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D2

# FICTION FACTORY

## 万花筒

系列读物

John J. Graves  
Jeff Starre

畅销世界百万册的英语读物



上海外语教育出版社

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◆ John J. Graves Jeff Starre

◆ 注释 钱明丹

上海外语教育出版社

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外教社

## 图书在版编目(CIP)数据

万花筒系列读物. D2 = Fiction Factory/(英)格雷伍斯(Graves, J. J.), (英)斯塔尔(Starre, J.)编;钱明丹注释.

—上海:上海外语教育出版社, 2003

ISBN 7-81095-011-8

I. 万... II. ①格... ②斯... ③钱... III. 英语-语言读物  
IV. H319.4

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2003)第 085712 号

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出版发行: 上海外语教育出版社

(上海外国语大学内) 邮编: 200083

电 话: 021-65425300 (总机), 35051812 (发行部)

电子邮箱: bookinfo@sflep.com.cn

网 址: <http://www.sflep.com.cn> <http://www.sflep.com>

责任编辑: 廖红雁

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印 刷: 江苏省丹阳教育印刷厂

经 销: 新华书店上海发行所

开 本: 850×1168 1/32 印张 4.375 字数 104 千字

版 次: 2004 年 2 月第 1 版 2004 年 2 月第 1 次印刷

印 数: 10 000 册

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书 号: ISBN 7-81095-011-8 / G · 007

定 价: 12.00 元

本版图书如有印装质量问题,可向本社调换

## 前 言

万花筒出版社出版的英语微型小说 *Fiction Factory* 系列,畅销世界百余万册,上海外语教育出版社从中精选引进出版《万花筒系列读物》。本系列读物由英美语言专家用浅显易懂的英语撰写,供以英语为外国语的学生阅读,增长知识,开阔视野,提高用英语直接获取信息的能力。故事题材丰富,内容生动有趣,情节跌宕起伏,让人手不释卷。另配有故事内容精选录音,不但有助于全面感受故事的魅力,而且能提高听力水平。

全套读物按文字难度分 A、B、C、D 4 个级别,每级 2 本;A 级适合初二、初三学生阅读,B 级适合高一学生阅读,C 级适合高二学生阅读,D 级适合高三及更高水平的学生阅读。本书为系列中的 D2,由《笼中之王》(*King in a Cage*)和《水晶船》(*The Crystal Ship*)2 个分册组成。

# KING IN A CAGE

## 笼中之王

*John J. Graves*



## 内容简介

19 世纪 70 年代,非洲的南部几乎都被英国占领了。只剩一小块地区还保持着独立。那是一片荒芜的山区,由剩余的祖鲁军队守卫着。当黄金在那里被发现时,非洲首富约瑟夫·夏普顿不择手段地想把这片土地夺到自己手中。同时他也决定选择年轻美丽的埃德温娜·斯威特做他的妻子,尽管这个想法遭到埃德温娜的强烈反对。但是她该如何反抗一个具有如此巨大财富和权力的人呢?最终,埃德温娜,就像剩下的那片南非土地一样,能逃脱约瑟夫的统治吗?请看《笼中之王》(*King in a Cage*)。

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## African Cake

Towards the end of the nineteenth century Africa had been cut up like a giant cake by the great European nations. The British got the biggest slice<sup>①</sup>—with colonies<sup>②</sup> in the centre, the east and the south of the continent. However, some small areas were still free.

One of these areas was in the southern part of the continent. It was a tiny mountain region completely surrounded by British territory<sup>③</sup>. For years the British and the Dutch Boers<sup>④</sup> had slowly moved north from their colonies on the Cape of Good Hope<sup>⑤</sup>. These colonists<sup>⑥</sup> were mostly farmers looking for land. The “wilderness” north of Capetown<sup>⑦</sup> was full of good, rich land. More land than a man could ever dream of owning back in Europe.

Unfortunately, the so-called “wilderness” already had people living in it. African kingdoms, some thousands of years old, stood in the way of European expansion. After many years of pressing and fighting their way north, the Europeans had destroyed most of the African kingdoms. Nearly all the good land was in European hands and the remaining land was almost totally useless. The Africans were now forced to live on this poor land.

Prince Impala looked over towards the great Silver River in the south. The land on the other side of the river had once been his

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① slice 部分,份 ② colony 殖民地 ③ territory 领土 ④ Boer 布尔人(南非的荷兰人后裔) ⑤ the Cape of Good Hope 好望角 ⑥ colonist 殖民地开拓者,移民 ⑦ Capetown 开普敦[南非西南部港市]

home. There were all kinds of animals to hunt. The grass was sweet and thick and green. In the rich earth farmers could grow anything. Prince Impala had been born on the other side of the river. As a child he had played in the fields around the royal palace. His teachers had shown him all over his father's kingdom; from north to south, from east to west.

