

# 高职 基础英语

苏志鸿 赵 阳 李毅鹏 / 编著

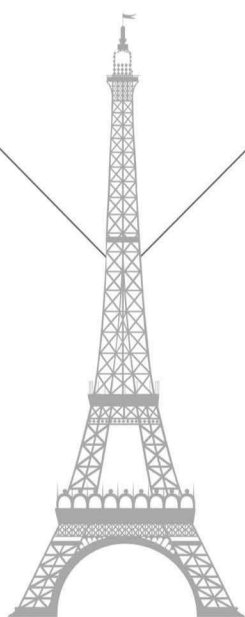
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# 前 言

本课程是高职教育的一个有机组成部分，是普通高职学生必修的一门基础课程。高职英语教学是以英语语言知识与应用技能、学习策略和跨文化交际为主要内容，以外语教学理论为指导，并集多种教学模式和教学手段为一体的教学体系。在完成本课程基础阶段学习后，学生具有较强的英语综合应用能力，为专业英语学习打下基础。

高职教育英语课程的教学目标是提高学生的英语沟通和交际能力，在毕业前基本通过全国英语应用能力 B 级考试，部分学生通过全国大学英语四、六级考试，并为今后进一步提高英语的交际能力、英语应用能力及可持续发展能力打下坚实基础。

科技发展日新月异，社会对英语的需求也越来越大，运用智能化手段学习传统知识，也是一种创新。随着经济全球化的飞速发展，未来职业发展对学生英语能力的要求大幅度提高。针对我院各专业，服务于学生关键能力中英语交际能力的培养的这门课程，共 68 学时，分为上下两学期教授。本课程可以让学生提高自身学识，增强就业竞争力。

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## Part One

# Unit 1 His First Poem

*Francis Frost*

### 【Reading Clue】

John was a farmer. After he got married, he always had poems for his wife and she enjoyed the poems very much. She said she knew he wrote the poems himself.

Before you read the text, imagine (想象):

1. How did they get married?
2. Did John write the poems himself or did he just read them from books?
3. How was it discovered that John did not write the poems himself?
4. What did his wife do after that?

***Read the text and see if your imagination is similar (相似) to the idea of the text.***

John's farm lay in the middle of many hills. The hills rolled (滚动) up and down and away to the far-off mountains. On top the hills stood the farmhouse (农舍) and the barn (畜棚) where the farm animals lived. When John drove the cows to the fields, he liked to look at the mountains. As he walked high on the hills, he felt as if (好像) he were returning from a long visit. John's closest neighbor, Clint Hard, lived two miles down the road. When John's father died, Clint came to visit John.

"What are you going to do now, John? Live in the house alone?"

"There is nothing else I can do. I can work the farm alone."

"You should get married, John. A young man like you."

"Well, I'll think about it," John said. "But first I have to pay the bank so the farm will be mine."

"Oh, dear! You'll be eighty years old before the farm is paid for. Come and visit us on Saturday night. We have a new record player for Sally. There are some new records you can listen to."

Clint left, and John began to milk the cow. He thought of Sally. A year later he and Sally were married.

Sally did not know she had married a poet (诗人) as well as a farmer. She found this out two weeks after they had been married. John came out of the woods with some flowers for her.

"I cannot give you rich gifts. But I can bring you flowers from the woods if you like them."

She put her hand on his face gently (轻轻地). "I like flowers better than gifts, John."

"I have a poem for you, too," he said. "Listen."

"You know how small a thing a man is,

And learn this much from our soul (心灵) and body.

The heart being dead, no part can be free."

"It means," John explained, "we must keep loving each other and be happy for what we have, even if it is not much. Because if the heart has no love, we are dead."

She was completely (完全) surprised. "Why, John! That is lovely! Did you write the poem?"

He smiled, and his face became a little red. "Well..."

"You did. I did not know you wrote poems. Let me hear more, tonight after we eat."

He left her and walked to the animals in the barn. Under the dry grass there was an old, worn book of English poems. He found it in the house one day while he was cleaning. That was before his marriage. John held the book of old poems close to him. It meant so much to him.

He thought, what could he give to Sally? Himself? It was not much. His farm? It was a poor farm. It was not even paid for. But the old poems in this wonderful book—that was something he could bring to Sally. But she believed the poems were his, that he wrote them. He knew he was wrong to let her believe this. That was not honest. At first he did not think this would happen. But now that she believed the poems were his, she loved him even more. This made him so happy. She will never know the truth about the poems.

