

*Integrated Reading Based on the  
Essays of English Literature*

# 如何提高读写综合能力

——基于英美名篇的**高中英语阅读**

主编 何 泽

编写 何小庆 陈晓红 郑朝霞



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## 前言 PREFACE

现行高中英语教材大多缺乏经典、完整的文学语篇,学生接触原汁原味的经典文学作品的机会少之又少,这在一定程度上不仅影响了学生语言能力和人文素养的提高,也不符合英语课程具有工具性和人文性的双重性质的理念。《普通高中英语课程标准(实验)》明确要求学生“能在教师的帮助下欣赏浅显的英语文学作品;课外阅读量累计达到30万词以上”,“学生能阅读一般英文原著,抓住主要情节,了解主要人物”。可见英文原著阅读是高中英语课程中不可缺少的一部分。对于英文原著阅读在英语学习中的意义,英语教育专家胡文仲先生曾作过精辟论述:文学作品使用的是文学语言。文学语言是语言的精品,其特点是既达意,又传神;既有思想的凝练,又有感情的汹涌;既有哲学,又有幽默;既有形象的凸显,又有情节的吸引;既有悬念的联想,又有意境的感受;既有对比的渲染,又有节奏的魅力;既有悲欢离合的交替,又有喜怒哀乐的震撼;既有作者的呐喊,又有角色的呻吟。因此英语学习者在通过文学作品学习英语时,容易进入欣赏的角色,而一旦进入欣赏的角色,也就自然进入了学习的角色。可以说英文原著阅读对于开拓学生的视野,提高学生的人文素养,培养健全的人格,提升语言学习能力具有无与伦比的功用。正是基于以上思考我们编写了此书。

如何在浩如烟海的人类文学宝库中,选择适合中学生的阅读材料是关键。该书在选材方面有以下特点:1.经典性:所选文本既有英美文学中不同时代耳熟能详的经典原著,如夏洛特·勃朗特的《简爱》、梭罗的《瓦尔登湖》等,也有近现代的小品文和演讲词,如福克纳、奥巴马等的作品。2.教育性:所选作品按照人文素养初步分为四个专题,以专题选文旨在学习语言的同时还注重公民教育,培养学生作为公民应该具备的基本品质,这些品质包括:善待自然、热爱生命、追求智慧等等。3.多样性:所选的文本体裁、题材多样,从体裁看主要是散文,但也适当选择小说、演讲词等。作品的题材则按照主题分门别类。4.适宜性:所选材料能够考虑到高中生语言学习的实际,文本难度适中,长短适合,从易到难,并通过

背景介绍、词汇梳理、形式多样的文本解读练习等逐步降低难度,尽量让不同层面的学生不论是从心理上还是从语言学习的能力上都能接受这些文本。

本书是2013年度宁波市教育科学规划课题《英文原著在高中英语教学中的应用研究》和2015年度浙江省教育规划课题《基于“文学圈”模式下的高中英语文学原著阅读研究》的部分研究成果。全书由何泽担任主编,何小庆、陈晓红、郑朝霞参与编写。该书的选题策划得到了施丽华老师的大力支持,在此一并致谢。

编者

2016年3月

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## Section 1 Born to Win

### Lesson 1 The Old Man and the Sea

*Ernest Hemingway*

He was an old man who fished alone in a **skiff** in the Gulf Stream and he had gone eighty-four days now without taking a fish. In the first forty days a boy had been with him. But after forty days without a fish the boy's parents had told him that the old man was now **definitely** and finally **salao**, which is the worst form of unlucky, and the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the **gaff** and **harpoon** and the sail that was furled around the mast. <sup>1</sup>The sail was patched with flour sacks and furled. It looked like the flag of permanent defeat.

The old man was thin and **gaunt** with deep wrinkles in the back of his neck. The brown **blotches** of the **benevolent** skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on the tropic sea were on his cheeks. <sup>2</sup>The blotches ran well down the sides of his face and his hands had the deep-creased scars from handling heavy fish on the cords. But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless desert.

