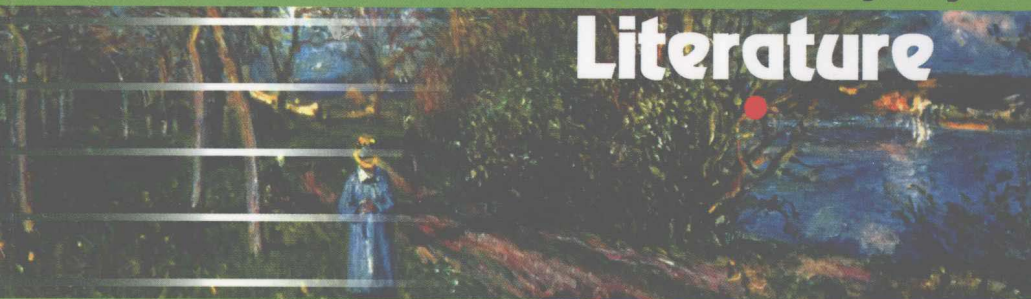


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文学 分册

王勇 主编

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# Literature

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《大学英语课程教学要求》明确提出:大学英语教学的目标在于培养学生的英语综合应用能力,特别是听说能力,使他们在今后的工作和社会交往中能用英语有效地进行口头和书面的信息交流,同时增强其自主学习能力、提高综合文化素质,适应我国社会发展和国际交流的需要。因此,大学英语教学改革的重点就是发展学生的语言实际运用能力。学生学习英语不仅要打下扎实的语言基础,更应注重学以致用;通过学习和实践,顺利地完从学习英语到使用英语的转变。

本套新世纪大学英语阅读教程是以《大学英语课程教学要求》为指导,以促进大学生学习英语的兴趣、扩大语言学习的知识面、培养其语言综合运用能力为宗旨而设计和编写的英语阅读教程,适用对象主要为学习大学英语课程的本专科生、出国进修生及其他各类欲继续深造的英语爱好者。全教程分为文化、文学、报刊和国际商务等4本分册,可以满足不同专业、不同层次读者的需要。

教程中的课文选材注重科学性、知识性、趣味性和可读性。每篇课文前配有导读语,课文后编有阅读理解题、思考讨论题和英汉翻译题。这些练习把语言的输入与输出有机地结合起来,给予学生大量的实践机会将学到的知识加以运用。为方便学习者,作者对课文中的有关生词、习惯用法与词组、专有名词及背景知识作了必要的注释。另外,每册书后附有阅读理解题和英汉翻译题的参考答案。所以,本教程既适用于大学英语的课堂教学,也不失为是一套很好的英语自学课本。它对扩大学生的知识面,提高他们的文化素质和修养,培养其语言交际能力将起到积极的促进作用。

本分册选编了英、美、加、澳等国作家的文学作品,体裁形式多样,内容精彩丰富,既有小说,也有散文和

剧本。这些作品大都出自外国文学史上颇有影响的名家之后,诸如乔治·奥威尔、查尔斯·兰姆、杰克·伦敦、欧·亨利、欧内斯特·巴克勒、戴维·马洛夫、凯瑟琳·曼斯菲尔德、亨利·劳森等。学生通过对本书的学习,可以培养直接阅读英语文学名著的能力,提高语言水平和欣赏水平,学会分析文学作品的艺术特点,掌握正确的评价方法。

《新世纪大学英语阅读教程》曾作为教育部“新世纪高等教育教学改革工程”大学外语教学改革与实践研究项目的成果,全套教程由王勇教授担任主编,吴稚倩教授审阅了全书的主要内容。该套阅读教程出版后在一些高校作为阅读课教材使用,得到了广大教师和学生的好评。上海交通大学的王同顺教授和上海海事大学的左飏教授在评审这套教程时也都给予了很高的评价。现根据社会的实际需求和大学英语教学改革实践的需要,我们对这套阅读教程进行了及时的修订,增加了部分新的内容,使本套阅读教程的内容更为新颖、丰富和充实。在编写、修订和出版过程中,我们得到了所在学校和上海科技教育出版社的大力支持和帮助,在此表示衷心的感谢。