He studied another poem, and studied it once more the next day while he worked in the fields. In the evening, they walked in the moonlight and looked at the mountains. He spoke the words of the poem.

"The earth was green.

The sky was blue.

I saw and heard a skylark (云雀)

fly between the two.

A singing spot (斑点) above the corn."

These poems made her happy. And her happiness (幸福) meant more to him than food or drink. After their son was born, he learned more poems. Each time he spoke the words of

a poem she said, "That's lovely, John."

The farm did not grow much food when their daughter, Joanna, was born. John and Sally worked very hard to pay taxes (税) and the money they owed (欠) the bank for the farm. On winter nights, after the babies were in bed, Sally would sit sewing (缝纫) near the stove (火炉). John sat near her, she would look at him and smiled and say, "John, tell me another poem."

"I haven't got a new one."

"Tell me the one about 'Love Let's Be True'."

And he would say softly, "Ah, love. Let us be true to one another. For the world which seems to lie before us like a land of dreams, so various (各种各样), so beautiful, so new, has really neither joy, nor love, nor light."

The years passed slowly. John and Sally worked together making money to pay for their farm. When Bart, their son, ended high school he said to his father, "I would like to go to college, Dad. I want to be an engineer (工程师)."

Joanna, a year later said, "Dad, I want to teach in school. I will make money to become a teacher if you will let me."

"What do you want to teach?"

"English," said Joanna. "Poems."

John smiled. "I think your mother will like that."

Later, when the children came home for the week of Christmas, the house was bright with Christmas colors. The whole family felt warm. The night before Christmas, Joanna said, "Mother, will you come to my room? I want to tell you something." Joanna took a little book from her school bag to show it to her mother.

"What is that?" Sally asked.

"Mother, the poems you have been listening to all these years..."

"Yes?"

"They are all in this book."

"What do you mean, Joanna?"

"I mean, Dad did not write them. They were written a long time ago by English poets. Mother, don't you see? He has not been honest. He has been telling you he wrote them."

"No," said Sally. "I told him he wrote them. He never said anything. He just spoke the words of the poems. Joanna, I shall never let him know I found out the truth. It would break his heart."

The girl looked at her mother for a long time and then said, "You two are the nicest people I've ever seen. I wish I had not told you."

"Now I know how much he loves me. He has made me proud of him all these years. It must have been difficult for your father not to tell me, Joanna."

The children ended college. Another spring came. John and Sally were now sixty years



old. One day, John drove to the village and paid the bank. The farm was at last his.

That week the weather became very cold, and Sally became sick. She grew worse. And John went to the village for a doctor.

“Pneumonia (肺炎),” the doctor said.

Sally had a high fever. John sat near her on the bed. His face was white as he sat holding her hot hands.

“John,” she said in a weak voice. “Poem. New one.”

John was troubled (烦恼). He had told her all the poems again and again.

“All right, dear.” Slowly, with terrible effort (努力), he put some words together. He made her a poem, his own poem. The only one he had ever made in his life.

“These mountains that are ours forever (永远) till we die,  
throw the flowers of planets up the sky.

With words of darkness (黑暗) they speak across the night.

With granite (花岗岩) wings the mountain tops take flight (飞行).

My love and I shall follow those granite wings in space.

Her head in my arms. My lips (嘴唇) on her dear face.”

“You made the poem, John?”

“Yes,” John answered.

Sally really did not believe John wrote the poem. But he did not know this. How could he?

He buried (埋葬) her where she could see the mountains. The book of English poems lay with her, and so did the flowers from the woods.

(Total Words: 1325)

## Comprehension

### I Choose the right answer to explain the sentence or the underlined part.

- You'll be eighty years old before the farm is paid for.
  - If you wait until you have paid for the farm, you will never get married.
  - When you are eighty years old, you are sure to be able to pay for the farm.
- ...and John began to milk the cow.
  - He began to feed the cow with milk
  - He began to get milk from the cow
- I saw and heard a skylark fly between the two...
  - John and Sally
  - the earth and the sky
- It would break his heart.

- A. It would make him sad.
- B. It would make him ill.

