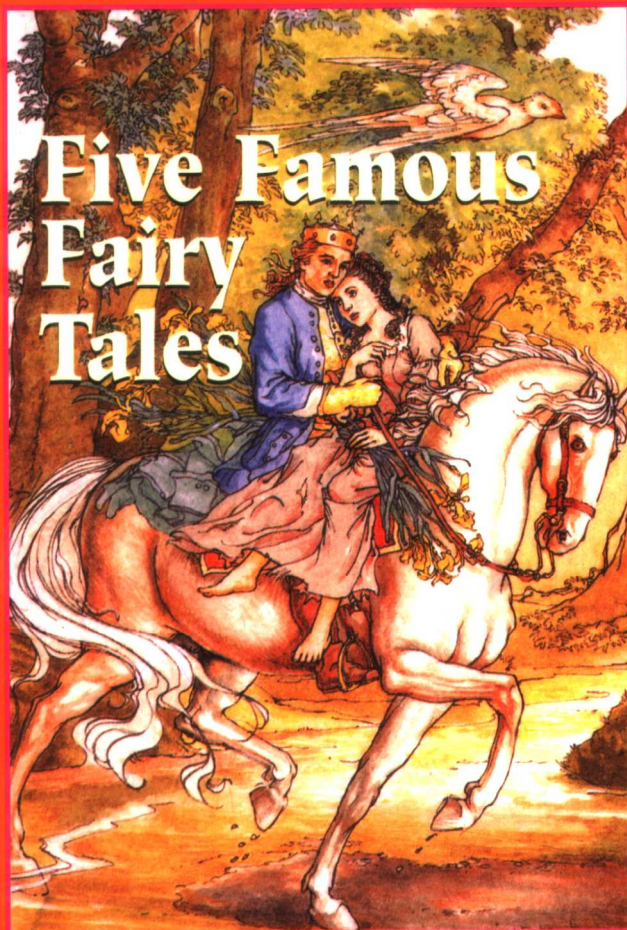




企鹅英语简易读物精选

# 著名童话五则



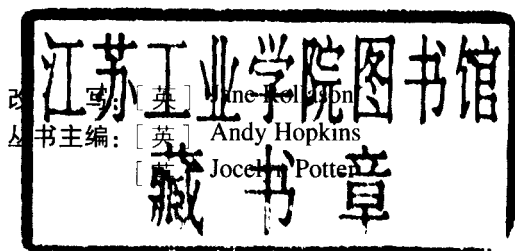
世界图书出版公司



企鹅英语简易读物精选 (初二学生)

# *Five Famous Fairy Tales*

## 著名童话五则



(300 - 600 词)

世界图书出版公司



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## 大量阅读简易读物 打好英语基础（代序）

北京外国语大学英语系历来都十分重视简易读物的阅读。我们要求学生在一、二年级至少要阅读几十本经过改写的、适合自己水平的英语读物。教学实践证明，凡是大量阅读了简易读物的学生，基础一般都打得比较扎实，英语实践能力都比较强，过渡到阅读英文原著困难也都比较小。这是我们几十年来屡试不爽的一条经验。

为什么强调在阅读英文原著之前必须阅读大量的简易读物呢？原因之一是简易读物词汇量有控制，内容比较浅易，而原著一般来说词汇量大，内容比较艰深。在打基础阶段，学生的词汇量比较小，阅读原著会遇到许多困难。在这种情况下，要保证足够的阅读量只能要求学生阅读简易读物。其次，简易读物使用的是常用词汇、短语和语法结构，大量阅读这类读物可以反复接触这些基本词语和语法，有助于他们打好基础，培养他们的英语语感。第三，简易读物大部分是文学名著改写而成，尽管情节和人物都大为简化，但依旧保留了文学名著的部分精华，仍不失为优秀读物。大量阅读这些读物对于拓宽学生视野、提高他们的人文素养大有帮助。

在这里我们还可以援引美国教学法家克拉申（Stephen Krashen）的一个著名观点。他认为，学生吸收外语有一个前提，即语言材料只能稍稍高于他们的语言理解水平，如果提供的语言材料难度大大超过学生的水平，就会劳而无功。这是克拉申关于外语学习的一个总的看法，但我们不妨把这个道理运用到阅读上。若要阅读有成效，必须严格控制阅读材料的难易度。目前学生阅读的英语材料往往过于艰深，词汇量过大，学生花了很多时间，而阅读量却仍然很小，进展缓慢，其结果是扼杀了学生的阅读兴趣，影响了他们的自信心。解决这个问题的关键是向学生提供适合他们水平的、词汇量有控制的、能够引起他们兴趣的英语读物。“企鹅英语简易读物精选”是专门为初、中级学习者编写的简易读物。这是一套充分考虑到学生的水平和需要，为他们设计的有梯度的读物，学生可以循序渐进，逐步提高阅读难度和扩大阅读量，从而提高自己的英语水平。

