

GRADED ENGLISH READERS

主编：李长泰 李尚武

西南师范大学出版社

2

GRADED ENGLISH READERS

英语
Leader For
English Learners
Southwest-China
Normal University
Press
分级
阅读
教程

英语分级阅读教程 (2)

(修订版)

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前 言

《新编英语分级阅读教程》是供高等院校英语专业低年级阅读课使用的一套系统教材，全书共分Stage One, Stage Two, Stage Three 和Speed Reading四册，它是以国家教委颁布的《高等学校英语专业基础阶段英语教学大纲》为指导，结合我国英语教学的特点；在原《英语分级阅读课本》的基础上改编而成的，旨在培养学生的阅读理解能力，提高阅读课的教学质量。

本书具有以下几个方面的特点：

1、循序渐进、拾级而上。

全书内容由浅入深，难度逐册增大。学员从中学英语水平开始阅读，到基础阶段结束时可达到借助词典读懂中等难度原著的水平。

2、便于教师课堂操作。

课文长度按不同的级别分别控制在1000—3000字左右。教师可根据《大纲》的具体要求规定每节课的阅读时间。《快速阅读》严格按照1995年英语专业基础阶段四级统考的形式编写，并用活页装订，便于教师掌握阅读速度，真正达到计时、快速阅读的目的。

3、题材广泛，语言地道。

教材的课文全部选自英、美近期出版物。体裁包括：小说、传记、历史、游记、科普、科幻、神话、圣经故事和描写英美国风土人情的作品。选材上尽量照顾了内容的知识性、科学性和趣味性。

4、具有可检查性。

每篇课文后都编有“阅读理解”、“词汇”和“答问”三种练习。教师可随时了解学生对文章的理解程度、对词汇的掌握情况及他们的口头表达能力。

5、使用面广。

本教材供本科院校、专科院校及教育学院英语专业低年级学生使用。它还可帮助自学英语人士及广大英语爱好者提高阅读速度和阅读理解能力。

由于编者水平有限，书中的疏误在所难免，恳请广大读者和同行专家不吝指正。

编 者

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1. THE LADY OR THE TIGER?

A long, long time ago, there was a semi-barbaric king. I call him semi-barbaric because the modern world, with its modern ideas, had softened his barbarism a little. But still, his ideas were large, wild, and free. He had a wonderful imagination. Since he was also a king of the greatest powers, he easily turned the dreams of his imagination into facts. He greatly enjoyed talking to himself about ideas. And, when he and himself agreed upon a thing, the thing was done. He was a very pleasant man when everything in his world moved smoothly. And when something went wrong, he became even more pleasant. Nothing, you see, pleased him more than making wrong things right.

One of this semi-barbaric king's modern ideas was the idea of a large arena. In this arena, his people could watch both men and animals in acts of bravery.

But even this modern idea was touched by the king's wild imagination. In his arena, the people saw more than soldiers fighting soldiers, or men fighting animals. They enjoyed more than the sight of blood. In the king's arena, the people saw the laws of the country at work. They saw good men lifted up and bad men pushed down. Most important, they were able to watch the workings of the first law of Chance.

Here is what happened when a man was accused of a crime. If the king was interested in the crime, then the people were told to come to the arena. They came together and sat there, thousands of them. The king sat high up in his king's chair. When he gave a sign, a door below him opened. The accused man stepped out into the arena. Across from him, on the other side of the arena, were two other doors. They were close together and they looked the same. The accused man would walk straight to these doors and open one of them. He would choose either one of the doors. He was forced by nothing and led by no one. Only Chance helped him—or didn't help him.

Behind one of the doors was a tiger. It was the wildest, biggest, hungriest tiger that could be found. Of course, it quickly jumped on the man. The man quickly—or not so quickly—died. After he died, sad bells rang, women cried, and the thousands of people walked home slowly.

But, if the accused man opened the other door, a lady would step out. She was the finest, and most beautiful lady that could be found. At that moment, there in the arena, she would be married to the man. It didn't matter if the man was already married. It didn't matter if he was in love with another woman. The king did not let little things like that get in the way of his imagination. No, the two were married there in front of the king. There was music and dancing. Then happy bells rang, women cried, and thousands of people walked home singing.

This was the way the law worked in the king's semi-barbaric country. Its fairness is clear. The criminal could not know which door the lady was behind. He opened either door as he wanted. At the moment he opened the door, he did not know

if he was going to be eaten or married.