<sup>3</sup>Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago," the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff was hauled up. "I could go with you again. We've made some money."

The old man had taught the boy to fish and the boy loved him.

"No," the old man said. "You're with a lucky boat. Stay with them."

"But remember how you went eighty-seven days without fish and then we caught big ones every day for three weeks."

"I remember," the old man said. "I know you did not leave me because you doubted."



“It was papa made me leave. I am a boy and I must obey him.”

“I know,” the old man said. “It is quite normal.”

“He hasn’t much faith.”

“No,” the old man said. “But we have. Haven’t we?”

“Yes,” the boy said. “Can I offer you a beer on the Terrace and then we’ll take the stuff home.”

“Why not?” the old man said. “Between fishermen.”

They sat on the Terrace and many of the fishermen made fun of the old man and he was not angry. Others, of the older fishermen, looked at him and were sad. But they did not show it and they spoke politely about the **current** and the depths they had drifted their lines at and the steady good weather and of what they had seen. The successful fishermen of that day were already in and had butchered their marlin out and carried them laid full length across two planks, with two men **staggering** at the end of each **plank**, to the fish house where they waited for the ice truck to carry them to the market in Havana. <sup>4</sup>Those who had caught sharks had taken them to the shark factory on the other side of the cove where they were hoisted on a block and tackle, their livers removed, their fins cut off and their hides skinned out and their flesh cut into strips for salting.

When the wind was in the east a smell came across the harbour from the shark factory, but today there was only the faint edge of the **odour** because the wind had backed into the north and then dropped off and it was pleasant and sunny on the Terrace.

### Excerpts from *The Old Man and the Sea*

#### A. Author and Background

Ernest Hemingway (1899—1961), born in Oak Park, Illinois, started his career as a writer in a newspaper office in Kansas City at the age of seventeen. Hemingway used his experiences as a reporter during the civil war in Spain as the background for his most ambitious novel, *For Whom the Bell Tolls* (1940). Among his later works, the most outstanding is the short novel, *The Old Man and the Sea* (1952), the story of an old fisherman’s journey, his long and lonely struggle with a fish and the sea, and his victory in defeat. Because of this novel he won the Nobel Prize.

## B. Vocabulary and Discrimination

### B1. New Vocabularies (生词释义)

skiff	<i>n.</i>	小船
definitely	<i>adv.</i>	肯定地
salao		倒霉(西班牙语)
gaff	<i>n.</i>	渔钩
harpoon	<i>n.</i>	渔叉
gaunt	<i>adj.</i>	憔悴的,瘦削的
blotch	<i>n.</i>	(皮肤上的)斑点
benevolent	<i>adj.</i>	良性的
current	<i>n.</i>	水流
stagger	<i>v.</i>	步履蹒跚
plank	<i>n.</i>	船板
odour	<i>n.</i>	气味

### B2. Difficult Sentences (难句译注)

1. The sail was patched with flour sacks and furled. It looked like the flag of permanent defeat. 帆布上用面粉袋打上补丁,卷着,看起来就像一面标志着永远失败的旗子。
2. The blotches ran well down the sides of his face and his hands had the deep-creased scars from handling heavy fish on the cords. But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless desert. 褐斑从他脸的两侧一直蔓延下去,他的双手留下了深如刀刻的勒痕,那是常用粗绳索拉大鱼留下的,这些疤痕都是旧的,像无鱼可打的沙漠中被侵蚀的地方一样古老。
3. Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as the sea and were cheerful and undefeated. 除了那双眼睛,他身上的一切都显得苍老,只有那双眼睛像海水一样湛蓝,闪着乐观而又不服输的光芒。
4. Those who had caught sharks had taken them to the shark factory on the other side of the cove where they were hoisted on a block and tackle, their livers removed, their fins cut off and

their hides skinned out and their flesh cut into strips for salting. 捕到鲨鱼的人们把鲨鱼送到海湾另一边的鲨鱼腌制厂去,用带钩的滑车吊起来,清除内脏,割鳍,剥皮,把肉切成一片一片,以备腌制。