应该如何做才能取得最佳效果呢？首先，要选择难易度适当的读物。如果一页书上生词过多，读起来很吃力，进展十分缓慢，很可能选的材料太难了。不妨换一本容易些的。总的原则是宁易毋难。一般来说，学生选择的材料往往偏难，而不是过于浅易。其次，要尽可能读得快一些，不要一句一句地分析，更不要逐句翻译。读故事要尽快读进去，进入故事的情节，就像阅读中文小说一样。不必担心是否记住了新词语。阅读量，阅读速度适当，就会自然而然地记住一些词语。这是自然吸收语言的过程。再次，阅读时可以做一些笔记，但不必做太多的笔记；可以做一些配合阅读的练习，但不要在练习上花过多时间。主要任务还是阅读。好的读物不妨再读一遍，甚至再读两遍。你会发现在读第二遍时有一种如鱼得水的感觉。

青年朋友们，赶快开始你们的阅读之旅吧！它会把你带进一个奇妙的世界，在那里你们可以获得一种全新的感受，观察世界也会有种新的眼光。与此同时，你们的英语水平也会随之迅速提高。

## Introduction

Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm – the Brothers Grimm – were good friends. Jacob was a quiet man and sometimes sad. Wilhelm was often very ill but he was a happier person than his brother. He had a wife and children.

The brothers' stories came from friends and family. They paid one poor old man for his story with some new trousers. A woman from the next village sold them eggs and told them stories. Their first book came out in Germany in 1812, when Jacob and Wilhelm were nearly forty.

Hans Andersen came from Denmark and wrote more than 150 fairy tales. He was the son of a poor shoemaker, and his mother couldn't read. But his father read him the *Arabian Nights* and the young Hans began to love stories. At the age of 14 he went to Copenhagen and got some work in the theatre. A very kind man helped him at university, and at the age of 23 he was a writer. In 1835 his first book of fairy tales came out. 'The Glass Box' was one of these stories. He wrote for people of all ages.

Another name for the *Arabian Nights* is the *Thousand and One Nights*. Aladdin, Ali Baba, Sindbad and a story in this book, 'The Fisherman and the Giant', are all from the *Thousand and One Nights*. There was a king in Arabia, and his wife loved another man. The king killed her and now he hated women. He married a new woman every day and killed her the next morning. But then he married Sheherezade. She told him a story every night but she didn't tell him the end. So the king had to wait for the next evening and he could not kill her. After a thousand and one nights, Sheherezade had no more stories. But now the king loved her and did not want to kill her.

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## The Table, the Donkey and the Stick

Once there was a woman with three sons – Tom, Bob and Jack. Tom was the youngest. Bob came next, and Jack was the oldest. They lived in a village. They were happy, but their mother was very poor. So the boys looked for work.



Tom worked for a kind man in the next town. The man made tables and other things from wood. Tom worked very hard for one year. When the year ended, the kind man gave him a table. It looked old and dirty, but it was a magic table.

‘Say to the table, “I am hungry.” Then wonderful food will appear on it by magic,’ said the man, with a smile.

‘You are very kind,’ said Tom to the man. And he left. He went from country to country and from city to city, and he was always happy. He carried his table on his back. When he wanted food, he put the table down – in the street, by a river, under a tree. He said to the table, ‘I am hungry’, and lovely food appeared.

Some months later, he thought, ‘I would like to see my mother. I’ll go home.’

On the last night of his journey to his mother’s house, he came to an old house. An old man lived there.

‘Can I stay the night here?’ he asked the old man.

‘Yes, you can stay here, but I can’t give you any food,’ said the old man.

‘Don’t give me any food,’ Tom said. ‘You can eat with me.’ Then he put down his table and said, ‘I am hungry.’ Wonderful food appeared and they ate it.

Now this man was not a good man. He was a jealous man.

‘I want this boy’s table,’ he thought. ‘It will give me food. I can sell the food to other people. I will never be hungry again.’



