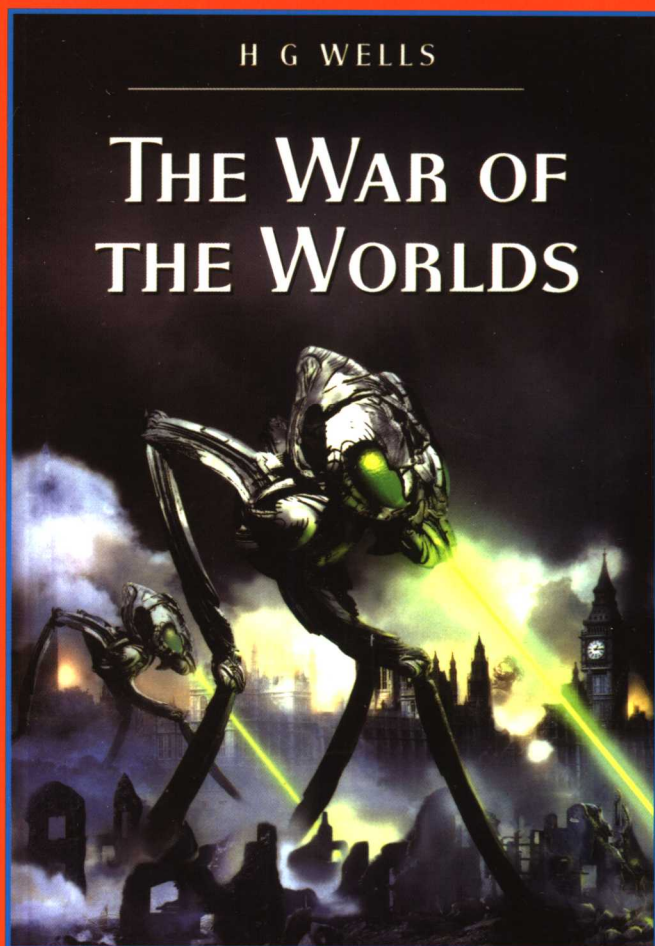




企鹅英语简易读物精选

世界之战



世界图书出版公司

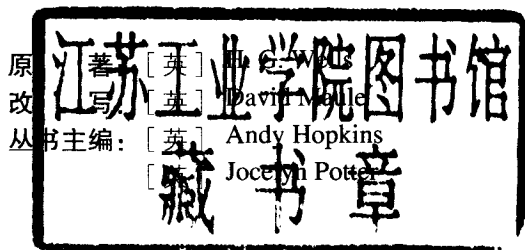




企鹅英语简易读物精选 (大一学生)

The War of the Worlds

世界之战



(2300 词)

世界图书出版公司



图书在版编目 (CIP) 数据

世界之战/[英]韦尔斯 (Wells, H. G.) 著; [英]莫尔 (Maule, D.) 改写. —北京:
世界图书出版公司北京公司, 2006.8

(企鹅英语简易读物精选·大一学生)

ISBN 7-5062-8533-9

I. 世… II. ①韦… ②莫… III. 英语—语言读物 IV. H319.4

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字 (2006) 第 103177 号

This edition of *The War of the Worlds*, First Edition is published by arrangement with
Pearson Education Limited and Penguin Books Limited.

Original copyright © the Literary Executors of the Estate of H. G. Wells

Text copyright © Penguin Books 2005

企鹅英语简易读物精选 (大一学生)

世界之战

原 著 者: H. G. Wells

改 写 者: David Maule

责任编辑: 张颖颖 王志宇

出 版: 世界图书出版公司北京公司

发 行: 世界图书出版公司北京公司

(地址: 北京朝内大街 137 号 邮编: 100010 电话: 64077922)

销 售: 各地新华书店和外文书店

印 刷: 北京朝阳印刷厂有限责任公司

开 本: 889×1194 1/32

印 张: 3

版 次: 2006 年 8 月第 1 版 2006 年 8 月第 1 次印刷

版权登记: 图字 01 - 2006 - 5074

ISBN 7-5062-8533-9/H.943

版 权 所 有 翻 印 必 究

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！它会把你们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。

北京外国语大学英语教授、博士生导师 胡文仲

Introduction

'Go on! Go on!' the voices said. 'They're coming.'

It seemed that the whole population of London was moving north. There were people of every class and profession, but they were all dusty; their skins were dry, their lips black and cracked, and all of them looked very afraid.

