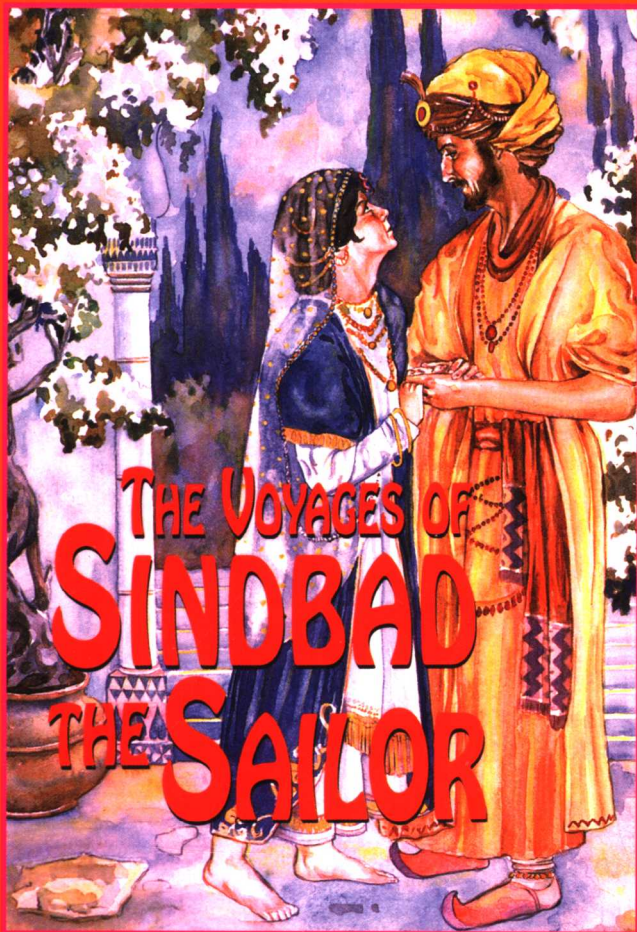




企鹅英语简易读物精选

辛巴达航海记



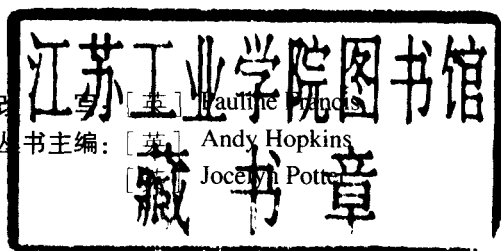
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① 企鹅英语简易读物精选 (初二学生)

*The Voyages of
Sinbad the Sailor*

辛巴达航海记



(300 - 600 词)

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青年
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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

It was a giant! He was very, very big. He was a man, but he was as tall as the tallest tree. His eyes were as red as fire. His mouth was as wide as a cave, and his teeth were as long as elephant tusks.

Sindbad the Sailor went to sea seven times and his voyages were always dangerous. He met giants – giant men, giant snakes and giant birds . . . and the Old Man of the Sea!

The Sindbad stories come from the *Arabian Nights* (or the *Thousand and One Nights* – or, in Arabic, *Alf Leila wa Leila*). People read the first book of the *Arabian Nights* in Arabic in about the year 940, or AH 330. We think that the Sindbad stories came after that.

At that time, Arab sailors sailed to countries a long way away. We know about the journeys and voyages of Suleiman al-Tajir (Suleiman the Merchant). He told people in Arab countries about China, India and South-East Asia.

Could Arab ships sail to China at that time? Yes. One man, Tim Severin, made the voyage in 1981. In the old days the Arabs built their ships from wood, so he built his ship, the *Sohar*, from wood too. He sailed to China from Muscat, in Oman.

Was there really a King Mihraj, Sindbad's friend on his first voyage? There were great kings – Maharaja – in India at that time. Mihraj and Maharaja look nearly the same in some Arabic writing.