由于编者水平和经验所限,教程中存在的不足和疏漏之处,恳请广大读者批评指正。

编 者

2007 年 7 月

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## Unit One

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### Dusk

Saki

*Life is sometimes full of drama, as things always go unexpected. The following story is a case in point. In the dusk of one evening, Gatsby sat on a bench in the park, where he later became the listener of a story teller. Gatsby thought at first that the story was poorly knit, however, with the finding of the only "proof", he finally believed the story teller and went all the way to give him his help. What story was told to Gatsby? What was the "proof" and how was it found? Was Gatsby's decision to help the man correct? What happened at last? All these are in suspense. Follow Saki, he will tell you everything in the following story.*

[1] Norman Gortsby sat on a bench in the Park, with his back to a strip of bush-planted sward, fenced by the park railings, and the Row fronting him across a wide stretch of carriage drive. **Hyde Park Corner**, with its rattle and hoot of traffic, lay immediately to his right. It was some thirty minutes past six on an early March evening, and dusk had fallen heavily over the scene, dusk mitigated<sup>①</sup> by some faint moonlight and many street lamps. There was a wide emptiness over road and sidewalk, and yet there were many unconsidered figures moving silently through the half-light, or dotted unobtrusively<sup>②</sup> on bench and chair, scarcely to be distinguished from the shadowed gloom in which they sat.

[2] The scene pleased Gortsby and harmonized with his present mood. Dusk, to his mind, was the hour of the defeated. Men and women, who had fought and lost, who hid their fallen fortunes and dead hopes as far as possible from the scrutiny<sup>③</sup> of the curious, **came forth** in this hour of gloaming, when their shabby clothes and bowed shoulders and unhappy eyes might pass unnoticed, or, at any rate, unrecognized.

[3] A king that is conquered must see strange looks. So bitter a thing is the heart of man.

[4] The wanderers in the dusk did not choose to have strange looks fasten on them, therefore they came out in this bat-fashion, taking their pleasure sadly in a pleasure-ground that had emptied of its rightful occupants. Beyond the sheltering screen of bushes and palings<sup>④</sup> came a realm of brilliant lights and noisy, rushing traffic. A blazing, many-tiered stretch of windows shone through the dusk and almost dispersed it, marking the haunts of those other people, who held their own in life's struggle, or at any rate had not had to admit failure. So Gortsby's imagination pictured things as he sat on his bench in the almost deserted walk. He was in the mood to count himself among the defeated. Money troubles did not press on him; had he so wished he could have strolled into the thoroughfares<sup>⑤</sup> of light and noise, and taken his place among the jostling ranks of those who enjoyed prosperity or struggled for it. He had failed in a more subtle ambition, and for the moment he was heart-

sore and disillusioned, and not disinclined to take a certain cynical pleasure in observing and labeling his fellow wanderers as they went their ways in the dark stretches between the lamp-lights.

[5] On the bench by his side sat an elderly gentleman with a drooping air of defiance that was probably the remaining vestige of self-respect in an individual who had ceased to defy successfully anybody or anything. His clothes could scarcely be called shabby, at least they *passed muster* in the half-light, but one's imagination could not have pictured the wearer *embarking on* the purchase of a half-crown<sup>⑥</sup> box of chocolates or laying out nine pence on a carnation<sup>⑦</sup> buttonhole<sup>⑧</sup>. He belonged unmistakably to that forlorn<sup>⑨</sup> orchestra to whose piping no one dances; he was one of the world's lamenters<sup>⑩</sup> who induce no responsive weeping. As he rose to go Gortsby imagined him returning to a home circle where he was snubbed<sup>⑪</sup> and of no account, or to some bleak lodging where his ability to pay a weekly bill was the beginning and end of the interest he inspired. His retreating figure vanished slowly into the shadows, and his place on the bench was taken almost immediately by a young man, fairly well dressed but scarcely more cheerful of mien than his predecessor. As if to emphasize the fact that the world went badly with him the newcomer unburdened himself of an angry and very audible expletive<sup>⑫</sup> as he flung himself into the seat.