At the end of the nineteenth century, a metal object falls from the sky over the south of England, making a large hole in the ground. People come to see what it is, and surround the hole in great numbers. When one end of the object starts to open, the watchers realize that it is hollow. Are there men inside? But the creatures that come out are not human . . .

Slowly, people begin to understand that these visitors have come from Mars. A small group of scientists approaches, but they, and many of the other people who have come to watch, are killed. A second object lands, then a third, and more. Are the Martians trying to take planet Earth?

Most of the story takes place around the town of Woking, a town to the south-west of London where H. G. Wells was living when he wrote *The War of the Worlds* – and in London itself. The book appeared in 1898, at the end of a century in which Britain became the most powerful country in the world. Life, at least for people who had a reasonable amount of money, was comfortable and safe.

However, in this book Wells looks forward to the coming century, the twentieth century, when great wars would be fought with machines and roads would be filled with desperate refugees trying to escape the fighting.

This story has many interesting things to say about space and space creatures, but it also says a lot about our own society and the dangers of the world today.

H. G. Wells was born in 1866 into quite a poor family. His father had been a gardener and his mother worked as a servant. His parents later opened a small shop, which was not successful and closed when Wells was thirteen. He was a boy who liked to read and study, and it was not easy to find a suitable job for him. He worked at different times in a clothes shop and a chemist's shop, and as a schoolteacher.

He was very lucky to escape from this when he was given a free place at a science college. He left there with a degree. Then, at the age of twenty-one, he was kicked very badly during a football match. While he recovered, he had the time and a good reason to write.

His writing was an immediate success. His first novel, *The Time Machine*, appeared in 1895, and he also wrote short stories and did other work, often humorous, for newspapers and magazines. Not everything that he produced was science fiction. Novels like *Kipps*, *Tono-Bungay* and *The History of Mr Polly* take their stories from the difficult times he had in his early life. These are still worth reading. However, they are part of their time, while books like *The War of the Worlds*, *The Time Machine*, *The First Men in the Moon* and *The Sleeper Awakes* are still very popular today.

The War of the Worlds is, of course, also remembered because of Orson Welles's radio broadcast in 1938. In this broadcast the story was moved from the south of England to New Jersey in the United States, and it seemed to listeners that the action was happening at the time of the programme. In fact, it was even interrupted by an announcer reading a report of that day's news.

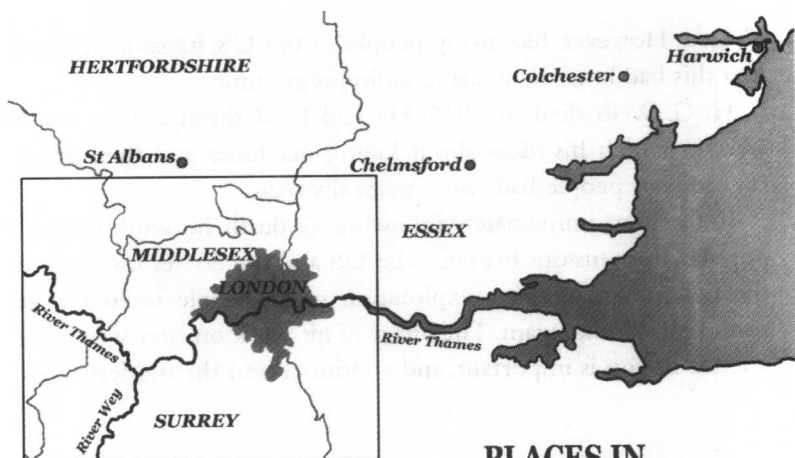
The broadcast had an unexpected effect – many listeners thought that the Martians really were landing in New Jersey. Soon people all over the eastern United States were getting into their cars and trying to escape. Some had wet towels over their heads to protect them from the Martian poison gas.