Was there a great King of Serendip? Yes. We know that Serendip was the old name for Sri Lanka. We also know that Arab and other merchants sailed to that island.

There were really voyages, but strange things happen in the Sindbad stories.

Are you ready? Let's sail with Sindbad?

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The First Voyage

Sindbad the Sailor lived in Baghdad in the time of the great Khalif, Harun al-Rashid. Sindbad was a very rich man. He had a beautiful house in the best street in the city. The sun was very hot in the afternoons. Then he and his friends sat under the trees in the garden.

'I am rich now,' he told his friends. 'But after my father died, I made mistakes. So I went to sea. Listen! I will tell you about my first voyage. When I came back, I was a rich man. But on this voyage I was really afraid.'



I was a young man then, and I was not careful with money. So my father's money went quickly.

I sold everything and, with the money, I bought the best goods. The next day, I took them to Basra. There, on the river, was an Arab ship, and I spoke to its captain. He answered me kindly.

'We are going to sail next week. There will be six merchants with their goods on the ship, and we will sail to the countries and islands of the east. There the merchants will sell their goods and buy other rich goods. They will sell them in their countries when they come back.'

'Can you take another merchant?' I asked. 'I want to sell some boxes of goods. I will give you a lot of money when I sell them.'

'Yes,' said the captain, 'I can take you.'

And so, the next week, we sailed down the great river, the Shatt al-Arab, and through the Gulf, and then to the east. We sailed for very many days and nights, and we stopped at cities and islands. There we sold and bought goods. One day we came to a very beautiful island, with trees and flowers and birds of many colours.

'I do not know this island,' the captain said. 'But it looks very beautiful. Perhaps we will find water there. I will take the ship near it.'

He brought the ship near the island. We went for a walk and looked for water.

I began to walk away from the ship. Some merchants found wood, and they made a fire on the island.

Suddenly, the island moved under my feet!

'Run, everybody!' the captain shouted. 'Run quickly to the ship! I made a dangerous mistake. This is not an island – it is a great fish. It was asleep on top of the water. But your fire woke it. Run for your lives!'

Everybody ran. But I had to run a long way and I could not get to the ship in time. The island-fish swam down – down – down under the sea, and I went down with it.

At the same time, a great wind came and took the ship away. When I got to the top of the water, I could not see the ship anywhere.

'I am going to die here in this great sea,' I cried. 'Nobody can help me now.'

But – Allah is good! – I found a box from the ship and I sat on it. Night came. The wind pushed me that night, and the next day and the next night.

In the morning, I was really afraid.

'This is my last day,' I thought. 'I am ill and nearly dead. My fingers are blue with cold. Tomorrow, I will fall into the sea and die.'

And then I saw it – an island! The wind took me to the island, and the sea threw me under a tree there. After that, I do not remember much. But I know that I could not move for two days.

'I have to find food and water now,' I thought. 'I do not want to die.'

So I tried to stand up ... but I could not. My feet hurt. I looked down at them.



Suddenly, the island moved under my feet!

'The fish tried to eat them,' I cried. 'I have to wash them in clean water.'

I started to look for food and water. It was difficult but I moved with my arms. Then I found a fruit tree near a little river and I stayed there for one or two days.

I ate the fruit from the tree and I drank the water from the little river. My feet were better and I felt stronger.

I had to move. I took some fruit with me, but I could not carry any water.

'There will be other rivers,' I thought.

But there was no drinking water, and there were no fruit trees. I saw no houses, no people – nothing.

I walked for three days, and I began to be afraid again.

'Am I the only person here?' I cried. 'Is this an island without people, animals or birds?'

Something moved a long way away. Was it a dangerous animal? Or was it a man? When I came near, I saw it. It was a beautiful horse, under a tree.

'This horse,' I thought, 'is the horse of a king or a very rich man.'

The animal saw me and made a loud noise. I jumped and I ran away. A man heard the noise and ran out from a cave.

'Nobody looks at the king's horse and lives!' he called angrily.