### B3. Essential Words (选出与题干中画线词汇同义的选项)

1. He was an old man who fished alone in a skiff in the Gulf Stream and he had gone eighty-four days now without taking a fish.
  - A. The wind is going down.
  - B. How long can a human being go without sleep?
  - C. This clock doesn't go.
2. ... and the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first week.
  - A. I didn't quite catch what he said.
  - B. The artist has caught her smile perfectly.
  - C. I threw a ball to her and she caught it.
3. The blotches ran well down the sides of his face and his hands had the deep-creased scars from handling heavy fish on the cords.
  - A. He had a scar running down his left cheek.
  - B. The car ran off the road into a ditch.
  - C. He had no idea how to run a business.
4. But they did not show it and they spoke politely about the current and the depths they had drifted their lines at and the steady good weather and of what they had seen.
  - A. Under normal conditions, the ocean currents of the tropical Pacific travel from east to west.
  - B. I felt a current of cool air blowing in my face.
  - C. What he does goes against the current of the times.

## C. Understanding and Thinking

### C1. Understanding the Text (根据文章内容回答下列问题)

1. What do you know about the old man?

2. What do you know about the boy?
3. What did the boy and the old man do for each other?

## C2. Critical Thinking Based on the Text (根据文章内容思考下列问题)

1. Why was the boy concerned about the old man?
2. What is the writing style of Ernest Hemingway's works judging from this passage?

## D. Extension and Usage

### D1. Language in Use (阅读下列材料, 在空白处填入适当的内容(1个单词)或括号内单词的正确形式)

Santiago is an old man, and many are starting to think that he can no longer fish. He has gone for many months without landing any kind of fish to speak of; and his apprentice, a young man named Manolin, has 1. \_\_\_\_\_ (go) to work for a more prosperous boat. The fisherman sets out into the open sea and goes a little 2. \_\_\_\_\_ (far) out than he normally would in his desperation to catch a fish. At noon, a big Marlin takes hold of one of the lines, but the fish is far 3. \_\_\_\_\_ big for him to handle.

Hemingway pays great 4. \_\_\_\_\_ to the skill that Santiago uses in coping with the fish. Santiago lets the fish have enough line, so 5. \_\_\_\_\_ it won't break his pole; but he and his boat are dragged out to sea for three days. Finally, the fish — an enormous and worthy opponent — grows tired; and Santiago kills it. Even this final victory does not end the Santiago's journey; he is still far, far out to sea. To make matters 6. \_\_\_\_\_ (bad), Santiago drags the Marlin behind the boat and the blood from the dead fish attracts sharks.

Santiago does his best to beat the sharks away, 7. \_\_\_\_\_ his efforts are not enough. The sharks eat the flesh off the Marlin, and Santiago is 8. \_\_\_\_\_ (leave) with only the bones. Santiago gets back to shore — weary and tired — with nothing 9. \_\_\_\_\_ (show) for his pains but the skeleton of a large Marlin. Even with just the bare remains of the fish, the experience has changed him, and altered the perception others have of him. Manolin wakes him the morning after his return and 10. \_\_\_\_\_ (suggest) that they once more fish together.

D2. Literary Bank (选用方框中的单词完成下面段落,每个单词只能用一次并且有一个单词是多余的)

- A. straight B. strongest C. gone D. betting E. threw F. every G. when H. breeze  
I. hands J. against K. chatting

As the sun set he remembered, to give himself more confidence, the time in the tavern at Casablanca 1. \_\_\_\_\_ he had played the hand game with the great negro from Cienfuegos who was the 2. \_\_\_\_\_ man on the docks. They had 3. \_\_\_\_\_ one day and one night with their elbows on a chalk line on the table and their forearms 4. \_\_\_\_\_ up and their hands gripped tight. Each one was trying to force the other's hand down onto the table. There was much 5. \_\_\_\_\_ and people went in and out of the room under the kerosene lights and he had looked at the arm and hand of the negro and at the negro's face. They changed the referees 6. \_\_\_\_\_ four hours after the first eight so that the referees could sleep. Blood came out from under the fingernails of both his and the negro's hands and they looked each other in the eye and at their 7. \_\_\_\_\_ and forearms and the bettors went in and out of the room and sat on high chairs 8. \_\_\_\_\_ the wall and watched. The walls were painted bright blue and were of wood and the lamps 9. \_\_\_\_\_ their shadows against them. The negro's shadow was huge and it moved on the wall as the 10. \_\_\_\_\_ moved the lamps.