Every place he visited had a story; Here, a great battle had been fought; there, a famous poet had lived and told stories to all who came by. Young Prince Impala had so much to learn about his country. Sometimes he wished he could run off and play with the other children. But he was a prince and he could not. For one day he would rule all the rich land by the great Silver River.

But all that was a long time ago. Now Prince Impala was a man, and the world had changed so much. Prince Impala picked up a handful of<sup>①</sup> dry, grey sand. He looked at it carefully and let it run out slowly between his fingers. Now he tried not to think about the past and all that he had lost. There was no point<sup>②</sup>. The land on the other side of the river was no longer his, and there was nothing he could do about it.

But today he couldn't help thinking about the past. He was thinking about the past because the future was coming so quickly. His father, King Shono, was dying. It would happen today, or tomorrow, or the next day, but the end was coming. Soon Impala would be king. The king of a country which no longer existed. The white men now occupied his land. Their children played on his grass, their cattle wandered through his fields, and their crops grew in his earth.

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① a handful of 一把 ② point 意义

The Europeans knew so little about his country. They called it a “wilderness”. A place with no past, no culture, and no history. An empty paradise<sup>①</sup> given to them by God. Prince Impala smiled to himself. It was ironic<sup>②</sup> in a way. His teachers had always told him that the land had been given by God to his people, too.

“Prince Impala! Prince Impala! Come quickly, my Prince. The end, the end!”

Impala turned and stopped smiling at once. Old Tuma ran over to him shouting in his rough voice. Impala knew what was happening when he looked into Tuma’s frightened face. His father, the great King Shono, was dying.

Impala ran over to his father’s hut<sup>③</sup> and knelt<sup>④</sup> down beside him. He looked into his face and held his hand tightly. King Shono turned his head and looked up at his son. King Shono looked so tired. The king took a deep breath and opened his mouth to speak. His voice was now very weak. Once thousands of soldiers had listened to his voice on the battlefield. Once his voice had sounded like thunder across the grasslands. Impala put his ear close to his father’s lips.

“Impala, now you must look after our people and our land. We live in dangerous times, my son. When I was young, I took over a great and powerful nation. Our army was a beautiful thing to see. So many regiments<sup>⑤</sup>. . . So many fine young warriors<sup>⑥</sup>. . . But now our country has been destroyed, and our army has been destroyed, too. After the final battle I wished to go blind . . . How could I look at so many dead . . . ?”

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① paradise 天堂 ② ironic 具有讽刺意味的;令人啼笑皆非的 ③ hut (简陋的)小屋 ④ to kneel 跪下 ⑤ regiment 军团 ⑥ warrior 武士,勇士

“Father, father,” said Impala, and he held his father’s hand tighter still. “Rest, save your strength. You will need it again soon. There will be other battles to fight, father.”

“No, Impala. I will not fight again. These dry mountains are all we have left. I will die a free man, and I will be buried in a free grave. That makes me happy, Impala.”

“I promise you, father, I swear<sup>①</sup> it. These mountains will always be free as long as I am alive.”

“Good, Impala. Now I can close my eyes and return across the Silver River. I can go back to the lands of my fathers.”

King Shono smiled and closed his eyes and was gone forever.

Impala was now king. He had been waiting and waiting for years and years to be king. He had been trained his whole life for this moment. But everything was just the same as before. It was strange. He didn’t feel any difference. He sat holding his father’s hand for a long time. Then he stood up and went outside to tell his people the sad news.

King Shono was not buried in his homeland. He was buried in the mountains. Impala gave orders that all the old Zulu<sup>②</sup> traditions were to be followed.

Afterwards Impala wandered and wandered around the village for several days. He didn’t know what to do with himself. He felt like everyone was looking at him all the time. They were waiting for him to speak. They were waiting for him to give some sort of sign. But Impala didn’t know what to say, and he didn’t know what to do. He found it more and more difficult to sleep. Finally, when he was

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① to swear 发誓    ② Zulu 祖鲁人(非洲班图族的一支)

totally exhausted<sup>①</sup>, he fell into a deep, deep sleep.

While he was sleeping, he had a very strange dream. In his dream Impala heard the voice of his father again. He kept repeating the same words over and over,

"The blood-red lion will come again ... The blood-red lion will come again ... The blood-red lion will come ... The blood-red lion will ... The blood-red lion ... The blood-red ... The blood ... The blood ... The blood ..."

Night after night he had the same dream. He heard the same words.

