚。所以现在就在我们第一次上课的时候，我们大家都在等待着听你给我们讲些什么。

霍 布：谢谢你，先生。是这样，英国给我的最初印象和食物有关联——

露西尔：这你不说我们也知道。

霍 布：……说来奇怪，那是关于一顿英国早餐怎样把我给难住了。

弗丽达：霍布，你实际上并不期望我们相信那件事情，对吧？

① Waterloo [wɔːtə'luː] n. 滑铁卢（比利时中部城镇）；惨败，致命的打击。

To meet one's Waterloo 遭到惨败，受到致命的打击。
1815年拿破仑在滑铁卢遭到惨败。

霍布：哎，这是确有其事的。当然，这件事已经过去一段时间了。尽管我自己认为和那时相比已经有了很大进步，但老实讲那一次我是给难住了。还是让我从头说起吧。

* * * *

我在维多利亚火车站下火车以后，给我的第一个印象是雨雾交加，人人打着雨伞。一辆犹如当年洛特和他的家人离开罪恶之地时乘坐过的那辆大车一样的出租汽车，载着我和我的行李好不容易地穿过来来往往的车辆。真是人山人海，车水马龙！我的地理老师曾经给我们讲过，说伦敦的人口比我的国家的人口总数还要多。我当时根本就不相信，以为他是为了使自己的课讲得生动有趣才那样说的，可我现在相信他了。

不管怎样，我最终还是到了我要住的那个小小的旅馆。引起我注目的第一个人是那个搬运工。那人又高大，又肥胖，粉红色的圆脸庞活像婴儿食品广告上画的胖娃娃。紧接着我见到了经理，他一直揉搓着双手，好象是在洗手，而且始终面带笑容。尽管我在学校里学过英语，但他说些什么，我却听不懂。我自言自语地说：“他大概说不好英语——有一些英国人确实说不好英语。”但我还是把我的姓名告诉了他，他又微笑了并叫一个衣服上钉着黄铜钮扣的小服务员领我到我的房间去。十分钟以后，我就躺在热水浴盆里洗掉我从（欧洲）大陆带来的尘垢；再十分钟后，我已经盖着被子熟睡了。

第二天早上醒来时，我感到在我一生中从未有过的饥饿，我好象觉得肚子全空了。于是我迅速穿好衣服，赶忙到楼下饭厅里去。饭厅是个挺大的房间，有六个很高的窗户，

糊墙纸是我见过的最难看的。然而人家告诉我说，这个旅馆虽然不漂亮，但供应的饭菜却比伦敦其它任何旅馆都好——而这正是我当时最需要的。

服务员赶忙迎过来。在我下楼之前我已经仔细地准备好了要说的话。我先后查了三次字典，以便弄确实“breakfast”这个词的意思真是“早餐”。我尽量设法把音发准，我还站在镜子前面，扭蹙着嘴练口型，直到把嘴巴都扭疼了。

服务员问了一句我听不懂的话，我只是说我准备好了的那个单词“BREAKFAST”。他用一种困惑的目光看着我，于是我又重复了一遍，可他还是听不懂。英国人连自己的语言都听不懂真叫人难以置信！服务员摇了摇头，鞠了个躬，就走开了。但过了一会儿他又回来了，是叫经理和他一起来的。我感到有点恼火，然而又说了一遍“BREAKFAST”。经理微笑着，揉搓着双手，看上去似乎也和服务员一样束手无策。于是我就拿出一支铅笔在餐巾上写了“Breakfast”。我一生中还从来没有看见过如此惊愕的面孔——这就是说我大概还是没有把音发正确。

过了一会儿服务员端来一只托盘，上面放着茶、烤面包、黄油和果酱——足够一支军队吃的——就走开了。我当时饿得发慌，就吃了个精光。我敢说我喝了至少有两品脱茶，几乎吃了一整只烤面包，还抹了大量的黄油和果酱。服务员回来时，我认为他脸上略带了一点惊讶的表情。但是谁也说不上一个服务员的面部究竟是什么表情。一转眼的功夫他又端来了一只托盘，上面放着一大份咸肉煎蛋。他一定是误会了我的意思，但我认为对不懂得自己语言的人们去解释是徒劳的。于是我就开始吃咸肉煎蛋。我一边不慌不忙地吃，一边老是在盘算着能不能把盘子里的东西吃完。

嗯，我到底把咸肉煎蛋给吃光了。我正要费力地从椅子上起身的当儿，服务员又端着另一只托盘来了。这一次是一份浓奶油浇汁的整鱼。我想这一定是在开玩笑。但我还没有来得及讲什么话，他已经把托盘放下走掉了。我实在没有别的办法，只好凭着剩下来的一点点勇气硬着头皮去吃那条鱼。但我一边吃着鱼，一边在琢磨着那个服务员再回来的时候我该给他说些什么。我随身带着语法书以备需要时查阅，但是你们是否注意到了所有这些语法书中只有下面这样的句子：

这个小女孩把我婶子的钢笔交给了园艺工人。

——可就是没有关于够一帮人吃的早餐这样的基本英语句子？

最后我想好了两个句子——尽量避免用动词，因为我从来也没有弄清楚哪些动词是不规则动词。我把服务员叫了过来。他鞠了个躬，然后我用很正确的英语告诉他我对英国早餐的看法。我告诉他，只有饿得快死的人才能吃下这样一顿早餐。他肯定一下子就听懂了我的意思。我对我的英语，特别是对我用了“dying of hunger”（饿得快死）这样一种妙不可言的说法而感到自豪。我从未见过有谁能像他那样快地收拾起空托盘，他几乎是从饭厅里跑着出去的。但一会儿他又回来了——端着满满一大盘三明治。这简直太过份了。我放弃了努力。我站起来迈着缓慢而艰难的步伐走回到房间——体重至少增加了五磅。在那之前我从来也不相信饭食能够难倒我，但是那一天我确实是惨败了。

EXERCISES

(Exercises II-VII in this lesson are planned to revise