## Lesson 2 Life of Pi

Yann Martel

<sup>1</sup>When we reached land, Mexico to be exact, I was so weak that I barely had the strength to be happy about it. We had great difficulty landing. The lifeboat nearly **capsized** in the surf. It streamed the sea **anchors** — what was left of them — full open to keep us **perpendicular** to the waves, and I tripped them as soon as we began riding a **crest**. In this way, streaming and tripping the anchors, we surfed in to shore. It was dangerous. But we caught one wave at just the right point and it carried us a great distance, past the high, **collapsing** walls of water. I tripped the anchors a last time and we were pushed in the rest of the way. The boat **hissed** to a **halt** against the sand.

I let myself down the side. I was afraid to let go, afraid that so close to **deliverance**, in two feet of water, I would drown. I looked ahead to see how far I had to go. The glance gave me one of my last images of Richard Parker, for at that precise moment he jumped over me. <sup>2</sup>I saw his body, so immeasurably vital, stretched in the air above me, a fleeting, furred rainbow. He landed in the water, his back legs splayed, his tail high, and from there, in a few hops, he reached the beach. He went to the left, his paws **gouging** the wet sand, but changed his mind and spun around. He passed directly in front of me on his way to the right. He didn't look at me. He ran a hundred yards or so along the shore before turning in. His **gait** was clumsy and **uncoordinated**. He fell several times. At the edge of the jungle, he stopped. I was certain he would turn my way. He would look at me. He would flatten his ears. He would **growl**. In such way, he would conclude our relationship. He did nothing of the sort. He only looked fixedly into the jungle. Then Richard Parker, companion of my **torment**, awful, fierce thing that kept me alive, moved forward and disappeared forever from my life.

I struggled to shore and fell upon the sand. I looked about. I was truly alone, orphaned not

only of my family, but now of Richard Parker, and nearly, I thought, of God. Of course, I wasn't. <sup>3</sup>This beach, so soft, firm and vast, was like the cheek of God, and somewhere two eyes were glittering with pleasure and a mouth was smiling at having me there.

After some hours a member of my own species found me. He left and returned with a group. They were six or seven. They came up to me with their hands covering their noses and mouths. I wondered what was wrong with them. They spoke to me in a strange tongue. They pulled the lifeboat onto the sand. They carried me away. The one piece of turtle meat I had brought from the boat they **wrenched** from my hand and threw away.

<sup>4</sup>I wept like a child. It was not because I was overcome at having survived my ordeal, though I was. Nor was it the presence of my brothers and sisters, though that too was very moving. I was weeping because Richard Parker had left me so unceremoniously. What a terrible thing it is to botch a farewell. I am a person who believes in form, in the harmony of order. Where we can, we must give things a meaningful shape. For example — I wonder — could you tell my jumbled story in exactly one hundred chapters, not one more, not one less? I'll tell you, that's one thing I hate about my nickname, the way that number runs on forever. It's important in life to conclude things properly. Only then can you let go. Otherwise you are left with words you should have said but never did, and your heart is heavy with remorse. That bungled goodbye hurts me to this day. I wish so much that I'd had one last look at him in the lifeboat, that I had provoked him a little, so that I was on his mind. I wish I had said to him then — yes, I know, to a tiger, but still — I wish I had said, "Richard Parker, it's over. We have survived. Can you believe it? I owe you more gratitude than I can express. I couldn't have done it without you. I would like to say it formally: Richard Parker, thank you. Thank you for saving my life. And now go where you must. You have known the confined freedom of a zoo most of your life; now you will know the free confinement of a jungle. I wish you all the best with it. Watch out for Man. He is not your friend. But I hope you will remember me as a friend. I will never forget you, that is certain. You will always be with me, in my heart. What is that hiss? Ah, our boat has touched sand. So farewell, Richard Parker, farewell. God be with you."

