

*Advanced
English
Course*

高级英语教程



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湖南师范大学出版社

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再版说明

《高级英语教程》为湖南师范大学外国语学院欧阳琦等同志编写的综合英语教材,供英语专科升入本科的学生使用。此书自1998年正式出版以来,作为课程改革的配套教材,成功地解决了两年制本科综合英语教材与师范专科的衔接问题,在教改和培训我省中学英语教师中发挥了积极作用。这一点超出了编者当初的预料。因为当初编写比较仓促,加上缺乏经验,初版明显存在考虑不周之处,甚至有错误存在。没做修改使用5年之久,就此,使用者提出了较好的意见和建议。形势在发展,教改在深入,对教材建设提出了越来越高的要求,因此决心全面修改,重新出版。

这次修改主要遵循下述原则:

1. 维持原书框架。本书仍为传统综合英语教材,沿用以课文为中心,组织语言学习的基本方法;在课文、注解、练习和补充阅读方面仍然保持初版的特点。

2. 在总体目标和语言、词汇及练习上,尽量使教材体现成人高校英语本科教学大纲规定的要求,希望能较好完成综合英语作为专业骨干课程的任务。

3. 尽力加强教材的科学性,高度注意经典性,重点突出现代性,使其富有知识性和趣味性。

4. 规范编写体例,更新练习内容,使其更扎实、更多样、更实用。

以上四条,只是编者的主观愿望。实际情况,限于编者水平,不足之处仍在所难免。我们衷心希望使用本书的读者和同行不惜赐教,予以批评指正。

《高级英语教程》编写组

2003年8月

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LESSON ONE

THE LAST LEAF

By O. Henry

IN A LITTLE DISTRICT west of Washington Square in New York City's Greenwich Village, the streets run crazy, broken into small strips that make strange angles and curves. One crosses itself a time or two. An artist once discovered a valuable possibility in this. Suppose a collector with a bill for paints, paper and canvas should, in traversing this route, suddenly meet himself coming back, without a cent having been paid on account!

So, here the art people soon came, hunting for north windows and Dutch attics and low rents.

At the top of a squat, three-story brick building, Sue and Johnsy had their studio. "Johnsy" was familiar for Joanna. One was from Maine; the other from California. They had met at an Eighth Street Delmonico's and found their tastes so congenial that the joint studio resulted.

That was in May. In November a cold, unseen stranger called Pneumonia stalked the art colony, touching one here and one there with his icy fingers.

Mr. Pneumonia was not a chivalrous old gentleman. A

nite of a woman with blood thinned by California zephyrs was hardly fair game for the old duffer. But Johnsy he smote; and there she lay, scarcely moving, on her painted iron bedstead, looking through the small windowpanes at the blank side of the next brick house.

"She has one chance in—let us say, ten," the doctor told Sue in the hallway. "And that chance is for her to want to live. But she has made up her mind that she's not going to get well. Has she anything on her mind?"

"She—she wanted to paint the Bay of Naples someday," said Sue.

"Paint? Bosh! Has she anything on her mind worth thinking about twice—a man for instance?"

"A man?" said Sue, with a twang in her voice. "Is a man worth—but, no, doctor; there is nothing of the kind."

"Well," said the doctor, "I will do all that science can accomplish. But when my patient begins to count the carriages in her funeral procession, I subtract 50 percent from the curative powers of medicine. If you get her to ask about the new styles in winter coats, I will promise you a one-in-five chance for her, instead of one in ten."

After the doctor had gone, Sue cried a Japanese napkin to a pulp. Then she swaggered into Johnsy's room with her drawing board, whistling ragtime.

Johnsy lay, scarcely making a ripple under the bedclothes,

with her face toward the window. Sue stopped whistling, thinking she was asleep.

As Sue began a pen-and-ink drawing to illustrate a magazine story, she heard a low sound, several times repeated. She went quickly to the bedside.

Johnsy's eyes were open wide. She was looking out the window and counting backward.

"Twelve," she said; and later, "eleven"; and then "ten" and "nine"; then, almost together, "eight" and "seven".