*He said to the table, 'I am hungry', and lovely food appeared.*

When Tom was asleep that night, the old man took the magic table from Tom's room. He worked all night and made a new table. It looked the same. He put it next to Tom's bed.

The next morning Tom put the new table on his back and he walked to his mother's house.

Tom's mother was very happy when she saw her youngest son.

'What did you do when you were away?' she asked.

'I made tables,' said Tom. 'And I have a table here.'

'It's not a very nice table,' said his mother.

'But it's a *magic* table,' answered Tom. 'When I say to it, "I am hungry", beautiful food appears on it.'

'Show me!' said his mother.

'Let's invite our friends from the village. Then everybody can see the magic,' said Tom.

Tom's mother invited everybody from the village. Tom put his table down in front of them and said, 'I am hungry.' But nothing happened. No wonderful food appeared on the table. Everybody laughed and went away. Tom was very angry. He knew now – the old man had his magic table.

Tom was very unhappy. He ran away from home and went back to his old job. He wrote to his brother, Jack. His letter told the story of the magic table and the jealous old man.



Bob, the second brother, worked with a friendly man in a village many kilometres away. Bob worked very hard for one year. When the year ended, the man gave Bob a donkey.

'You can't sit on this donkey,' the man said, 'but it is a good donkey.'

'It's very small. Why is it a good donkey?' asked Bob.

'Because it's a magic donkey,' answered the man. 'Put a box under its mouth. Say the magic word, "Bricklebat", and gold will suddenly fall from its mouth. Catch the gold in the box. You will never be poor.'

'You are very kind,' Bob said to the man. Bob went from country to country, and from city to city, and he was always happy. He took the donkey with him. He bought the most expensive clothes and ate the most wonderful food. He stayed in the best houses. When he wanted more money, he said 'Bricklebat' to the donkey.

Some months later, Bob thought, 'I would like to see my mother. I'll go home.'

On the last night of his journey, he came to the old house. The jealous old man was there.

'Can I stay the night here?' he asked.

'Yes, you can stay here, but I want money for your food and your bed.'

'Money!' cried Bob. 'You can have a lot of money!'

Bob ate lovely food at Tom's table. The old man asked for some money. Bob put his hand in his coat but there was nothing in it.

'Wait,' said Bob, 'I'll get some.'

He took a box and went outside to the donkey. The old man followed him to the door. He stood behind the door and Bob did not see him.

'Where is his money?' the old man thought. 'I'll watch him. When he's asleep, I'll take his money.'

Bob put the box under the donkey's mouth. He said the magic word. The gold fell into the box. The old man's mouth opened wider and wider.

'I want that donkey,' he thought.

Later that night, when Bob was asleep, the old man went outside. He found another donkey and put it in the place of the magic donkey.

The next morning, Bob took the new donkey and walked to his mother's house.

Bob's mother was very happy when she saw her son.

'What did you do when you were away?' she asked.

'I worked for a man,' said Bob. 'And he gave me this donkey.'

'It's a very small donkey,' said his mother. 'Is it strong?'

'No,' answered Bob, 'but it's a *magic* donkey. When I say the magic word, gold falls from its mouth. Call your friends. Let's show them.'

Everybody came from the village.

'Now, watch this!' said Bob. 'Bricklebat!' Everybody looked at the donkey. The donkey looked at them. Nothing happened. No gold fell from its mouth. Everybody laughed, and Bob was very angry. He knew now – the old man had his magic donkey. He ran away from home and went back to his old job. He wrote to his brother, Jack. His letter told the story of the magic donkey and the jealous old man.



Jack worked with a wood-cutter. He worked very hard for one year. When the year ended, the wood-cutter gave Jack a beautiful box. There was a stick inside it.

'Thank you for the beautiful box,' said Jack, 'but I don't want the stick. I'll put something prettier than a stick in this lovely box.'

'It's a magic stick,' said the wood-cutter. 'When somebody is unkind to you, the stick will help you. You say, "Stick! Out of the box!" The stick will jump out of the box and it will hit them. When you say, "Stick! Back in the box!", it will stop hitting them.'

Jack took the box and started his journey home. On the last night of his journey, he came to the old house. The jealous old man was there. He gave Jack some food. Then Jack told him about his journey.

'Do you know,' said Jack, 'that there is a magic table? You say "I am hungry" to the table. Then wonderful food appears on it. And there is a magic donkey. You say "Bricklebat!" to it, and gold falls from its mouth. But I have something better than the magic table or the magic donkey in this box. Nothing in the world is as good as this!'