'Stop, do not kill me,' I said. 'I looked at the horse because it is so beautiful.'

'Who are you?' the man asked. 'And why are you here?'

'I am here,' I said, 'because Allah was good. My ship sailed to an island. I went for a walk under the trees, but the island moved under my feet!'

'How can an island move?' asked the man.

'It was not an island. It was a big fish,' I answered. 'And I fell into the sea. The captain and the other merchants got to the ship and they sailed away. I sat on a box for days. The wind brought me here.'

‘Come to the cave,’ said the man kindly. ‘I can give you food and water. Allah was good to you. I come here only one week every month, with other men. We bring the king’s best horses to this island. The food is good for them, but there is no food or water for men. Our city is a long way away. You cannot find your way there without help. But we are leaving tomorrow. Would you like to come with us?’

‘Thank you,’ I answered.

After a time, the other men came to the cave. Each man was with a beautiful horse. They heard my story and they were also very kind to me. The next day, I left with them on one of the king’s beautiful horses.

On the way, they told me about their king.

‘King Mihraj,’ they said, ‘is the greatest king in these islands. His people love him because he is kind to everybody. Merchants from every country come to our great city near the sea.’

When they arrived at the city, the men told King Mihraj about me. He sent for me and I told him my strange story.

‘Allah was good to you!’ he said. ‘And we, too, will help you in every way.’

King Mihraj liked me, and he was very kind to me. One day, I went with his men to another island. They wanted to show me the strange fish there. One fish was bigger than a ship. And there was a fish with a bird’s head.

‘They are as strange as the island-fish,’ I thought, ‘but they are not as dangerous.’

I can speak to people from many countries. When the king heard this, he asked, ‘Will you help the merchants and sailors in my city? A lot of people arrive here every day.’

‘I will do that,’ I answered.

After that, I saw the king every day. I told him about these merchants and their goods. I wrote everything in a book and showed the book to him.

I asked the captain of every ship about his voyage and about my city – Baghdad.

One day, a big ship came in from the east. The merchants began to sell their goods and buy goods in the city.

I spoke to the ship's captain.

'Are there other goods in the ship?' I asked.

'The merchants with me have no goods to sell now,' he said. 'But there are some boxes on the ship. A young merchant began the voyage with us, and the goods in the boxes were his. He is dead now. The sea took him. I am going to sell his goods here and take the money back to his people in the great city of Baghdad.'

Then I looked at the captain's face again. I knew him!

'What was his name?' I asked. 'What was the young merchant's name?'

'His name was Sindbad.'

I nearly fell to the ground.

'I am Sindbad,' I said. 'The goods are mine!'

The captain looked at me, half-angry and half-sad.

'What can I do?' he asked. 'You say that you are Sindbad. But perhaps you say that because you want his goods. The sea took Sindbad when the island moved. The sailors and the merchants on my ship saw it too.'

'Captain,' I said, 'listen to my story. Then you will know that I am Sindbad.'

And I told him my story from the time of our first meeting in Basra.

'And do you remember the fish-island?' I asked. 'Your merchants made a fire there and it moved. I fell into the sea, but I sat on a box from the ship for days.'

He stopped me and began to smile.

'It is you, Sindbad!' he said.

The other merchants came and talked to me.

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'Allah is good,' they said, 'and we are also very happy.'

Then the captain gave me my goods. I sold them and with the money I bought other beautiful goods. I sent them to King Mihraj.

'Thank you,' he said, 'but I do not understand. You came here with nothing, and now you are giving me these beautiful things. How can you do this?'

'My ship is now in your city,' I told him. 'It came in yesterday. My goods and boxes were on the ship.'

King Mihraj said thank you to Allah for me, and he also gave me many beautiful things.

The ship was ready the next day. I said goodbye to the king.

'I am sad,' I told him. 'I do not want to leave your beautiful country and its great and good king. But I have to see my dear city of Baghdad again.'