**II Choose the best answer for each question.**

1. After John's father died, John \_\_\_\_\_.
  - A. decided to get married first
  - B. decided to pay for the farm first
  - C. did not know what to do
  - D. decided never to get married
2. When Sally said she thought John wrote the poem himself, he \_\_\_\_\_.
  - A. said he wrote it himself
  - B. said he just learned it from a book
  - C. said nothing
  - D. knew his wife was laughing at him
3. John could speak the poems because \_\_\_\_\_.
  - A. he had learned them before they got married
  - B. he learned the poems from an old book
  - C. he wrote them himself
  - D. his friend told him
4. When Sally heard the poems, \_\_\_\_\_.
  - A. she was happy
  - B. she was sad
  - C. she did not like John
  - D. she was angry
5. John spoke the words of poems to Sally \_\_\_\_\_.
  - A. to make her happy
  - B. to show how clever he was
  - C. to teach her how to write poems
  - D. to make her love him
6. When Joanna grew up, \_\_\_\_\_.
  - A. she wanted to become an engineer
  - B. she wanted to stay on the farm
  - C. she wanted to teach English poems
  - D. she wanted to write poems
7. When Sally learned about the truth, \_\_\_\_\_.
  - A. she was very angry
  - B. she decided to keep it a secret from John
  - C. she decided to ask John about it
  - D. she did not love John any more

8. From the text, we can see that \_\_\_\_\_.  
 A. at last John knew that his wife had learned the truth about his poems  
 B. his wife was sure that he had written the last poem himself  
 C. John learned his last poem to his wife from the book  
 D. the poem was the first and only poem he had made himself

## Vocabulary

### I Match the words or expressions in Column A with the Chinese meanings in Column B.

A	B
completely	飞行; 逃跑
tax	缝纫
sew	完全地; 十分
flight	心灵
soul	税

### II Write out the Chinese meanings of the following words.

engineer _____	spot _____	various _____
as well as _____	effort _____	now that _____
poet _____	bury _____	roll _____

### III Fill in the blanks with the correct forms of the given words.

- He picked the book up from the ground then put it \_\_\_\_\_ on the desk.  
(gentle)
- He could see nothing at all and had to feel his way in the \_\_\_\_\_. (dark)
- John's poems filled her with \_\_\_\_\_. (happy)
- When he heard her words, he felt \_\_\_\_\_. (trouble)

## Reading Extension

### We Never Told Him He Couldn't Do It

*Kathy Lamancusa*

My son Joey was born with club feet. The doctors told us that with treatment he would be able to walk normally—but would never run very well. The first three years of his life were spent on operations, casts and braces. By the time he was eight, you wouldn't know he had a problem when you saw him walk.

The children in our neighborhood ran around as most children do during play, and Joey

would jump right in and run and play, too. We never told him that he probably wouldn't be able to run as well as the other children. So he didn't know.

In seventh grade he decided to go out for the cross-country team. Every day he trained with the team. He worked harder and ran more than any of the others—perhaps he sensed that the abilities that seemed to come naturally to so many others did not come naturally to him. Although the entire team runs, only the top seven runners have the potential to score points for the school. We didn't tell him he probably would never make the team, so he didn't know.

He continued to run four to five miles a day, every day—even the day he had a high fever. I was worried, so I went to look for him after school. I found him running all alone. I asked him how he felt. “Okay,” he said. He had two more miles to go. The sweat ran down his face and his eyes were glassy from his fever. Yet he looked straight ahead and kept running. We never told him he couldn't run four miles with a 103-degree fever. So he didn't know.

Two weeks later, the names of the team runners were called. Joey was number six on the list. Joey had made the team. He was in seventh grade—the other six team members were all eighth-graders. We never told him he shouldn't expect to make the team. We never told him he couldn't do it... so he didn't know. He just did it.

## Unit 2 The White Circle

*John Bell Clayton*

### **[ Reading Clue ]**

Toker, a little boy, had an apple tree of his own. One day, he saw a bigger boy sitting on the tree, eating his apples. He wanted to get the boy down the tree. After a fight, he lost. Then he thought of a cruel plan to punish the boy.

Before you read the text, imagine;

1. How did the boy get the apple tree?
2. Why was the tree important for him?
3. What plan did he think of to punish the other boy?
4. What happened in the end?

***Read the text and see if your imagination is similar to the idea of the text.***

As soon as I saw Anvol sitting in the apple tree, I knew we would fight. I also knew he would win. But winning or losing was not important, at least not so important as getting him down from the tree.

