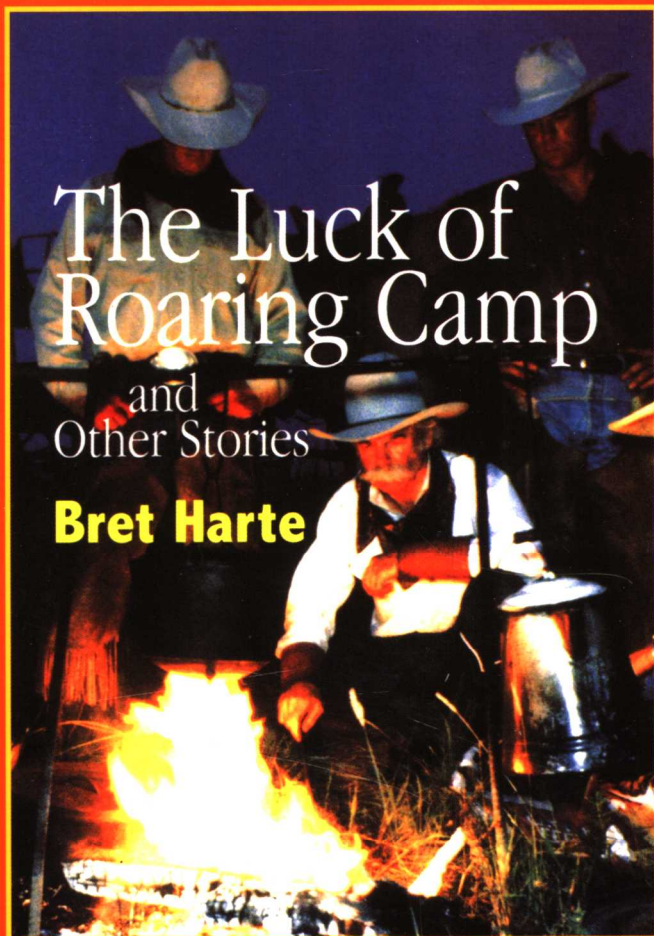




企鵝英語簡易讀物精選

咆哮營的幸運兒



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The Luck of Roaring Camp and Other Stories

咆哮营的幸运儿

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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。阅读量大，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，观察世界也会有一种新的眼光。与此同时，你们的英语水平也会随之迅速提高。

Introduction

"No good woman wants to live here, and we don't want more bad women in this camp!"

This was not kind to the baby's mother, but it was the start of a better life at Roaring Camp.

The Luck of Roaring Camp and Other Stories (1870) are short stories about life in California when many people went west. They wanted to find gold and be rich. After Bret Harte wrote these stories, he was famous in America and England.

In *The Luck of Roaring Camp* a baby boy is born in the camp. His mother dies and the big, strong men in the camp take care of the baby. He brings them good luck—they say. So, they call him "The Luck." But does he really bring good luck to the camp?

In *Miss Mullins of the Sierras* we meet the driver of a coach, Yuba Bill. He is taking some passengers across the mountains at night. They are afraid because Ramon Martinez and his men stop coaches. The coaches carry gold and these men want to take it. Miss Mullins wants to help these men, but does she really help Martinez?

A Portrait of Jack Hamlin is about a girl. She leaves her family because she wants to marry an older man—a gambler. But, he leaves her. Another gambler, Jack Hamlin, helps her and changes her life. But is he a good man or a bad man?

Bret Harte also wrote *Mrs. Scagg's Husbands* (1873), *An Heiress of Red Dog, and Other Sketches* (1878), and *Colonel Starbottle's Client, and Some Other People* (1892).



*About one hundred men waited in front of Cherokee Sal's cabin at
Roaring Camp.*

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The Luck of Roaring Camp

About one hundred men waited in front of Cherokee Sal's cabin at Roaring Camp. Everybody talked excitedly, but they spoke quietly.

Cherokee Sal was the only woman at Roaring Camp. She was an Indian, but she lived with white men. She knew about life, about men, but I won't say anything more about that. Today, inside the cabin on a hard bed, she cried. There were no other women, and she wanted a woman—maybe her mother—to help her. She wanted somebody to take her hand and speak kindly. Some of the men felt sorry for Cherokee Sal. Men often died at Roaring Camp, but this was the camp's first baby.

"Go in there, Stumpy," said Kentuck. "Go in there and help her. You know something about babies."

It was a good idea. Stumpy had two families, so he knew about new mothers and new babies. He went inside. The other men smoked cigars outside and waited.