The people of the country thought the law was a good one. They went to the arena with great interest. They never knew if they would see a bloody killing or a lovely marriage. This uncertainty gave the day its fine and unusual taste. And they liked the fairness of the law. Wasn't it true that the accused man held his life in his own hands?

This semi-barbaric king had a daughter. The princess was as beautiful as any flower in the king's imagination. She had a mind as wild and free as the king's. She had a heart like a volcano. The king loved her deeply, watched her closely, and was very jealous of her. But he could not always watch her. And in his castle lived a young man. This young man was a worker. He was a good worker, but he was of low birth. He was brave and handsome, and the princess loved him, and was jealous of him. Because of the girl's semi-barbarism, her love was hot and strong. Of course, the young man quickly returned it. The lovers were happy together for many months. But one day the king discovered their love. Of course he did not lose a minute. He threw the young man into prison and named for his appearance in the arena.

There had never been a day as important as that one. The country was searched for the strongest, biggest, most dangerous tiger. With equal care, the country was searched for the finest and most beautiful young woman. There was no question, of course, that the young man had loved the princess. He knew it, she knew it, the king knew it, and everybody knew it, too. But the king didn't let this stand in the way of his excellent law. Also, the king knew that the young man would now disappear from his daughter's life. He would disappear with the other beautiful lady. Or he would disappear into the hungry tiger. The only question was, 'Which?'

And so the day arrived. Thousands and thousands of people came to the arena. The king was in his place, across from those two doors that seemed alike but were truly very different.

All was ready. The sign was given. The door below the king opened, and the lover of the princess walked into the arena. Tall, beautiful, fair, he seemed like a prince. The people had not known that such a fine young man had lived among them. Was it any wonder that the princess had loved him?

The young man came forward into the arena, and then turned towards the king's chair. But his eyes were not on the king. They were on the princess, who sat to her father's right. Perhaps it was wrong for the young lady to be there. But remember that she was still semi-barbaric. Her wild heart would not let her be away from her lover on this day. More important, she now knew the secret of the doors. Over the past few days, she had used all of her power in the castle, and much of her gold. She had discovered which door hid the tiger, and which door hid the lady.

She knew more than this. She knew the lady. It was one of the fairest and loveliest ladies in the castle. In fact, this lady was more than fair and lovely. She was thoughtful, loving, kind, full of laughter, and quick of mind. The princess hated her. She had seen, or imagined she had seen, the lady looking at the young man. She

thought these looks had been noticed and even returned. Once or twice she had seen them talking together. Perhaps they had talked of nothing important. But how could the princess be sure of that? The other girl was lovely and kind, yes. But she had lifted her eyes to the lover of the princess. And so, in her semi-barbaric heart, the princess was jealous, and hated her.

Now, in the arena, her lover turned and looked at her. His eyes met hers, and he saw at once that she knew the secret of the doors. He had been sure that she would know it. He understood her heart. He had known that she would try to learn this thing which no one else knew—not even the king. He had known she would try. And now, as he looked at her, he saw that she had succeeded.

At that moment, his quick and worried look asked the question: 'Which?' This question in his eyes was as clear to the princess as spoken words. There was no time to lose. The question had been asked in a second. It must be answered in a second.

Her right arm rested on the arm of her chair. She lifted her hand and made a quick movement towards the right. No one saw except her lover. Every eye except his was on the man in the arena.

He turned and walked quickly across the empty space. Every heart stopped beating. Every breath was held. Every eye was fixed upon the man. Without stopping for even a second, he went to the door on the right and opened it.

Now, the question is this: Did the tiger come out of that door, or did the lady?

As we think deeply about this question, it becomes harder and harder to answer. We must know the heart of the animal called man. And the heart is difficult to know. Think of it, dear reader, and remember that the decision is not yours. The decision belongs to that hot-blooded, semi-barbaric princess. Her heart was at a white heat beneath the fires of jealousy and painful sadness. She had lost him, but who should have him?

Very often, in her thoughts and in her dreams, she had cried out in fear. She had imagined her lover as he opened the door to the hungry tiger.

And even more often she had seen him at the other door! She had bitten her tongue and pulled her hair. She hated his happiness when he opened the door to the lady. Her heart burned with pain and hatred when she imagined the scene: He goes quickly to meet the woman. He leads her into the arena. His eyes shine with new life. The happy bells ring wildly. The two of them are married before her eyes. Children run around them and throw flowers. There is music, and the thousands of people dance in the streets. And the princess's cry of sadness is lost in the sounds of happiness!

