

# Extensive Reading

大学基础阶段

## 英语泛读课本

曾肯千 陈道芳  
胡斐佩 王炳炎 合编



ZC914JX

7.985

## 前 言

本书是受湘、鄂、豫英语教学研究会委托，为大专院校英语专业基础阶段编写的泛读教材，也可供英语基础较好的其它专业学生或具有高中毕业程度以上自学者使用。

本书分八册，即每学期二册。前四册共25万字左右（不含注解和练习），后四册共30万字左右，在阅读数量上可基本满足基础阶段两年泛读课堂教学（不包括快速阅读训练）的需要。阅读速度与单元划分，由任课教师根据课时安排与学生实际能力自行规定。要求学完第八课以后，学生能基本看懂英语国家出版的中等难度文学原著（如 *The Moon Is Down*）、报刊文章和史地、科技等其它读物。为了培养学生良好阅读习惯和准确理解能力，并便于在阅读过程中吸收语言知识、全面打好语言基础，我们对前四册，特别是第一、二册的难度作了适当控制。

在选材方面，本书一律采用浅易或中等难度原文；除注意保留了一些多年实践证明教学效果较好的材料以外，力求做到题材与体裁的多样化，确保思想内容健康、语言现代化、规范化。第一至四册以反映一般生活的故事、小说为主，知识性材料为辅，第五册至第八册增加了国际政治、文化科技知识的材料的比例。

本书的注解，是以交代背景知识为主，包括人名、地名的注音和标准译名以及少量难句翻译。常用单词短语一般不注，由学生查阅字典，培养其独立工作能力。多数语言难点留给教师课堂讲解。

练习的目的是为了检查学生对所学内容的理解情况。练习形式有两种：即检查对课文大意、基本观点与基本事实理解情况的综合性问答题(Global questions)和检查对课文中某个具体事实、具体论点以及语言含义理解情况的局部性问答题(Local questions)，后者分别采用正误题(True/false questions)或多项选择题(Multiple-choice questions)的形式。

本书的编写，受到了中国英语教学研究会秘书长丁往道教授、湘、鄂、豫英语教学研究会负责人武汉大学潘耀琮教授、洛阳外国语学院朱树庵教授和湖南师范大学周定之教授的热情支持和鼓励，谨致谢意。

编 者

1985年4月

## Contents

1. The Diary of a Young Girl .....	1
Exercises (1) .....	24
2. The Hobbit .....	27
Exercises (2) .....	50
3. One Against the Plague .....	53
(1) A Woman Named Maria .....	53
(2) A Malady of the Blood .....	61
(3) 'I Don't Want to Die!' .....	72
Exercises (3) .....	77
(4) Doing What Had to Be Done .....	80
(5) A Leaf From the Tree .....	93
Exercises (4) .....	101
4. Religion in the United States .....	105
Exercises (5) .....	124
5. The Other Difference Between Boys and Girls .....	126
6. The Sexes Are Not Born with Different Brains .....	137
7. University Days .....	145
Exercises (6) .....	156
8. Mars Is Heaven! .....	160
Exercises (7) .....	192
9. The Moon Is Down .....	196
Chapter I .....	196

Chapter II .....	222
Exercises (8) .....	247
Chapter III .....	252
Chapter IV .....	267
Chapter V .....	274
Exercises (9) .....	291
Chapter VI .....	296
Chapter VII .....	318
Chapter VIII .....	340
Exercises (10) .....	353

## 1. The Diary of a Young Girl

Anne Frank

(During World War II, Nazi soldiers broke into an apartment in Amsterdam where two Jewish families were hiding. The job of these soldiers was to remove all Jews from Holland. During the search, a Nazi sergeant in charge found a briefcase in which there were papers. The sergeant dumped the papers on the floor in disgust and left with his prisoners. Among the papers was a diary written by a young Jewish girl, Anne Frank, during two years in hiding.

The diary is not a record of horrors endured. It is a simple record of life lived in hiding. Anne's writing showed great promise. Had she lived, there is little doubt that she would have become a great writer. Instead, not yet 16, she died in the Belsen concentration camp in Germany, barely two months before the end of the war.