Some of these men were really bad and lived dangerously. Some of the men were not very bad, but they weren't very good. And some men didn't have all of their fingers, but the man with one eye was the best with a gun.

They stood around the fire and talked about Cherokee Sal: "Will she live? Will she die?" Then, they heard the new baby's cry. The trees were suddenly quiet. The river stopped. The fire didn't make a sound. One hundred men stood up at the same time.

"Let's do something for the baby's birthday!" shouted one man.

"Let's shoot our guns!" said another man excitedly.

Cherokee Sal was very unwell. Two hours later, she died.

"What'll happen to the baby?" asked one man.

"Can he live now?" asked another man.

"I don't know," answered Stumpy. "The only other female around here is a horse!"

They gave the horse's milk to the baby. It wasn't the same as mother's milk, but it was food.

Then, the men went quietly into the cabin and visited Cherokee Sal for the last time. She was on a table. The baby boy was next to her in a box. And next to the box, there was a hat.

"Please walk around the table, and go out the back door," said Stumpy. "You can put money in the hat for the baby."

The first man came in—his hat on his head. He looked around and quickly took it off. The other men did the same. Everybody gave something to the baby. One man gave a cigar box. Another man gave a gun. Other men gave a beautiful watch, five dollars, and \$200 in gold. Stumpy was as quiet as Cherokee Sal.

Kentuck looked at the baby. Suddenly, the little boy caught Kentuck's finger and held it for a minute. Kentuck's face turned red. He pulled his finger away from the baby and looked at it carefully. "He held my finger!" he said happily.

At four o'clock in the morning, the men went to sleep. But Stumpy and Kentuck couldn't sleep. They drank and talked about the baby.

The next day, they put Cherokee Sal under the ground. Everybody talked about the baby's future.

"What'll we do with him?" some men asked.

"We'll take care of him," said some of the other men.

"We can bring a woman here," said one man.

"No good woman wants to live here, and we don't want more bad women in this camp!"

This was not kind to the baby's mother, but it was the start of a better life at Roaring Camp.

"Jinny and I can take care of the baby," said Stumpy. Jinny was the horse's name.



Suddenly, the little boy caught Kentuck's finger and held it for a minute.

The baby lived and was strong. "Me and that horse are father and mother to that boy," said Stumpy.

After one month, they wanted to give a name to the baby. "Stumpy's boy" was not a good name. Then one man said, "This baby brought good luck to the camp." So, they gave the baby the name Luck. Tom Luck. Nobody said anything about the baby's mother or her name. And nobody knew the father.

Roaring Camp started to change. The cabin for Tommy Luck—or The Luck—was clean and pretty. The men went to the city and bought a new bed for the baby.

Stumpy told the men, "You can't hold Tommy with dirty hands and dirty clothes." So the men washed their hands and changed their clothes.

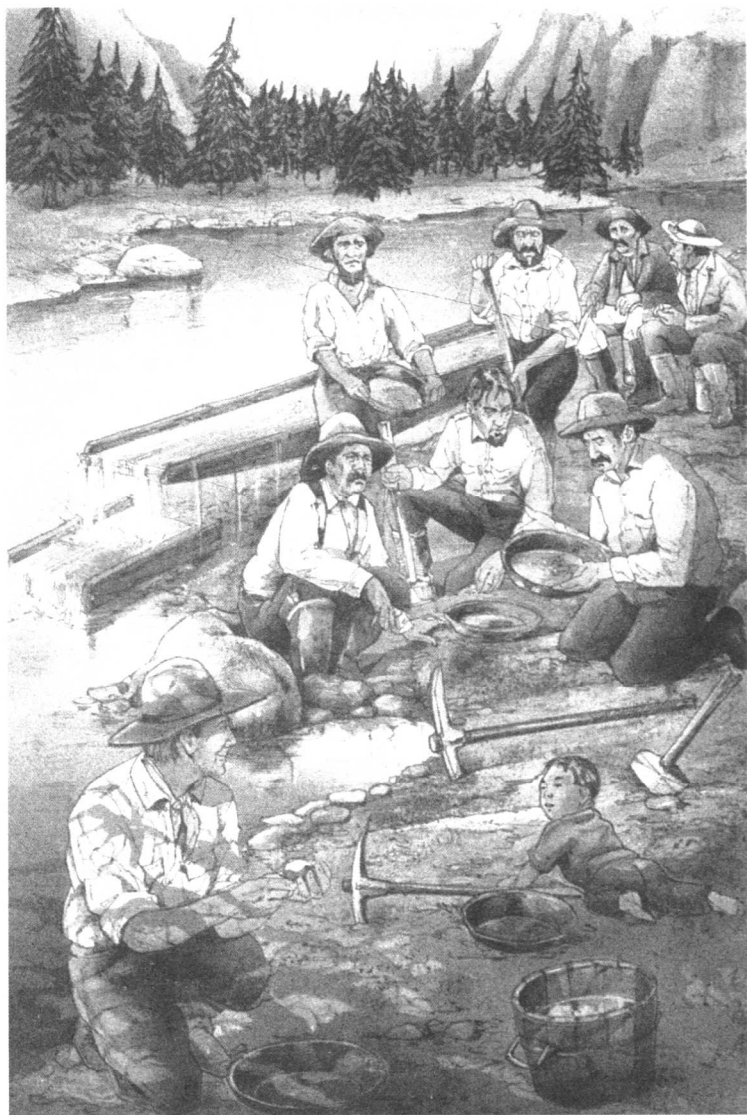
Stumpy said, "The Luck has to sleep, so be quiet around here." The men stopped shouting. They spoke quietly and stopped using bad language. They sang to Tommy.