'Yes, Sindbad,' he said. 'You have to go home now. I will be sad without you. But thank you for your help.'

After a very long voyage, the ship arrived in Basra. From there, I made the journey to Baghdad. My friends were very happy when they saw me. I bought a beautiful house and lived there, rich and happy, for some years.

Tomorrow, I will tell you about my second voyage.

The Second Voyage

I was happy for some time in Baghdad. I had my beautiful house, friends and money.

But I began to feel bored. I wanted to see other countries and cities again. I wanted to buy and sell in these places. I bought the best goods in Baghdad, and I sailed, with other merchants, on a beautiful, new ship.

We sailed from place to place, and from island to island. We always went to the south and east.

After a long time, we came to a beautiful island. It had green trees and fruit and flowers and rivers of good, clean water. But there were no people anywhere. Some sailors looked for clean water, and some merchants wanted to walk on the island.

'I will come with you,' I said.

The flowers were really beautiful. I walked through the trees and found some very big, beautiful flowers. I sat down near them. There was a warm wind and I fell asleep. When I woke up, I was suddenly afraid. There was nobody there – no sailors, no merchants, no people.

'I am very stupid!' I cried. 'I am here again, a long way from Baghdad, on an island without people!'

I climbed to the top of a tree and I looked out to sea. My ship was out there. It looked very small. Then I looked down. I saw only trees – and more trees.

I looked again. There was something a long way away, big and white and round. Was it the top of a house?

I walked for many hours and arrived there in the evening.

'It is not a house,' I thought. 'There is no door. What is it? Is it a giant egg?'

I thought for a long time. Then something moved across the light of the sun.

'Why is the sky dark?' I cried.

I looked up. Above my head was a giant bird. I remembered the sailors' stories about giant birds.

'There is one very big bird,' they said. 'That bird gives elephants to its babies for food.'

'So this,' I thought, 'is an egg from that bird. Now the mother is going to sit on it.'

I was right. The giant bird sat on the egg and fell asleep there. I had a good idea.

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‘When it wants to eat, it will fly away,’ I thought. ‘Perhaps it will go to a better place, a place with people in it. The bird can take me with it.’

I put some clothes round my arms and legs, then round the bird’s leg. I worked very slowly.

‘I cannot wake the bird,’ I thought, ‘or it will hurt me.’

In the morning, the giant bird woke up and flew away . . . up high into the sky. It could not see me, and it took me a long, long way, over seas and islands and mountains and valleys. Then it came down in a valley with great walls of mountains round it.

My dangerous journey was not at an end. The giant bird came down on a big snake. I was really afraid then. I pulled my clothes from the bird’s leg and ran behind a great stone.

When the bird flew away with the snake, I came out. I looked round me. There were other big snakes in the valley. Some were as long as a ship. I watched them when they went into great holes under the ground.

‘They sleep in those holes under the ground in the day,’ I thought, ‘and come out for their food at night. So in the daytime I can look for a way out of the valley.’

I could not climb out of that valley. But I saw diamonds on the valley floor. They shone in the sunlight. They were very good diamonds – big and beautiful.

‘But I do not want diamonds,’ I thought. ‘I want to get out of this valley.’

Night came and great snakes began to come out of the ground. I was near a small cave, so I ran inside. I found a big stone and moved it into the mouth of the cave. All night I listened to the noise of the snakes – Sssssss! – but they could not get to me.

In the morning, I came out of the cave.

‘I have to find a way out of the valley,’ I thought. ‘I do not want the snakes to kill me.’

I began to look again. Suddenly, there was a loud noise, and a dead animal fell to the ground near me. And there were diamonds on it! Then I remembered the stories about the Valley of Diamonds.

Merchants cannot get the diamonds from the valley because it is too dangerous. So they kill animals and throw them down. The meat falls on the diamonds. Some diamonds – but not the biggest ones – stay on the animal. Then great birds come down into the valley. They take the meat and fly up with it to their babies on the mountains. The merchants make a loud noise and the birds fly away. Then the merchants take the diamonds from the meat.