After the war the diary was published and Anne belonged to the world. Her diary has become one of the most widely read autobiographies of our time. It was made into a prize-winning play in 1956 and a movie in 1959. It was adapted for television. The house where Anne lived in hiding is now kept as a memorial to her. There are other memorials

to her in Germany, Israel, the United States and other countries around the world. But her diary is her greatest living memorial.)

*Saturday, 20 June, 1942*

I haven't written for a few days, because I wanted first of all to think about my diary. It's an odd idea for someone like me to keep a diary; not only because I have never done so before, but because it seems to me that neither I—nor for that matter anyone else—will be interested in the \*unbosomings of a thirteen-year-old schoolgirl. Still, what does that matter? I want to write, but more than that, I want to bring out all kinds of things that lie buried in my heart.

There is a saying that \*"paper is more patient than man"; it came back to me on one of my slightly melancholy days, while I sat chin in hand, feeling too bored and limp even to make up my mind whether to go out or stay at home. Yes, there is no doubt that paper is patient

---

unbosoming: telling the secret feelings, esp, troubles and worries, of oneself

"paper is more patient than man": People haven't the patience to listen to how you feel, but you can always write about your feelings.

and as I don't intend to show this cardboard-covered notebook, bearing the proud name of "diary," to anyone, unless I find a real friend, boy or girl, probably nobody cares. And now I come to the root of the matter, the reason for my starting a diary: it is that I have no such real friend.

Let me put it more clearly, since no one will believe that a girl of thirteen feels herself quite alone in the world, nor is it so. I have darling parents and a sister of sixteen. I know about thirty people whom one might call friends—I have strings of boy friends, anxious to catch a glimpse of me and who, failing that, peep at me through mirrors in class. I have relations, aunts and uncles, who are darlings too, a good home, no—I don't seem to lack anything. But it's the same with all my friends, just fun and joking, nothing more. I can never bring myself to talk of anything outside the common round. We don't seem to be able to get any closer, that is the root of the trouble. Perhaps I lack confidence, but anyway, there it is, a stubborn fact and I don't seem to be able to do anything about it.

Hence, this diary. In order to enhance in my mind's eye the picture of the friend for whom I have waited so long, I don't want to set down a series of bald facts in a diary like most people do, but I want this diary itself to be my friend, and I shall call my friend Kitty. No one will grasp what I'm talking about if I begin my letters to



Kitty just \*out of the blue, so \*albeit unwillingly, I will start by sketching in brief the story of my life.

My father was thirty-six when he married my mother, who was then twenty-five. My sister Margot was born in 1926 in Frankfort-on-Main, I followed on June 12, 1929, and, as we are Jewish, we emigrated to Holland in 1933, where my father was appointed Managing Director of Travies N.V. This firm is in close relationship with the firm of Kolen & Co. in the same building, of which my father is a partner.

The rest of our family, however, felt the full impact of Hitler's anti-Jewish laws, so life was filled with anxiety. In 1938 after the \*pogroms, my two uncles (my mother's brothers) escaped to the U.S.A. My old grandmother came to us, she was then seventy-three. After May 1940 good times rapidly fled: first the war, then the capitulation, followed by the arrival of the Germans, which is when the sufferings of us Jews really began. Anti-Jewish decrees followed each other in quick succession. \*Jews must wear a yellow star, Jews must hand in their bicycles, Jews are

---

out of the blue, unexpectedly  
albeit, even though, although  
pogrom 集体迫害

Jews must wear a yellow star. To distinguish them from others, all Jews were forced by the Germans to wear, prominently displayed, a yellow six-pointed star.

banned from trains and are forbidden to drive. Jews are only allowed to do their shopping between three and five o'clock and then only in shops which bear the placard "Jewish shop." Jews must be indoors by eight o'clock and cannot even sit in their own gardens after that hour. Jews are forbidden to visit theaters, cinemas, and other places of entertainment. Jews may not take part in public sports. Swimming baths, tennis courts, hockey fields, and other sports grounds are all prohibited to them. Jews may not visit Christians. Jews must go to Jewish schools, and many more restrictions of a similar kind.