The tree was mine. It was a young tree, and it had 13 beautiful apples on it. Now my beautiful apples were under Anvol's shirt. The tree became mine the day I was 12 years old. Father called me to come to the barn to see the new young horses. When I got there, father lit a cigarette (香烟) and placed one foot on the fence (栅栏). He looked pleased and proud.

"Toker," he finally (最后) said, "this is a big day. There, before you, are five of the finest horses in all Virginia (弗吉尼亚). Now I would give you a gift for your birthday. Could you make a choice?"

"Yes," I said.

"Which one?" he asked.

"I would like to have the apple tree across the road."

Father looked at me for a long time. You would have to know how much he loved horses to understand the look on his face. But I was 12 years old. How could I explain my choice? It was something about the apple tree. The color of the red apples as they hung among the green

leaves. But it was more than this. It had something to do with being proud. I can give one of the apples to my friend Jenny. “Jenny,” I would say, “I want to give you this apple. It came from my tree. The tree grows on my father’s land. Before my father had the land, it belonged (属于) to his father. And before that, to his father. Now I owned the tree.”

Father finally answered, “Now, right, son. If you want a tree more than a horse, the tree is yours.” I thanked him for the tree and he left.

I picked up a stone and ran across the fields to protect my tree. “All right, Anvol. Climb down.”

Anvol looked at me as if I wasn’t there. “Oh...” he said. “You little nothing. Throw that stone at me and see what happens.”

“Anvol,” I said again, “come down. They are my apples.”

Anvol stopped eating and smiled at me with evil (邪恶) in his heart.

“You want an apple? I’ll give you one.”

And he threw one with all his strength (力气) and hit me in the head. I threw the stone at him, but missed and hit the tree. Anvol’s face turned red.

“Boy, you are going to get a hit.”

I began to pull his feet. Down he came along with parts of the tree and young fresh leaves. He hit me as he fell. We both hit the ground. He jumped on top of me, and placed his knees on my arms. I could not move.

“Stop kicking,” he said, and then calmly (镇静地) looked at the sky, and began to eat another one of my beautiful apples.

“You, smelly (臭) cow,” I said to him. “I wish you were never born. I’m going to tell my father,” I said.

“Father,” Anvol said, trying to make his voice sound like mine. “Father, say, old man. You think your old man is very important, don’t you? You think your old man is a king, don’t you? Say, old man, go to hell (地狱). Say, old man, old man, I wish you were dead.” He let me get up and stood over me.

“Stop crying,” he said.

“I am not crying,” I was lying on the ground with murder (谋杀) in my heart. There were times when I did not hate Anvol. I remembered the day his father came to school. He told the teacher he was going to hit Anvol to make him a good boy. His father was a very cruel man. He had a big stick. Anvol saw the stick, and hid under a table. He lay there, frightened (吓坏了) until the teacher made his father go away. I had no hate for Anvol that day.

But another day, Anvol acted cruel like his father. He entered the school when everyone had gone and threw things all over the floor. Sometimes he was more cruel and hit little boys and made them cry.

One day he came to me as I was sitting under a tree.

“They all hate me,” he said. “They hate me because my father is cruel.”

“They don’t hate you,” I said. “At least I don’t.”

That was true then, I did not hate him. I asked him to come home to eat with me. He did and threw stones at me all the way home. But today was different. He was stealing my apples. I had no soft feelings for him. He stood over me and kept telling me not to cry.

“I’m not crying.”

“All right, you are not. But you are still angry.”

“No, I’m not. There was a little. But I’m not any more.”

“Well, why do you look so funny around your eyes?”

“I don’t know.”

“Let’s go to the barn to play.”

“Play what?”

Anvol looked at me with surprise. He did not know if he should be a friend or enemy.

“We play anything,” I said. “Come on, I’ll race you to the barn.”

We got to the barn, and the first thing Anvol saw was a white circle that my father had painted on the floor.

“What is that for?”

“Nothing,” I answered. I was not ready to use my plan yet.

We jumped from the hay (干草) to the floor a few times. Later, I felt ready.

“That’s no fun,” I said. “Let’s play prisoner (囚犯) circle.”