'What is it?' thought the jealous old man. 'I want it.'

When Jack went to bed, he put the box on the floor. He shut his eyes. After some time, the old man came into Jack's room. He looked at Jack. Quietly he put his hand on the box. Suddenly, Jack jumped out of bed. 'Stick! Out of the box!' he cried. The stick hit the jealous old man on his head and arms and back. The old man wanted to run away but he couldn't.

'Give me the magic table and the magic donkey. Then I will put the stick back in the box,' said Jack.

'Yes, yes,' cried the old man. 'You can have them. Stop the stick! Stop the stick!'

The next day, Jack took the table, the donkey and the stick and he walked to his mother's house.

Jack's mother was very happy when she saw her son.

'What did you do when you were away?' she asked.

'I worked with a wood-cutter,' said Jack. 'He gave me this stick.'

'A stick!' cried his mother angrily. 'Why did he give you a stick? You can get a stick from every tree in the world!'

'Yes,' said Jack. 'But this is a *magic* stick. When somebody is unkind to me, I say, "Stick! Out of the box!" It jumps out of the box and hits them. It only stops when I say, "Stick! Back in the box!" My brothers had a magic table and a magic donkey. A jealous old man took them. With this stick, I got them back again.'



Jack's mother was very happy. She wrote to Tom and Bob and told them the story. They came home. She invited everybody from the village to their house. Everybody sat round the magic table and ate wonderful food. Everybody took home a bag of gold from the magic donkey's mouth.

From that day, the old woman and her three sons lived very happily.

## The Prince and the Servants

Once there was a bad and jealous queen. She had a kind and beautiful daughter. Many princes from many countries wanted to marry the princess. The queen said to each prince, 'Before you marry my daughter, you have to do something for me.' And then she gave him an impossible job. When he couldn't do it, she said, 'Now you will die.' And her wood-cutter cut off his head.

'You will never marry,' she said to her unhappy daughter. And she laughed.



Prince Charles was the son of a poor king in a small country. He heard about the beautiful princess. He said to his father, 'I want to marry her.'

'Never!' cried the king. 'The queen will kill you. You are my only son - I cannot lose you! There are hundreds of beautiful women in the world. You don't have to marry this one.' But the prince was very sad. He couldn't eat. He couldn't sleep. In the end his father said, 'Go, then - go to the princess! I hope you will do better than the other princes. I hope I will see you again.'

The prince was very excited and he danced round his rooms. He ate a lot of food and got strong again. Then he began his journey. He had no servants because his father was poor. 'I'll find servants on the way,' he said.

After a short time, the prince saw a small mountain. 'What is that mountain?' he thought. 'It wasn't there before.'

He went nearer. It wasn't a mountain. It was a very fat man on his back, asleep. The prince went near him and the fat man woke up.

'What are you doing here, Fat Man?' asked the prince.

'I was asleep,' said Fat Man, 'and now I am not asleep. Because of you.'

'Why were you asleep?'

'Because I had some food this morning. Now I want my lunch.'

'What did you eat this morning?' asked the prince.

'Ten chickens and a hundred cakes,' said Fat Man.

'Will you be my servant?' asked the prince.

'Give me food,' said the Fat Man, 'and I will do anything for you.'

So the Fat Man followed the prince.

A short time later on their journey, they found another man. His head was down and his left ear was on the ground. He looked up. His left ear was very large.

'What are you doing, Big Ear?' asked the prince.

'I am listening,' said Big Ear. 'The flowers are opening. The birds are singing in a country over the sea. I can hear them.'

'What can you hear in the house of the beautiful princess?' asked the prince.

'People are crying. Another prince is dead.'

'Will you be my servant, Big Ear?'

'Yes,' said Big Ear, 'I will.'

A short time after that, they saw two long things by the road.

'What are they? Trees?' said Fat Man. They went nearer.

'They're not trees,' said Big Ear. 'They're arms. The longest arms in the world.' A little later they saw the man's head.

'You are a very long person,' said the prince.

'I can be longer than this,' said Long Arms.

'Come with me, Long Arms,' said the prince. 'Be my servant.'

So Long Arms followed the prince.

Next they saw a man with a hand over one eye.

'Is there something in your eye?' asked the prince.

'No,' said the man. 'I can see a long way. I can see through things - buildings, mountains, water. When something is near me, I have to put my hand over one eye. Then I can see it.'

nt my  
'Come with me, Quick Eyes,' said the prince, 'and be my servant.' And Quick Eyes followed the prince.