Finally, he realized what he must do. He called for Xtola to come to him. Xtola was incredibly<sup>②</sup> old. She knew more about the meaning of dreams than anyone else. When he was a boy, Impala had been afraid of her. There were many stories about Xtola. Some said she could fly and change herself into a lion. Other people said that she was over two hundred years old and would never die. Impala no longer believed these stories. Now he was a man. But he was still nervous when he met her.

Impala told the tiny, wrinkled old woman all about his dream. She listened carefully to what he had to say. She sat for a long time in total silence and drew patterns in the sand with an old stick which she always carried with her. At last, she wiped the pattern away with her thin hand and looked up at King Impala,

"It is relatively easy to understand, King Impala. Your father has given you a warning."

"A warning about what?" Impala asked quickly.

"The 'blood-red lion' is the British army. Their uniforms are

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① exhausted 筋疲力尽的 ② incredibly 难以置信地



red—the colour of blood.”

“I still don’t understand, Xtola. You must try and help me some more.”

“It’s simple. The British army will come and attack us again. This is what your father is trying to tell you.”

“But why are they coming? They’ve taken everything from us. We have nothing left of any value. These mountains are just rocks and sand. Why are they coming? Are you sure you’ve understood it all, old woman?”

“I cannot tell you why they are coming, King Impala. I cannot tell when they are coming. Your father has not said anything about ‘Why’ or ‘When’. He just told you they were coming. You should be thankful for his help, my King. I cannot see into the future for you. I do not have the power. The rest is up to you now.”

Impala now knew that the time for thinking was over. Now it was time for action. He had to prepare the army to fight again.

Impala started work at once. Most of the soldiers had returned to their villages, and now only the royal guard remained. Five hundred soldiers out of an original army of many thousands. Impala inspected<sup>①</sup> what was left of the once great army. The proud soldiers of the royal guard still stood straight and tall, and their spears<sup>②</sup> were still sharp.

But something was missing. Impala walked up and down the lines of soldiers and looked at each individual man in turn. When he had looked at the last man, he realized what the problem was: Morale<sup>③</sup>—the army no longer believed in itself. They no longer believed they could fight the white men and win. Impala climbed on

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① to inspect 检查, 检阅    ② spear 矛    ③ morale 士气

top of a large rock and called his soldiers to him. Immediately they surrounded the rock like a human sea and waited for Impala to speak to them.

“Men. Our problem is not that we lost the last battle. It is that we no longer believe that we have a chance in the next one! But that attitude will change, trust me. From now on we will learn to fight in new ways. We are no longer the people of the wide open plains. We are now a mountain people. If the white men ever attack our mountains, we will have to defend ourselves like mountain people. We cannot just fight with clubs<sup>①</sup> and spears against the cannons<sup>②</sup> and rifles of the white soldiers. We must have guns, too. I will get you guns to protect our land. We have to fight for this land because now we have nowhere else to go. If we lose these mountains, we will all become slaves. We will be forced to work in their mines<sup>③</sup> and on their fields. Here we stay and here we fight!”

The royal guard cheered their new young king. But most of them, deep down inside, hoped that they would never have to fight the white soldiers and their terrible rifles again.

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① club 棍棒 ② cannon 大炮 ③ mine 矿山, 矿井



## The Good Captain

On the other side of the great Silver River life was good, and it was getting better. Every Sunday the farmers and other good people went to church to thank God. They thanked him for the clear waters. They thanked him for the blue skies. They thanked him for the good earth. But most of all they thanked him for driving the Zulus away.

One Sunday, when the church service was over, Captain Edward Knight waited impatiently by the church door for Edwina Sweet to come out. He desperately<sup>①</sup> wanted to unbutton<sup>②</sup> his jacket and let some air inside. He had only been in Africa a few months, and he was still not used to the heat. He had expected it to be hot, but not this hot. It was like living in a baker's oven. He could feel the sweat running down the back of his neck and into his stiff<sup>③</sup>, blue collar. At last he could take no more. He took his helmet<sup>④</sup> off. The sun beat down on his head like a giant hammer. He started to wipe his face with a large white handkerchief. His eyes were closed and he enjoyed the darkness. The light in Africa was so strong. Finally, he took the handkerchief away from his face and opened his eyes.

Edwina Sweet was standing smiling directly in front of him. Immediately he put his white helmet back on and stood up straight.

"Isn't it a lovely morning, Captain Knight?" Edwina said.

"Oh . . . yes, Miss Sweet. That's precisely<sup>⑤</sup> what I was think-

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① desperately 极度地, 极强烈地 ② to unbutton 解开 ③ stiff 硬的, 挺的  
④ helmet 头盔, 钢盔 ⑤ precisely 准确地, 确切地