Wouldn't it be better for him to die at once? Couldn't he wait for her in the beautiful land of the semi-barbaric future?

But the tiger, those cries of pain, that blood!

Her decision had been shown in a second. But it had been made after days and nights of deep and painful thought. She had known she would be asked. She had decided what to answer. She had moved her hand to the right.

The question of her decision is not an easy one to think about. Certainly I am not the one person who should have to answer it. So I leave it with all of you: Which came out of the opened door—the lady, or the tiger?

A. Comprehension: *Answer the questions without looking back at the passage.*

1. The king became even more pleasant when something went wrong because _____.
[A] he was semi-barbaric
[B] he was a very strange man
[C] he took great pleasure in making wrong things right
[D] he easily turned the dreams of imagination into facts
2. Which of the following is not true?
[A] The king loved his daughter very much.
[B] The princess deeply loved the young man.
[C] The young man also loved the princess.
[D] The king did not find out that the young man and his daughter were in love.
3. According to the article anyone who was put in the arena _____.
[A] would either be eaten or married [B] would be punished by the king
[C] would take a princess for wife [D] None of the above
4. The princess hated the lady behind one of the doors on the side of the arena because _____.
[A] the lady hated her
[B] the lady hated the young man
[C] she was jealous of the young man
[D] she thought the young man and the lady were in love
5. One valid conclusion you can draw from the article is that _____.
[A] the princess would like to see the young man die
[B] the princess would like the young man to marry the lady
[C] there was no tiger behind either of the two doors
[D] no one knew what would happen to the young man

B. Vocabulary: *The following words and phrases have been taken from the passage you have just read. Circle the letter before the best meaning or synonym for the word or phrase as used in the passage.*

1. softened, '...because the modern world had softened his barbarism a little.'
[A] to make less soft [B] to make more pleasant
[C] to cause to become less severe [D] to cause to become civilized
2. smoothly, 'He was a very pleasant man when everything in his world moved smoothly.'

2. TO STAY ALIVE

On October 12, 1972 an Uruguayan plane crashed in the Andes. There were sixteen survivors. This is the true story of what they suffered and of how they remained alive.

When Air Traffic Control in Santiago lost touch with the Fairchild, they at once telephoned Air Rescue. Two Chilean Air Force officers were called in. That afternoon a DC-6 aircraft began to search along a path starting from the last reported position of the Fairchild. They found nothing. Then a snowstorm came, and they had to return to Santiago.

They tried again the next day, without success. They decided the lost plane had not been over Curico when the pilot said it was, but over the Planchon pass. They tried again, in a large square around Planchon. More planes joined in the search, but still without success.

The difficulties were obvious. How could they see a white aircraft in all that snow? And it was highly dangerous to fly in the wild air currents between the mountains. But they still had to search, although from the very start all the professionals in Air Rescue had very little hope of finding any survivors. They knew the temperatures in the mountains; they felt that anyone who survived the crash would soon die of cold. But it was their duty to search, and they did so.

It was a terrible time for the relations at home. Carlos Paez Vilaro, the father of Carlitos Paez, heard the news of the plane's disappearance. He set out for Santiago himself early on the Saturday morning. That afternoon he flew in an Air Force DC-6 plane along the likely flight path of the Fairchild. When he returned to the airport, more relations had arrived. By next day there were twenty-two there, anxiously waiting for news, good or bad.

Search parties set out over land, but heavy snow and strong winds slowed them down, and kept all aircraft on the ground. Some of the relations returned to Montevideo. Others began to think of starting a search of their own, for they felt that time was running out.

For the mother of Carlos Valeta there was no hope. On the Friday afternoon, in a waking dream, she had seen a falling plane, then her son's bleeding face. She was sure in her own mind that Carlos was dead. Other parents too, began to accept the general view that survival was impossible. And after eight days the search was called off.

On the tenth day Roy Harley, one of the survivors, found a small, pocket-size radio between two seats. He managed to make it work. It was difficult to receive signals with the huge mountains all around. So Roy used a piece of wire from the plane and picked up broadcasts from Chile. But there was no news of any rescue attempt.

Now most of the boys were too weak from lack of food to leave the plane. They felt cold, even in the midday sun, and their skin was dry and lined like the skin of old men. Their food supplies were pitifully low now, and there were no plants or animals nearby. The nearest soil was a hundred feet below. Slowly they came to realize the terrible truth. To survive, they would have to eat the flesh of their dead companions.