Sue looked out of the window. What was there to count? There was only a bare, dreary yard to be seen, and the blank side of a brick house 20 feet away. An old ivy vine, gnarled and decayed at the roots, climbed halfway up the brick wall. The cold breath of autumn had stricken its leaves until its branches clung, almost bare, to the crumbling bricks.

"What is it, dear?" asked Sue.

"Six," said Johnsy, in almost a whisper. "They're falling faster now. Three days ago there were almost a hundred. It made my head ache to count them. But now it's easy. There goes another. There are only five left now."

"Five what, dear?"

"Leaves. On the ivy vine. When the last one falls, I must go too. I've known that for three days. Didn't the doctor tell you?"

"Oh, I never heard of such nonsense," complained Sue,

with magnificent scorn. "Try to take some broth now, and let Sudie go back to her drawing, so she can buy port wine for her sick child and pork chops for her greedy self."

"You needn't get any more wine," said Johnsy, eyes fixed on the window. "There goes another. No, I don't want broth. That leaves just four. I want to see the last one fall before it gets dark. Then I'll go too."

"Try to sleep," said Sue. "I must call Behrman up to be my model for the old hermit miner. I'll not be gone a minute."

Behrman was a painter who lived on the ground floor. He was past 60 and had a beard like Michelangelo's Moses. A failure as an artist, he had been always about to paint a masterpiece, but had never yet begun it. He earned a little by modeling for young artists who could not pay for a professional. He drank gin to excess. For the rest, he was a fierce little old man, who scoffed terribly at softness in anyone, and who regarded himself as a watchdog to protect the two young artists in the studio above.

Sue found Behrman smelling strongly of juniper berries in his dimly lighted den. In one corner was a blank canvas on an easel. She told him of Johnsy's fancy, and how she feared she would, indeed, light and fragile as a leaf, float away when her slight hold upon the world grew weaker.

"Vass!" he cried. "Is dere people mit der foolishness to die because leafs dey drop off from a confounded vine? I haf not

heard of such a thing. No, I will not bese for your fool hermit-dunderhead. Vy do you allow dot silly pusiness to come in der brain of her? Ach, dot poor leetle Miss Yohnsy."

"She is very ill and weak," said Sue, "and the fever has left her morbid. Very well, Mr. Behrman, if you do not care to pose for me, you needn't."

"You are just like a woman!" yelled Behrman. "Who said I will not bese? Go on. I come mit you. Gott! Dis is not any blace in which one so goot as Miss Yohnsy shall lie sick. Some day I vill baint a masterpiece, and ve shall all go away. Gott! Yes."

Johnsy was sleeping when they went upstairs. Sue pulled the shade down and motioned Behrman into the other room. There they peered fearfully out the window at the ivy vine. Then they looked at each other for a moment without speaking. A persistent, cold rain was falling, mingled with snow.

When Sue awoke the next morning, she found Johnsy staring with dull, wide-open eyes at the drawn green shade.

"Pull it up," she ordered in a whisper. "I want to see."

Wearily, Sue obeyed.

But, lo! After the beating rain and fierce gusts, there yet stood out against the brick wall one ivy leaf. Still dark green near its stem, but tinted with yellow, it hung bravely from a branch some 20 feet above the ground.

"It is the last one," said Johnsy. "I thought it would surely

fall during the night. I heard the wind. It will fall today, and I shall die at the same time."

"Dear, dear!" said Sue, leaning her worn face down to the pillow. "Think of me, if you won't think of yourself. What would I do?"

But Johnsy did not answer. The most lonesome thing in all the world is a soul making ready to go on its mysterious, far journey. The fancy seemed to possess her more strongly as, one by one, the ties that bound her to friendship and to earth were loosed.

The day wore away, and even through the twilight they could see the lone ivy leaf clinging to its stem. And then, with the coming of the night, the north wind howled again, while the rain beat against the windows and pattered down from the low Dutch eaves.

When it was light enough, Johnsy again commanded that the shade be raised.