The people who found me took me to their village, and there some women gave me a bath and **scrubbed** me so hard that I wondered if they realized I was naturally brown-skinned and not

a very dirty white boy. I tried to explain. They nodded and smiled and kept on scrubbing me as if I were the deck of a ship. <sup>5</sup>I thought they were going to skin me alive. But they gave me food. Delicious food. Once I started eating, I couldn't stop.

The next day a police car came and brought me to a hospital, and there my story ends.

I was overwhelmed by the generosity of those who rescued me. Poor people gave me clothes and food. Doctors and nurses cared for me as if I were a **premature** baby. Mexican and Canadian officials opened all doors for me so that from the beach in Mexico to the home of my foster mother to the classrooms of the University of Toronto, there was only one long, easy corridor I had to walk down. To all these people I would like to extend my heartfelt thanks.

### Excerpts from *Life of Pi*

#### A. Author and Background

Yann Martel (1963— ) was born in Salamanca, Spain, and he grew up in Costa Rica, France, Spain and Mexico, in addition to Canada. His first book, *The Facts Behind the Helsinki Roccamatios*, was published in 1993 and is a collection of short stories, dealing with such themes as illness, storytelling and the history of the twentieth century; music, war and the pain of youth; how we die; and grief, loss and the reasons we are attached to material objects.

In 2002 Yann Martel came to public attention when he won the Man Booker Prize for Fiction for his second novel, *Life of Pi* (2002), an epic survival story with a religious theme. The novel tells the story of Pi Patel, the son of an Indian family of zookeepers. Pi's family decide to emigrate to Canada and embark on a ship with their animals to cross the Pacific. They are shipwrecked and Pi is left floating in a lifeboat in the company of a 450-pound Bengal tiger. *Life of Pi* will eventually be published in over forty countries and territories, representing well over thirty languages, and the film rights have been optioned by Fox studios.

#### B. Vocabulary and Discrimination

##### B1. New Vocabularies (生词释义)

capsize *v.* 倾覆

anchor *n.* 锚



perpendicular	adj.	垂直的
crest	n.	波峰
collapse	v.	倒塌
hiss	v./n.	发出嘶嘶声
halt	n.	停止
deliverance	n.	拯救,解脱
gouge	v.	抠,挖
gait	n.	步态
uncoordinated	adj.	不协调的
growl	v.	咆哮
torment	n.	折磨
wrench	v.	猛扭,猛拉
scrub	v.	擦洗
premature	adj.	未成熟的

## B2. Difficult Sentences (难句译注)

1. When we reached land, Mexico to be exact, I was so weak that I barely had the strength to be happy about it. 我们到达陆地的时候,确切地说,是到达墨西哥的时候,我太虚弱了,简直连高兴的力气都没有了。
2. I saw his body, so immeasurably vital, stretched in the air above me, a fleeting, furred rainbow. He landed in the water, his back legs splayed, his tail high, and from there, in a few hops, he reached the beach. 我看见它充满了无限活力,在我身体上方的空中伸展开来,仿佛一道飞逝的毛茸茸的彩虹。它落进了海里,后腿展开,尾巴翘得高高的,只跳了几下,就从那儿跳到了海滩上。
3. This beach, so soft, firm and vast, was like the cheek of God, and somewhere two eyes were glittering with pleasure and a mouth was smiling at having me there. 这座海滩如此柔软、坚实、广阔,就像上帝的胸膛。而且,在某个地方,有两只眼睛正闪烁着快乐的光芒,有一张嘴正因为有我在那儿而微笑着。
4. I wept like a child. It was not because I was overcome at having survived my ordeal, though I