When H. G. Wells heard about the broadcast, he was not very

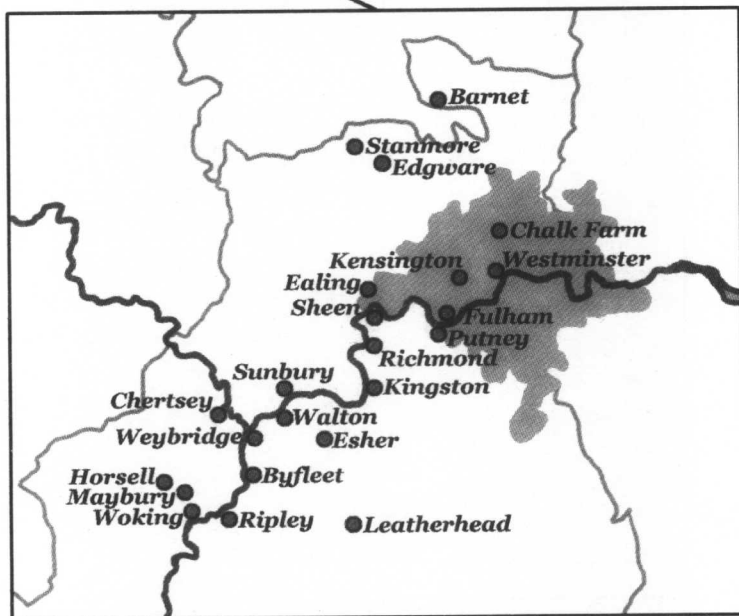
pleased. However, like many people in the US, he soon realized that this had been an amazing radio programme.

H. G. Wells died in 1946. He had lived through two world wars in which his ideas about killing-machines and their effect on ordinary people had come tragically true.

In the years immediately following his death, his work was not popular, but tensions between the US and the Soviet Union and the beginnings of space exploration made people interested in reading his books again. The effect of his work on later writers of science fiction is important, and continues into the modern age.



PLACES IN THE WAR OF THE WORLDS



Contents

	page
Introduction	v
Chapter 1 Before the War	1
Chapter 2 The Falling Star	4
Chapter 3 The Cylinder Opens	8
Chapter 4 Mars Attacks	11
Chapter 5 Running Away	17
Chapter 6 The Death of Towns	22
Chapter 7 In London	28
Chapter 8 The Black Smoke	35
Chapter 9 Escape	39
Chapter 10 The <i>Thunder Child</i>	44
Chapter 11 Earth Under the Martians	49
Chapter 12 In the Ruined House	56
Chapter 13 The Man on Putney Hill	63
Chapter 14 Dead London	69
Chapter 15 Wreckage	75
Activities	81

Chapter 1 Before the War

In the last years of the nineteenth century, no one believed that this world was being watched closely by intelligences greater than our own. We had no idea that we were being studied almost as carefully as a scientist studies the small creatures in a drop of water. With great confidence, people travelled around this world and believed that they were in control of their lives. No one gave a thought to possible threats from other planets.

At most, people believed there might be living things on Mars, perhaps less developed than us and ready to welcome visitors. But across the great emptiness of space, more intelligent minds than ours looked at this Earth with jealous eyes, and slowly and surely made their plans against us. And early in the twentieth century, the great shock came.

The planet Mars, I need not remind the reader, goes around the sun at an average distance of 224,000,000 kilometres, and receives from the sun half of the light and heat that is received by this world. It must be, if scientific thinking is correct, older than our world, and life on its surface began a long time before this Earth cooled down. Because it is hardly one seventh of the size of Earth, it cooled more quickly to the temperature at which life could begin. It has air and water and all that is necessary to support living things.

But people are so blind that no writer, before the end of the nineteenth century, suggested that much more intelligent life had developed there than on Earth. It was also not generally understood that because Mars is older and smaller than our Earth, and further from the sun, it is nearer life's end as well as further from its beginning.

Mars is getting colder, as one day our planet must too. Its

physical condition is still largely a mystery, but we know that even in the middle of the day, in its warmest areas, the temperature is lower than during our coldest winter. Its air is much thinner than ours, its oceans have become smaller until they cover only a third of its surface, and from its far north and south the ice is steadily moving forwards. The end of all life, which is a distant possibility for us, is an immediate problem for the Martians.

This has brightened their intelligence, increased their abilities and hardened their hearts. And looking across space, with instruments and minds more powerful than we can dream of, they see, at a distance of only 56,000,000 kilometres, a morning star of hope – our own warmer planet with its green land and grey seas, its cloudy atmosphere and its growing population.

We, the people who live on this Earth, must seem to them at least as different and less developed as monkeys are to us. And before we criticize them for thinking in this way, we must remember how badly we have treated not only the animals of this planet, but also other people. Can we really complain that the Martians treated us in the same way?

It seems that the Martians calculated their journey very cleverly – their mathematical knowledge appears to be much more developed than ours. During 1894, a great light was seen on the surface of the planet by a number of astronomers. I now believe that this was a fire built to make an enormous gun in a very deep pit. From this gun, their shots were fired at us.