The ivy leaf was still there.

Johnsy lay for a long time looking at it. Then she called to Sue, who was stirring chicken broth over the gas stove.

"Something has made that last leaf stay there to show me how wicked I was," said Johnsy. "It is a sin to want to die. You may bring me a little broth now, and some milk with a little port in it, and—no, bring me a hand-mirror first, and then pack some pillows about me, and I will sit up and watch you cook."

Later she said, "Sudie, someday I hope to paint the Bay of Naples."

The doctor came in the afternoon, and Sue had an excuse to go into the hallway as he left.

"Even chances," said the doctor, taking Sue's thin, shaking hand in his. "With good nursing you'll win. And now I must see another case I have downstairs. Behrman, his fame is—some kind of artist, I believe. Pneumonia too. He is an old, weak man, and the attack is acute. There is no hope for him; but he goes to the hospital today to be made more comfortable."

The next day the doctor said to Sue, "She's out of danger. You've won. Nutrition and care now—that's all."

And that afternoon Sue came to the bed where Johnsy lay, contentedly knitting a woolen shoulder scarf, and put one arm around her.

"I have something to tell you," she said. "Mr. Behrman died of pneumonia today in the hospital. Several mornings ago the janitor found him in his room, helpless with pain. His shoes and clothing were wet through and icy cold. They couldn't imagine where he had been. And then they found a lantern, still lighted, and a ladder that had been dragged from its place, and some scattered brushes, and a palette with green and yellow colors mixed on it, and—look out the window, dear, at the last ivy leaf on the wall. Didn't you wonder why it never fluttered or

moved when the wind blew? It's Behrman's masterpiece. He painted it the night the last leaf fell."

Notes

I . Introductory Remarks

William Sidney Porter (1867—1910), best known by his pseudonym O. Henry, was born in North Carolina, where after a brief schooling he worked in a drugstore. In 1882, he went to Texas to seek his fortune, and after trying his hand at various types of work, including a position as teller in an Austin bank (1891—1894) founded a humorous weekly, the *Rolling Stone*, and wrote for a Houston paper a daily column whose main staple was humorous anecdotes. In 1896 he was indicted for alleged embezzlement of funds at the bank for which he had worked. Since the bank was loosely run and his loss of a small sum was a case of technical mismanagement rather than crime, he might have been acquitted had he not fled to Honduras, from which he returned to Austin when his wife was on her deathbed. During his three-year imprisonment, he began to write short stories based on the life he knew in Texas, Honduras and elsewhere, and it was the penitentiary ordeal that changed him from a newspaper columnist to a mature author. After his release he went to New York to continue his literary career, and remained there for the rest of his life, making the city the scene of much of his fiction. As a contributor to magazines he became

immensely popular, turning out stories at the rate of one a week. *Cabbages and Kings* (1904), his first book, is a series of revolution and adventure in Latin America, integrated by a loose general plot and a single group of characters into the form of a novel. His later collections of stories followed each other with great rapidity. *The Four Million* (1906); *Heart of the West* (1907); *The Trimmed Lamp* (1907); *The Gentle Grafter* (1908); *The Voice of the City* (1908); *Options* (1909) and *Strictly Business* (1910). He had written so prolifically that after his death post humorous collections continued to appear, including *Sixes and Sevens* (1911); *Rolling Stones* (1913); *Waifs and Strays* (1917); and *Postscripts* (1923). O. Henry wrote over six hundred pieces of short stories all his life.

O. Henry was best known for his observations on the diverse lives of everyday New Yorkers, *The Four Million* neglected by other writers. Many of his stories tell about the lives of poor people in New York, as well as in other places. He had a fine gift of humor and was adept at the ingenious depiction of ironic circumstances. His stories are usually short. The plots are exceedingly clever and interesting, humor abounds, and the end is always surprising. *The Gift of the Magi* and *The Furnished Room*, in *The Four Million*, are among the best known of the tales that illustrate his technique of ironic coincidence and the surprise ending. Many of his stories contain a lot of slang and colloquial expressions, that make them hard to