It was a terrible thought. Canessa brought it out into the open. 'Look,' he said. 'We aren't going to be rescued. And we can't escape without food. There is only one food supply here. We are getting weaker every day. Soon we shall be too weak even to cut up the food that is lying there before our eyes.'

He argued, too, that it was their Christian duty to stay alive. He had strong beliefs, and his friends listened.

'The bodies out there are just meat,' said Canessa. 'The people they belonged to are at peace with God.'

They held a meeting inside the Fairchild. Canessa, Zerbino, Fernandez and Fito Strauch repeated the arguments.

'It is our duty to live for our own sake and for the sake of our families. God has given us this food because He wants us to live. It is our duty to accept it now.'

'But what have we done?' asked Perez. 'Why does God ask us to eat the bodies of our dead friends?'

There was a moment's silence. Then Zerbino said, 'What would those friends say? I know that if I died, I would gladly give my flesh to help all of you to stay alive. In fact, if I do die, and you don't eat me, I'll come back and kick you!'

There and then they all agreed that if any more of them died, their flesh had to be used as food. But Perez was still doubtful, for he still hoped for rescue. Liliana Metol, Coche Inciarte and Numa Turcatti all felt unable to eat human flesh. They did not feel that it was wrong; it was not against the law of God. But they could not bring themselves to do it.

'As long as there's a chance of rescue,' said Liliana, 'and as long as there is something to eat, even if it's only a piece of chocolate, I can't do it.'

All agreed that it was a private and personal decision which all must make for themselves. At last Canessa, Maspons, Zerbino and Fito Strauch went out into the snow. Canessa found a body, uncovered the skin and cut into the flesh with a piece of broken glass. He cut twenty small pieces of rock-hard frozen flesh and placed them on the plane roof.

'It is there,' Canessa told the others, drying in the sun. 'Eat it if you wish.' No one came forward. Then Canessa prayed to God for help. He took a piece of flesh in his hand. At first he could not make himself eat. Then slowly his hand rose and pushed the flesh into his mouth. I'm going to live, he said to himself as he forced it down.

One by one, others followed his example. When the flesh stuck in their throats, they washed it down with melted snow. That night Gustavo Nicolich wrote to his girlfriend in Montevideo.

'Today,' he wrote, 'we start to cut up the dead in order to eat them. There is nothing else to do. I prayed to God from the bottom of my heart that this day would never come. But it has, and we must be brave. I believe in God. I believe that those bodies are there because God put them there for us. And if the day came when I could save someone with my own flesh I would gladly do it...'

Next morning, those who had not eaten the human flesh looked at those who had. No one seemed any better or any worse. Perez and Harley switched on the little radio. They all heard the news that Air Rescue had called off the search for the lost Fairchild. Some of the survivors cried. Others prayed. Parrado looked westward towards the mountains.

'Well,' said Nicolich suddenly, 'that's good news.'

'How on earth can it be good news?' the others demanded angrily.

'Because,' said Nicolich, 'it means we're going to escape from here on our own!'

Escape. But how? Chile lay to the west, behind a high wall of mountains. But Parrado was anxious to set off, alone if necessary. At last, after much discussion, they decided that a team of the strongest survivors should set off at once. And so Zerbino, Turcatti and Maspons set off up the mountain.

Those who were left behind cut and ate more meat. One by one, they forced themselves to do it. Some still could not make themselves eat. But Pedro Algorta took his share. 'It's like church,' he said. 'When Jesus died, He gave up His body for us. My friend has given us his body so that we can live too.'

With this thought in mind, Coche Inciarte and Pancho Delgado forced their share down. Only Liliana Methol and her husband Javier remained unable to do so.

Slowly the survivors developed a way of life, of shared duties. Canessa cared for the wounded. The broken bones were mending. But Rafael Echavarren's leg wound was in a serious condition. Enrique Platero felt perfectly well, but a piece of intestine stuck out of his wound. Canessa examined it. Part of the intestine was quite dry and seemed dead. With Platero's agreement, Canessa cut off the dead part with a piece of broken glass. Then he pushed the rest of the intestine back into the wound.

'That's fine,' said Platero, sitting up and looking at his middle. 'Just tie it up again. And when we get back home, you can be my doctor. I couldn't possibly hope for a better one.'

Meanwhile, Zerbino, Turcatti and Maspons climbed up the mountain. Every few steps they had to stop and rest, for they were weak from lack of food, and had difficulty in breathing the thin mountain air. They continued to climb until nightfall. They could not sleep that night. It was just one long fight against the cold. No one expected to survive. When the sun rose, they set off again thankfully.