“Oh, what’s that?” Anvol asked as if he were too big to play foolish (愚蠢的) games. I was getting excited. I tried not to look at the circle on the floor. Anvol might learn my plan if I did. Nor did I look up at the top of the barn just above the circle. I knew what was there. It was a big steel fork to pick up hay grass and place it on the truck. It had two long sharp (尖的) points. A man had come to the barn to build it. He placed the fork up high out of the way. The fork could be led down by a rope that was tied to a pole (柱子). I remembered the first day it was tested. My father called all the workers from the field to watch. I do not remember the details (细节), but something went wrong. The fork fell and buried itself in the back of one of the horses. Father said little. He simply (仅仅) painted a white circle on the barn floor where the fork fell. He pulled the big steel fork back up to the top and tied the rope up high so that no one could reach it. Then he said quietly with a white face, “I do not want anyone to step inside the white circle or to touch the rope that holds the fork. Never!”

“I do not want to play a foolish game,” said Anvol.

“All right,” I said, “but play just one game of prisoner circle with me first. Get in the circle, shut your eyes and begin to count.”

“Oh, all right,” Anvol agreed weakly (有气无力地). “One, two, three...”

“Get right in the middle of the circle,” I told him, “and count slowly so I can hide.” Anvol counted slower, “four... five... six...”

I looked at him once again, then climbed up to the floor above where the rope was tied. I pulled on the rope with all my strength. The fork dropped with a sharp sound. Anvol must have felt something was wrong because he jumped away in time. The heavy fork buried its sharp points deep in the barn floor. For a moment, Anvol stood very still. He turned around and saw the shining steel fork. His face turned a light green color. The muscles (肌肉) in his neck moved up and down. After a few quiet moments, he reached into a shirt and pulled out my apples one by one. He dropped them on the barn floor.

“You can have your smelly old apples,” he said. “You tried to kill me for a few smelly apples. Your old man owns everything around here. I haven’t got a thing of my own. Go ahead and keep your old apples.” He stood up, and slowly walked out of the barn door. I had not moved or said one word. A moment later, I ran and picked the apples from the floor.

“Anvol! Anvol!”

He continued to walk and crossed the field. I shouted louder, “Anvol, wait! You can have the apples.”

Anvol climbed the fence and did not look back. He walked toward the store down the road.

Three birds flew out of the barn door with loud noises. Now only the great steel fork was left. There it was, alone, shining, accusing (责备) me in the silent and empty barn.

(Total Words: 1536)

## Comprehension

### I Choose the right answer to explain the sentence or the underlined part.

- The tree became mine the day I was 12 years old.
  - I got the tree on my 12th birthday.
  - I had the tree for one day when I was 12 years old.
- Throw that stone at me and see what happens
  - Please throw the stone at me so that you can see what happens.
  - If you throw the stone at me, you can see what will happen.
- You think your old man is very important, don’t you?
  - your father
  - your grandfather
- I had no soft feelings for him.
  - I was not kind to him.
  - He felt me and found I was not soft.
- He placed the fork up high out of the way.
  - He placed it high so that no one could reach it



B. He placed it high so that everyone could reach it

**II Choose the best answer for each question.**

1. When Toker saw the boy in his apple tree, \_\_\_\_\_.  
A. he was very pleased  
B. he did not dare to fight with him  
C. he wanted to fight him because he was sure he would win  
D. he wanted to fight him though he knew he would lose
2. The main reason why he wanted the apple was that \_\_\_\_\_.  
A. he loved the color of the red apples  
B. he loved the taste of the apples  
C. the apple tree was very old and he was proud of it  
D. he wanted to have as many apples as he liked
3. When Toker found he could not fight Anvol, \_\_\_\_\_.  
A. he decided to play games with him  
B. he ran away to his barn  
C. he thought of a plan to kill him  
D. he wanted to race the boy to the barn
4. As soon as Anvol came into the barn, he saw \_\_\_\_\_.  
A. the white circle on the ground  
B. the steel fork high up  
C. the rope tied to the fork  
D. the horse lying dead on the ground
5. At first, Anvol did not like to play prisoner circle because \_\_\_\_\_.  
A. he thought it was a foolish game  
B. he knew that Toker wanted to kill him  
C. he wanted to hide first  
D. he thought it too hard
6. Anvol was able to get away in time because \_\_\_\_\_.  
A. he was ready to run away  
B. he heard the noise and knew there was danger  
C. he wanted to find Toker  
D. he saw the fork falling down
7. When Anvol saw what had happened, \_\_\_\_\_.  
A. he knew he had done wrong  
B. he forgave Toker  
C. he was angry with Toker  
D. he ran away at once
8. After that, Toker \_\_\_\_\_.