On long summer days, Stumpy took The Luck to the river when he looked for gold. The men brought back flowers and beautiful things from the river for him.

Tommy was a happy baby, but he was very quiet. One day at the river, he fell down into the wet ground. His head went down and his legs went up. He was there for five minutes! He didn't cry or move. When the men found him, they pulled him out. But he only looked at them and smiled.

It was a good summer at Roaring Camp—everybody had good luck. The men found a lot of gold, so they enjoyed their work. Tommy was a happy baby and he was never a problem. The men at Roaring Camp didn't like strangers, but people stopped there sometimes. After they left, they told other people about the pretty cabins, the flowers, the clean men, and the Indian baby. It was a strange, but nice camp.

Some of the men wanted to build a hotel in Roaring Camp. They wanted nice families to visit because then Tommy could



*On long summer days, Stumpy took The Luck to the river
when he looked for gold.*

meet them. Not everybody liked this idea. A lot of the men didn't want changes. But changes came.

There was a lot of snow in the winter of 1851. The snow on the mountains changed to water and the rivers were dangerously full.

Men from Red Dog Camp told Stumpy, "Don't be stupid! Leave Roaring Camp."

But Stumpy answered, "Water put gold in these rivers before and it'll bring gold here again."

That night, the river came suddenly into Roaring Camp. Trees fell and the camp lost many cabins. In the morning, Stumpy's cabin wasn't there. Higher up the river, some of the men found Stumpy. He was dead. That day, the light went out of Roaring Camp. It was a different place, a sadder place. The men walked back slowly to the camp.

Suddenly, a man in a boat shouted to them, "I found a man and a baby! Do you know them? Do they live near here?"

The men looked into the boat and saw Kentuck. His eyes were closed, and the Luck of Roaring Camp was in his arms. They looked at the baby. He was cold and he didn't move.

"He's dead," said one man.

Kentuck opened his eyes. "Dead?" he asked weakly.

"Yes, my man, and you are dying too."

Kentuck smiled. "Dying," he repeated. "He's taking me with him—tell the boys. I have the Luck with me now."

And the strong man, with the dead baby in his arms, moved away into that dark river in the sky.



His eyes were closed, and the Luck of Roaring Camp was in his arms.

Miss Mullins of the Sierras ★

We sat quietly and our eyes met in the dark night. Our coach went very fast over Galloper's Ridge. Yuba Bill took the cigar out of the mouth of the passenger next to him. Were Ramon Martinez and his men on Galloper's Ridge? Could they see the light from the cigar? We had to be careful. Ramon Martinez and his men often stopped coaches on this road and took everything from the passengers. Sometimes they took their lives.

Yuba Bill drove the coach as fast as he could. He could feel the road, but he couldn't see it. It was dangerous, but Bill knew that. The six horses galloped through the black night. And in a short time, we were across Galloper's Ridge and in the darker woods. Bill drove fast through the woods.

"Maybe we'll meet Ramon Martinez in these woods," said one passenger very quietly. He was afraid.

Bill heard this and answered, "He can run after me to the next world."

We felt happier when Bill broke the quiet of the night. Suddenly, we could see the road in front of us. Now it was not as dangerous as before.

"Do you think Martinez and his men are out tonight?" asked the mailman on the coach.

"I didn't see Martinez or his men on the road tonight, but maybe they're out. But why didn't they come for us?" Bill said. He couldn't understand.