So we could not do this and were forbidden to do that. But life went on in spite of it all. Jopie used to say to me, "You're scared to do anything, because it may be forbidden." Our freedom was strictly limited. Yet things were still bearable.

Granny died in January 1942; no one will ever know how much she is present in my thoughts and how much I love her still.

In 1934 I went to school at the Montessori Kindergarten and continued there. It was at the end of the school year, I was in form 6B, when I had to say good-bye to Mrs. K. We both wept, it was very sad. In 1941 I went, with my sister Margot, to the Jewish Secondary School, she into the fourth form and I into the first.

So far everything is all right with the four of us and

here I come to the present day.

.....  
Wednesday, 8 July, 1942

Dear Kitty,

Years seem to have passed between Sunday and now. So much has happened, it is just as if the whole world had turned upside down. But I am still alive, Kitty, and that is the main thing, Daddy says.

Yes, I'm still alive, indeed, but don't ask where or how. You wouldn't understand a word, so I will begin by telling you what happened on Sunday afternoon.

At three o'clock (Harry had just gone, but was coming back later) someone rang the front doorbell. I was lying lazily reading a book on the veranda in the sunshine, so I didn't hear it. A bit later, Margot appeared at the kitchen door looking very excited. "The S.S. have sent a call-up notice for Daddy," she whispered. "Mummy has gone to see Mr. Van Daan already." (Van Daan is a friend who works with Daddy in the business.) It was a great shock to me, a call-up, everyone knows what that means. I picture concentration camps and lonely cells—should we allow him to be doomed to this? "Of course he won't go," declared

---

SS, Ger. Schutz-staffel, protective squadron,  
Black Guards, elite Nazi corps 纳粹党卫军

Margot, while we waited together. "Mummy has gone to the Van Daans to discuss whether we should move into our hiding place tomorrow. The Van Daans are going with us, so we shall be seven in all." Silence. We couldn't talk any more, thinking about Daddy, who, little knowing what was going on, was visiting some old people in the Joodse Invalide; waiting for Mummy, the heat and suspense, all made us very overawed and silent.

Suddenly the bell rang again. "That is Harry," I said, "Don't open the door." Margot held me back, but it was not necessary as we heard Mummy and Mr. Van Daan downstairs, talking to Harry, then they came in and closed the door behind them. Each time the bell went, Margot or I had to creep softly down to see if it was Daddy, not opening the door to anyone else.

Margot and I were sent out of the room. Van Daan wanted to talk to Mummy alone. When we were alone together in our bedroom, Margot told me that the call-up was not for Daddy, but for her. I was more frightened than ever and began to cry. Margot is sixteen; would they really take girls of that age away alone? But thank goodness she won't go, Mummy said so herself; that must be what Daddy meant when he talked about us going into hiding.

Into hiding—where would we go, in a town or the country, in a house or a cottage, when, how, where . . . ?

These were questions I was not allowed to ask, but I couldn't get them out of my mind. Margot and I began to pack some of our most vital belongings into a school satchel. The first thing I put in was this diary, then hair curlers; handkerchiefs, schoolbooks, a comb, old letters; I put in the craziest things with the idea that we were going into hiding. But I'm not sorry, memories mean more to me than dresses.

At five o'clock Daddy finally arrived, and we phoned Mr. Koophuis to ask if he could come around in the evening. Van Daan went and fetched Miep. Miep has been in the business with Daddy since 1933 and has become a close friend, likewise her brand-new husband, Henk. Miep came and took some shoes, dresses, coats, underwear, and stockings away in her bag, promising to return in the evening. Then silence fell on the house; not one of us felt like eating anything, it was still hot and everything was very strange. We let our large upstairs room to a certain Mr. Goudsmit, a divorced man in his thirties, who appeared to have nothing to do on this particular evening; we simply could not get rid of him without being rude; he hung about until ten o'clock. At eleven o'clock Miep and Henk Van Santen arrived. Once again, shoes, stockings, books, and underclothes disappeared into Miep's bag and Henk's deep pockets, and at eleven-thirty they too disappeared. I was dog-tired and although I knew that it would be my last night in my

own bed, I fell asleep immediately and didn't wake up until Mummy called me at five-thirty the next morning. Luckily it was not so hot as Sunday; warm rain fell steadily all day. We put on heaps of clothes as if we were going to the North Pole, the sole reason being to take clothes with us. No Jew in our situation would have dreamed of going out with a suitcase full of clothing. I had on two vests, three pairs of pants, a dress, on top of that a skirt, jacket, summer coat, two pairs of stockings, lace-up shoes, woolly cap, scarf, and still more; I was nearly stifled before we started, but no one inquired about that.