‘A bird brought me here,’ I thought, ‘so a bird can take me away.’

I opened my food-bag and put the biggest and best diamonds in it. I put some of my clothes round my arms and legs, then round the animal meat. I waited there on my back, with the meat on top of me.

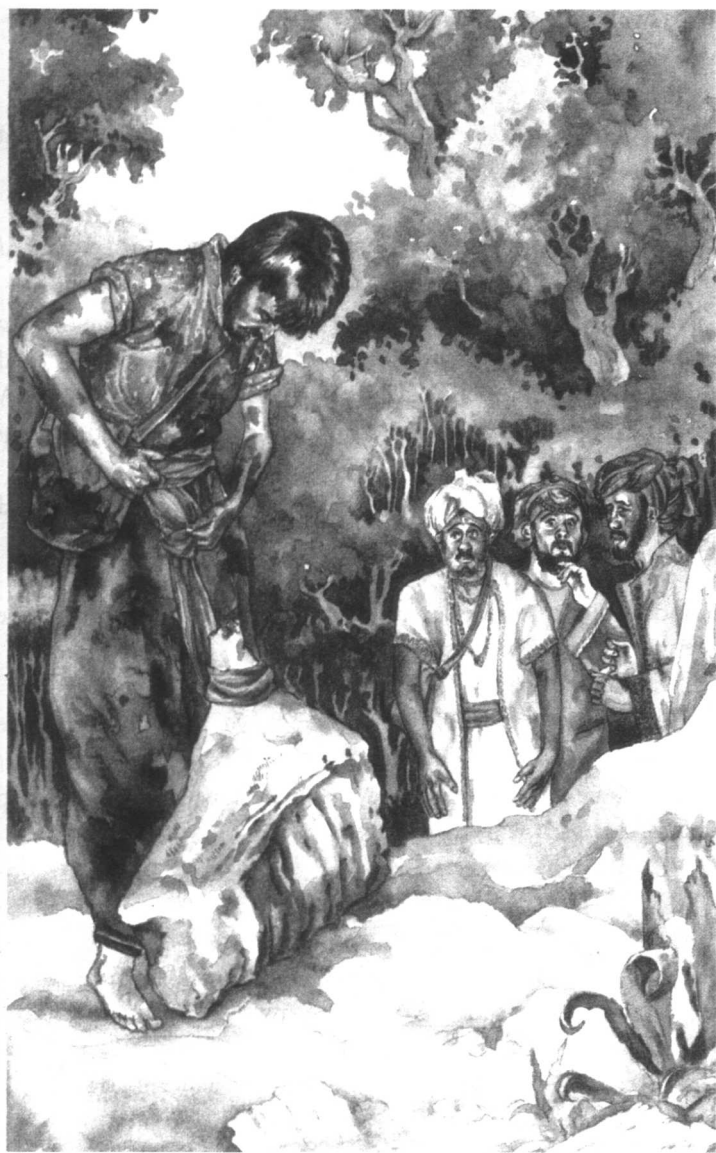
After a time, one of the great birds flew down and took the meat. It flew up out of the valley with it – and with me. I was very high in the sky. I closed my eyes because I was afraid.

At the top of a mountain above the valley, the baby birds waited. But the merchants waited too. When the bird came to the mountain top, they made a loud noise. The bird flew away and the meat fell to the ground. Then the merchants came for the diamonds. I stood up – red from the meat.

The merchants were afraid when they saw me.

‘Why is this animal not dead?’ they asked.

‘Do not be afraid,’ I said, ‘I am a man too. You saw the bird? It brought your meat up from the Valley of the Diamonds, but it brought me with it. There are no diamonds on the meat, but I have some. They are the biggest and best diamonds. I will happily give you some.’



I stood up – red from the meat.