The attack came six years ago. Towards midnight on 12 August, one astronomer noticed a great cloud of hot gas on the surface of the planet. In fact, he compared it to the burning gases that might rush out from a gun.

This, we now know, was a very accurate description. However, the next day there was no report in the newspapers except one small note in the *Daily Telegraph*, and the world knew nothing of one of the greatest dangers that ever threatened Earth.

I do not think I would have known anything about it myself if I had not met Ogilvy, the well-known astronomer. He was very excited at the news and invited me to spend the night with him, watching the red planet.

Despite everything that has happened since, I still remember that night very clearly. Looking through the telescope, I saw a circle of deep blue with the little round planet in the centre. Because it was so small, I did not see the Thing they were sending us, which was flying quickly towards me across that great distance. I never dreamed of it then, as I watched. Nobody on Earth knew anything about the approaching missile.

That night, too, there was another sudden cloud of gas from the distant planet as a second missile started on its way to Earth from Mars, just under twenty-four hours after the first one. I saw a reddish flash at the edge, the slightest bend in its shape, as the clock struck midnight.

I remember how I sat there in the blackness, not suspecting the meaning of the tiny light I had seen and all the trouble that it would cause me. I told Ogilvy, and he took my place and watched the cloud of gas growing as it rose from the surface of the planet. He watched until one, and then we lit the lamp and walked over to his house.

Hundreds of observers saw the flame that night and the following night, at about midnight, and again the night after that. For ten nights they saw a flame each night. No one on Earth has attempted to explain why the shots ended after this. It may be that the gases from the firing caused the Martians inconvenience. Thick clouds of smoke or dust, which looked like little grey, moving spots through a powerful telescope on Earth, spread through the clearness of the planet's atmosphere and hid its more familiar features.

Even the daily papers woke up to these events at last, and there was much discussion of their cause. But no one suspected the

truth, that the Martians had fired missiles, which were now rushing towards us at a speed of many kilometres a second across the great emptiness of space.

It seems to me almost unbelievably wonderful that, with that danger threatening us, people could continue their ordinary business as they did. One night, when the first missile was probably less than 15,000,000 kilometres away, I went for a walk with my wife. I pointed out Mars, a bright spot of light rising in the sky, towards which so many telescopes were pointing.

The night was warm. Coming home, a group of party-goers from Chertsey passed us, singing and playing music. There were lights in the upper windows of the houses as people went to bed. From the distant railway station came the sound of trains. The world seemed so safe and peaceful.

Chapter 2 The Falling Star

Only a few nights later, the first falling star was seen towards the east. Denning, our greatest astronomer, said that the height of its first appearance was about one hundred and fifty kilometres. It seemed to him that it fell to Earth about a hundred kilometres east of him.

I was at home at the time and writing in my study with the curtains open. If I had looked up I would have seen the strangest thing that ever fell to Earth from space, but I did not. Many people in that part of England saw it, and simply thought that another meteorite had fallen. Nobody went to look for the fallen star that night.

But poor Ogilvy had seen it fall and so he got up very early with the idea of finding it. This he did, soon after dawn. An enormous hole had been made and the Earth had been thrown

violently in every direction, forming piles that could be seen two kilometres away.

The Thing itself lay almost completely buried in the earth. The uncovered part looked like an enormous cylinder, about thirty metres across each end. It was covered with a thick burnt skin, which softened its edges. He approached it, surprised at the size and even more surprised at the shape, since most meteorites are fairly round. It was, however, still very hot from its flight through the air and he could not get close to it. He could hear movement from inside but thought this was due to it cooling down. He did not imagine that it might be hollow.

He remained standing on one side of the pit that the Thing had made for itself, staring at its strange appearance and thinking that there might be some intelligent design in its shape. He was alone on the common.

Then suddenly, he noticed that some of the burnt skin was falling off the round edge at the end. A large piece suddenly came off with a sharp noise that brought his heart into his mouth. For a minute he hardly realized what this meant, and although the heat was great, he climbed down into the pit to see the cylinder more closely. He realized that, very slowly, the round top of the cylinder was turning.

Even then he hardly understood what was happening, until he heard another sound and saw the black mark jump forwards a little. Then he suddenly understood. The cylinder was artificial – hollow – with an end that screwed out! Something inside the cylinder was unscrewing the top!

‘Good heavens!’ said Ogilvy. ‘There’s a man in it – men in it! Half burnt to death! Trying to escape!’

At once, thinking quickly, he connected the Thing with the flash on Mars.