They looked down at the Fairchild. It was now just a tiny spot in the snow. They could not see the red SOS at all. It was obvious why they had not been rescued. The plane simply could not be seen from the air.

Suddenly they saw the aircraft's broken wings just above them on the mountain

side. Then they found a seat, face down in the snow. They pulled it up and found the body of one of their friends. Carefully Zerbino took the passport from the body. He did the same when he found three more bodies.

There was still no sign of the tail of the aircraft. But they knew they would have to go back. The bright sun on the snow had made Zerbino almost blind. All had frozen, painful feet. The two others guided Zerbino slowly down the mountain towards the plane.

The others were delighted to see them, and fed them with large pieces of meat. But when they saw Zerbino's eyes, and the frozen feet of all three, everyone realized that escape was not going to be easy. If a one-day trip had almost killed their three strongest boys, what hope was there for the others?

One day there was no sun to melt the snow for water. So Roy Harley and Carlitos Paez made a fire with some empty boxes, and held the metal sheets over it. One thing led to another, and they cooked some meat on the hot metal. Some boys found it easier to eat it that way. But Canessa, with his medical knowledge, pointed out that cooking destroyed some of the food value. And in any case there was not much wood to make a fire with.

Still Liliana and Javier Methol could not bring themselves to eat human flesh. As the others grew stronger, the two grew thinner and weaker. Perez begged them to eat. 'Think of it as the body and blood of Jesus,' he said. 'God gave us this food because He wants us to live.'

Liliana gently shook her head. 'There's nothing wrong with your doing it, Marcelo,' she said. 'But I can't. I just can't.'

That night the couple talked of their four children in Montevideo. And Javier ate human flesh for the first time. He felt he had to stay alive for them. Only Liliana would not eat. She wrote a short, loving letter to her children. Then she said to Javier, 'If we get home safely, I would like to have another baby.'

Javier was delighted, for he loved children. But he saw how weak and thin his wife was. Only her smile was unchanged. 'Liliana,' he said, 'if you want to do that, you will have to survive. And there's only one way to do that.'

'Yes,' said Liliana. And she took a piece of the flesh and forced it down.

A. Comprehension: Answer the questions without looking back at the passage.

1. From the very start the professionals in Air Rescue thought _____.
[A] the survivors could escape on their own
[B] the survivors would not be in any danger
[C] no one could possibly survive the crash
[D] there was little chance of finding any survivors
2. Eight days after the crash, the search was called off because _____.
[A] there were heavy snow storms
[B] time was running out

- [C] no one thought there would be anyone alive
 [D] strong winds kept all the aircraft on the ground
3. When Canessa suggested that they should eat human flesh in order to stay alive _____.
- [A] everyone else was shocked
 [B] everyone agreed readily
 [C] the Christians were strongly against it
 [D] there was some argument about it
4. Liliana and Javier Methol felt unable to eat human flesh because ____.
- [A] they were Christians
 [B] they thought it was wrong to do so
 [C] they thought it was against the law of God
 [D] none of the above
5. When the survivors saw Zerbino's eyes and the frozen feet of the three strongest boys, everyone realized that ____.
- [A] they could no longer be rescued
 [B] they no longer had any chance of survival
 [C] it would not be easy for them to escape
 [D] nobody could leave the other survivors

B. Vocabulary: The following words and phrases have been taken from the passage you have just read. Circle the letter before the best meaning or synonym for the word or phrase as used in the passage.

1. lost touch with, 'When Air Traffic Control in Santiago lost touch with the Fairchild...'
- [A] to stop sending news to [B] to stop having control over
 [C] to fail to keep close to [D] to fail to get news from
2. survive, '...they felt that anyone who survived the crash would soon die of cold.'
- [A] to lose hope [B] to try to stay alive
 [C] to fight bravely against [D] to continue to live after
3. called off, 'And after eight days the search was called off.'
- [A] to stop [B] to resume [C] to continue [D] to put off
4. lined, '...and their skin was dry and lined like the skin of old men.'
- [A] to become hard and rough [B] to draw lines on
 [C] to mark with wrinkles [D] to be an inner covering for
5. doubtful, 'But Perez was still doubtful, for he still hoped for rescue.'
- [A] undecided [B] uncertain [C] positive [D] questioning
6. on our own, '...it means we're going to escape from here on our own!'
- [A] without help [B] without delay [C] as a group [D] in any case
7. mending, 'The broken bones were mending.'
- [A] growing [B] fixing [C] healing [D] repairing