They went on their journey and the sun got very hot. The prince opened his coat. They came to a man by the road. He wore two thick coats and a large hat. They could not see his face. He said, 'I am cold, cold, cold.'

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'Why are you cold, Cold Man?' asked the prince. 'The sun is very hot and our coats and shirts are open. We are hot.'

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'When I open my coat,' answered Cold Man, 'the sun disappears. It snows. Everything dies of cold.'

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'Come with me,' said the prince, 'and be my servant. But please don't open your coat.' Cold Man went with the prince.



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Prince Charles and his servants arrived at the city, and the prince went to the queen.

'I want to marry the princess,' he said. 'What do I have to do?'

The queen answered, 'You will have to do three things. Do them well. Then you can marry the princess.'

'What is the first thing?' asked the prince.

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'I have a beautiful blue jewel. Yesterday it fell into the river. Bring me the jewel before the sun goes down!'

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The prince went back to his servants.

'How can we find the jewel?' he asked them.

Quick Eyes took his hand from his eye.

'I will look for it.' He went to the river. 'There it is - over there.'

'I can't see it,' said Long Arms.

Then Fat Man opened his mouth and drank the water in the river. A short time later, the river was dry. Long Arms got the jewel and gave it to the prince.

The queen was very angry when she saw the jewel. Then she said, 'Tomorrow I will give this prince a very difficult job.' She thought hard. She did not sleep that night.

The next morning the prince woke up early. He went to the queen again.

'You are hungry after your long journey,' she said, with a cold smile. 'I have thirty chickens outside. Eat them before twelve o'clock. I do not want to find *one* chicken leg.'

'Can I invite a friend?' the prince asked. 'I do not like eating without a friend.'

'You can ask one friend,' said the queen. The prince left. 'He will die this afternoon,' she said to her daughter. And she laughed.

The prince went back to his friends.

'Come with me, Fat Man,' he said.

Fat Man quickly ate the thirty chickens. Then he ate the queen's other animals, the bread in the kitchens, the fruit on the trees and the vegetables in the ground.

'*Now* what can I eat?' asked Fat Man. There was nothing there so he went to sleep.

At twelve o'clock the queen called for her lunch. She waited and waited, but no food came. She went to see the cook. 'Where is my lunch?' she asked.

'A fat man ate everything in the gardens and everything in the kitchens. There is no food.'

The queen got angrier and angrier. Then she thought of a plan. 'Ha ha!' she laughed. 'Now I will catch him.'

The prince came to her on the third day.

'Will you eat with me tonight?' she asked, with a lovely smile. 'And after that, would you like to sit with the princess for two hours?'

'Yes,' answered the prince. 'I would love that.'

'You will not fall asleep when you are talking to the princess?' asked the queen.

'Fall asleep!' cried the prince. 'Never!'

'When a person falls asleep with the princess,' said the queen, 'the princess disappears by magic. Then that person dies.'

The prince put on his most beautiful clothes. He ate with the queen. Their conversation was very cold. Servants brought wonderful food and wonderful drinks. When the prince turned away for a minute, the queen quickly put something into his glass of wine. The prince did not see. He drank the wine.

Then the queen took him to the princess. They climbed up many stairs to a high room. The princess sat sadly by the window. The red light of the evening sun lit up her beautiful face. The river below, the flowers round the window and her dress were the same colour.

The prince sat near the princess. They were very happy for a short time. But the prince's eyes suddenly felt heavy. He started to fall asleep. He couldn't hear the princess's words. His eyes shut. He was asleep.

Half an hour later, he opened his eyes again. The princess wasn't there! He looked everywhere in the room, but he couldn't find her! He ran to the window and looked out. He saw Big Ear below. He called to him, 'The princess isn't here. We have to find her in the next hour.' Long Arms brought the prince down to the ground.

'Where is the princess? Can you hear her, Big Ear?'

Big Ear put his ear to the ground.

'Yes,' he said. 'I can hear her. She is calling. She says that she is across the river. She is inside a tree. Her mother's men put her there.'

Quick Eyes looked. 'Yes,' he said, 'I can see her.'

'But how can we get her?' cried the prince. 'I have an idea,' said Cold Man and he opened his coat. Snow fell. Everything went white. Cold Man jumped into the river and the water was ice. They ran across the ice and brought the princess back. Long Arms put the prince and princess back through the window into the high room. They sat down and the door opened. The queen came in. She could not speak when she saw the princess. She gave them a cold smile.