The thought of the creature trapped inside was so terrible to him that he forgot the heat, and went forwards to the cylinder to

help. But luckily the heat stopped him before he could get his hands on the metal. He stood undecided for a moment, then climbed out of the pit and started to run into Woking.

The time then was around six o'clock. He met some local people who were up early, but the story he told and his appearance were so wild that they would not listen to him. That quietened him a little, and when he saw Henderson, the London journalist, in his garden, he shouted over the fence and made himself understood.

'Henderson,' he called, 'you saw that meteorite last night?'

'Yes,' said Henderson. 'What about it?'

'It's out on Horsell Common now.'

'Fallen meteorite!' said Henderson. 'That's good.'

'But it's something more than a meteorite. It's a cylinder – an artificial cylinder! And there's something inside.'

'What did you say?' he asked. He was deaf in one ear.

When Ogilvy told him all he had seen, Henderson dropped his spade, put on his jacket and came out into the road. The two men hurried back at once to the common, and found the cylinder still lying in the same position. But now the sounds inside had stopped, and a thin circle of bright metal showed between its top and body.

They listened, knocked on the burnt metal with a rock and, getting no answer, they both decided that the men inside were either unconscious or dead.

Of course the two were quite unable to do anything, so they went back to the town again to get help. Henderson went to the railway station at once, to send a telegram to London.

By eight o'clock a number of boys and unemployed men were already walking to the common to see the 'dead men from Mars'. That was the form the story took. I heard it first from my newspaper boy at about a quarter to nine and I went to the common immediately.

When I got there, I found a little crowd of perhaps twenty

people surrounding the great pit in which the cylinder lay. Henderson and Ogilvy were not there. I think they understood that nothing could be done for the moment, and had gone away to have breakfast at Henderson's house. I climbed into the pit and thought I heard a faint movement under my feet. The top had certainly stopped turning.

At that time it was quite clear in my own mind that the Thing had come from the planet Mars, and I felt impatient to see it opened. At about eleven, as nothing was happening, I walked back, full of such thoughts, to my home in Maybury.

By the afternoon the appearance of the common had changed very much. The early editions of the evening papers had shocked London. They printed stories like:

MESSAGE RECEIVED FROM MARS

AMAZING STORY FROM WOKING

There was now a large crowd of people standing around. Going to the edge of the pit, I found a group of men in it – Henderson, Ogilvy, and a tall fair-haired man I afterwards learnt was Stent, the Astronomer Royal, with several workmen holding spades. Stent was giving directions. A large part of the cylinder had now been uncovered, although its lower end was still hidden in the side of the pit.

As soon as Ogilvy saw me, he called me to come down, and asked me if I would mind going over to see Lord Hilton, who owned the land. The growing crowd, he said, was now becoming a serious problem, especially the boys. He wanted a fence put up to keep the people back.

I was very glad to do as he asked. I failed to find Lord Hilton at his house, but was told he was expected from London by the six o'clock train. As it was then about a quarter past five, I went home, had some tea and walked up to the station to meet him.

Chapter 3 The Cylinder Opens

When I returned to the common, the sun was setting. Groups of people were hurrying from the direction of Woking. The crowd around the pit had increased to a couple of hundred people, perhaps. There were raised voices, and some sort of struggle appeared to be going on around the pit. As I got nearer, I heard Stent's voice:

'Keep back! Keep back!'

A boy came running towards me.

'It's moving,' he said to me as he passed '— unscrewing and unscrewing. I don't like it. I'm going home.'

I went on to the crowd and pushed my way through. Everyone seemed greatly excited. I heard a peculiar humming sound from the pit.

'Keep those fools back,' said Ogilvy. 'We don't know what's in the Thing, you know.'

I saw a young man — I believe he was a shop assistant in Woking — standing on the cylinder and trying to climb out of the pit again. The crowd had pushed him in.

The end of the cylinder was being screwed out from within. Nearly half a metre of shining screw stuck out. Someone pushed against me, and I almost fell down on top of the screw. I turned, and as I did the screw came out and the lid of the cylinder fell onto the sand with a ringing sound. I pressed back against the person behind me, and turned my head towards the Thing again. I had the sunset in my eyes and for a moment the round hole seemed black.

I think everyone expected to see a man come out — possibly something a little unlike us on Earth, but more or less a man. I know I did. But, looking, I soon saw something grey moving within the shadow, then two shining circles — like eyes. Then something like a little grey snake, about the thickness of a