Margot filled her satchel with schoolbooks, fetched her bicycle, and rode off behind Miep into the unknown, as far as I was concerned. You see I still didn't know where our secret hiding place was to be. At seven-thirty the door closed behind us. Moortje, my little cat, was the only creature to whom I said farewell. She would have a good home with the neighbors. This was all written in a letter addressed to Mr. Goudsmit.

There was one pound of meat in the kitchen for the cat, breakfast things lying on the table, stripped beds, all giving the impression that we had left, \*helter-skelter. But we didn't care about impressions, we only wanted to get away, only escape and arrive safely, nothing else. Continued

---

helter-skelter, in a great hurry

tomorrow.

Yours, Anne

Thursday, 9 July, 1942

Dear Kitty,

So we walked in the pouring rain, Daddy, Mummy, and I, each with a school satchel and shopping bag filled to the brim with all kinds of things thrown together anyhow.

We got sympathetic looks from people on their way to work. You could see by their faces how sorry they were they couldn't offer us a lift; the gaudy yellow star spoke for itself.

Only when we were on the road did Mummy and Daddy begin to tell me bits and pieces about the plan. For months as many of our goods and \*chattels and necessities of life as possible had been sent away and they were sufficiently ready for us to have gone into hiding of our own accord on July 16. The plan had had to be speeded up ten days because of the call-up, so our quarters would not be so well organized, but we had to make the best of it. The hiding place itself would be in the building where Daddy has his office. It will be hard for outsiders to understand, but

---

chattel n. an article of movable property  
goods and chattels 杂物用品

I shall explain that later on. Daddy didn't have many people working for him: Mr. Kraier, Koophuis, Miep, and Elli Vossen, a twenty-three-year-old typist who all knew of our arrival. Mr. Vossen, Elli's father, and two boys worked in the warehouse; they had not been told.

I will describe the building: there is a large warehouse on the ground floor which is used as a store. The front door to the house is next to the warehouse door, and inside the front door is a second doorway which leads to a staircase . . . ?

The right-hand door leads to our "Secret Annexe." No one would ever guess that there would be so many rooms hidden behind that plain gray door. There's a little step in front of the door and then you are inside . . .

If you go up the next flight of stairs and open the door, you are simply amazed that there could be such a big light room in such an old house by the canal. There is a gas stove in this room (thanks to the fact that it was used as a laboratory) and a sink. This is now the kitchen for the Van Daan couple, besides being a general living room, dining room, and scullery.

A tiny little corridor room will become Peter Van Daan's.

---

"Secret Annexe" ; "秘密群房"

sculley n. a room next to the kitchen for cleaning and keeping dishes and cooking pots



apartment. Then, just as on the lower landing, there is a large attic. So there you are, I've introduced you to the whole of our beautiful "Secret Annexe."

Yours, Anne

*Friday, 21 August, 1942*

Dear Kitty,

The entrance to our hiding place has now been properly concealed. Mr. Kraler thought it would be better to put a cupboard in front of our door (because a lot of houses are being searched for hidden bicycles), but of course it had to be a movable cupboard that can open like a door.

Mr. Vossen made the whole thing. We had already let him into the secret and he can't do enough to help. If we want to go downstairs, we have to first bend down and then jump, because the step has gone. The first three days we were all going about with masses of lumps on our foreheads, because we all knocked ourselves against the low doorway. Now we have nailed a cloth filled with \*wood wool against the top of the door. Let's see if that helps!

I'm not working much at present; I'm giving myself holidays until September. Then Daddy is going to give me lessons; it's shocking how much I've forgotten already.

---

wood wool; 细刨花