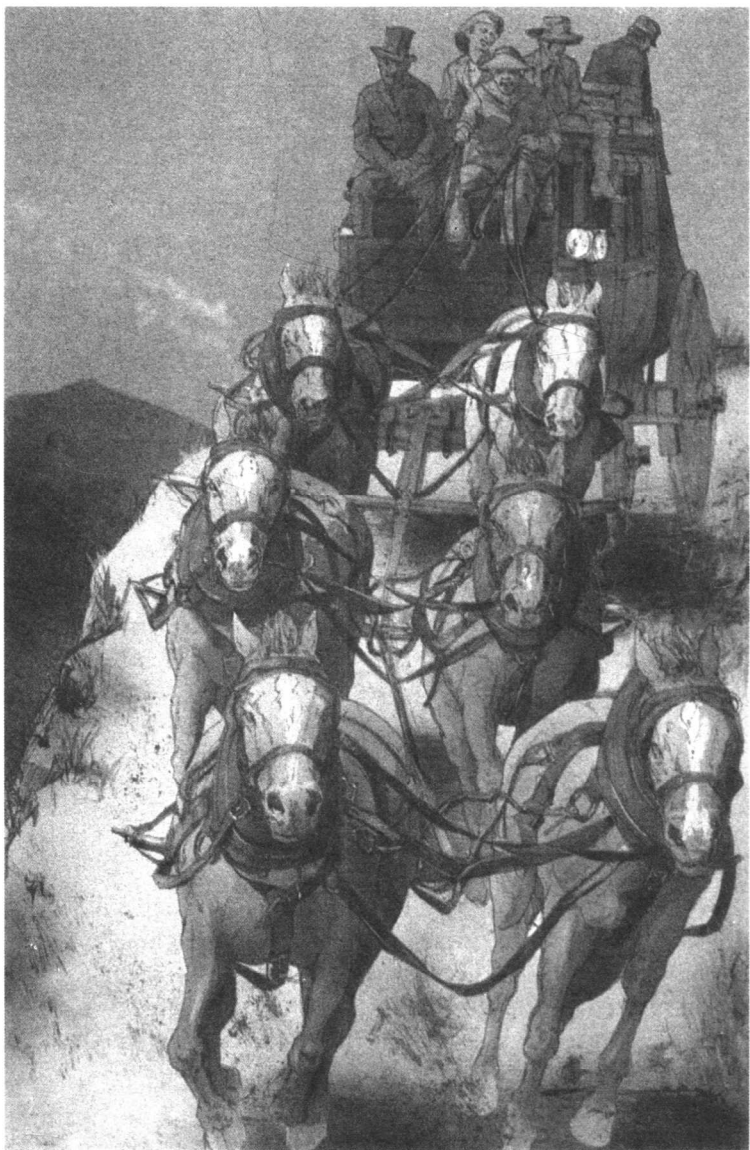
"Because they didn't see our lights," said one passenger. "They're waiting for us up there now!"

"Do you want to put money on that?" Bill asked him.

"No," the passenger answered. He felt stupid.

"There's a newspaper in San Francisco, and they pay

★ Sierras: mountains in the American west.



Yuba Bill drove the coach as fast as he could.

money for funny stories," said Bill. "Maybe they'll buy yours."

"Why did you put out the lights?" asked the passenger.

"Because you were afraid. Men do stupid things when they're afraid. And I didn't want any shooting. Martinez could easily see us then."

We didn't want to fight with Bill, so we laughed.

"Who got on the coach at the top of Galloper's Ridge?" Bill asked.

"Two men from Cold Spring," answered the mailman.

"Don't forget the girl from Dow's Flat," said another passenger.

"Does anybody know her?" asked Bill.

"Ask Judge Thompson. He helped her when she got on. She sat next to the window," said the first passenger.

"By the *window*?" repeated Bill.

"Yes, she wanted to see everything and she wasn't afraid."

"Judge Thompson was really nice to her. When she couldn't find something, he lit a cigar. He held it for her and she found her things. It was stupid. I saw it through the window. I was on the left of the coach with my gun ready," said a third passenger.

Bill said nothing.

Suddenly, a man on a horse came out of the woods. Bill stopped the coach.

The stranger said, "I saw you go across Galloper's Ridge. Didn't Martinez and his men stop you?"

"How did you see us? We had our lights out!" said Bill.

"Yes, but somebody signaled. There was something white in the window—a woman's hat, maybe. But, you're across and you're OK. Good night!"

He left. We wanted Bill to say something, but Bill said nothing. He stopped at the station, and the passengers got out. The mailman started to leave, but Bill stopped him.

"Let's look at the coach and our passengers very carefully. Something strange happened tonight," said Bill.