[6] "You don't seem in a very good temper," said Gortsby, judging that he was expected to take due notice of the demonstration.

[7] The young man turned to him with a look of disarming<sup>⑬</sup> frankness which put him instantly on his guard.

[8] "You wouldn't be in a good temper if you were in the fix<sup>⑭</sup>. I'm in," he said, "I've done the silliest thing I've ever done in my life."

[9] "Yes?" said Gortsby dispassionately.

[10] "Came up this afternoon, meaning to stay at the Patagonian Hotel in *Berkshire* Square," continued the young man; "when I got there I found it had been pulled down some weeks ago and a cinema theatre run up on the site. The taxi driver recommended me to another

hotel some way off and I went there. I just sent a letter to my people, giving them the address, and then I went out to buy some soap—I'd forgotten to pack any and I hate using hotel soap. Then I strolled about a bit, had a drink at a bar and looked at the shops, and when I came to turn my steps back to the hotel I suddenly realized that I didn't remember its name or even what street it was in. There's a nice predicament<sup>⑤</sup> for a fellow who hasn't any friends or connections in London! Of course I can wire<sup>⑥</sup> to my people for the address, but they won't have got my letter till tomorrow; meantime I'm without any money, came out with about a shilling on me, which went in buying the soap and getting the drink, and here I am, wandering about with two pence in my pocket and nowhere to go for the night."

There was an eloquent pause after the story had been told. "I suppose you think I've *spun* you rather *an* impossible *yarn*," said the young man presently, with a suggestion of resentment in his voice.

[11] "Not at all impossible," said Gortsby judicially; "I remember doing exactly the same thing once in a foreign capital, and on that occasion there were two of us, which made it more remarkable. Luckily we remembered that the hotel was on a sort of canal, and when we struck the canal we were able to find our way back to the hotel."

[12] The youth brightened at the reminiscence<sup>⑦</sup>. "In a foreign city I wouldn't mind so much," he said; "one could go to one's consul<sup>⑧</sup> and get the requisite<sup>⑨</sup> help from him. Here in one's own land one is far more derelict if one gets into a fix. Unless I can find some decent chap to swallow my story and lend me some money I seem likely to spend the night on the Embankment. I'm glad, anyhow, that you don't think the story outrageously improbable<sup>⑩</sup>."

[13] He threw a good deal of warmth into the last remark, as though perhaps to indicate his hope that Gortsby did not fall far short of the requisite decency<sup>⑪</sup>.

[14] "Of course," said Gortsby slowly, "the weak point of your story is that you can't produce the soap."

[15] The young man sat forward hurriedly, felt rapidly in the pockets of his overcoat, and then jumped to his feet.

[16] "I must have lost it," he muttered angrily.

[17] "To lose a hotel and a cake of soap on one afternoon suggests willful carelessness," said Gortsby, but the young man scarcely waited to hear the end of the remark. He flitted away down the path, his head held high, with an air of somewhat jaded<sup>2</sup> jauntiness<sup>2</sup>.

[18] "It was a pity," mused Gortsby; "the going out to get one's own soap was the one convincing touch in the whole story, and yet it was just that little detail that brought him to grief. If he had had the brilliant forethought to provide himself with a cake of soap, wrapped and sealed with all the solicitude<sup>2</sup> of the chemist's counter, he would have been a genius in his particular line. In his particular line genius certainly consists of an infinite capacity for taking precautions."

[19] With that reflection Gortsby rose to go; as he did so an exclamation of concern escaped him. Lying on the ground by the side of the bench was a small oval packet, wrapped and sealed with the solicitude of a chemist's counter. It could be nothing else but a cake of soap, and it had evidently fallen out of the youth's overcoat pocket when he flung himself down on the seat. In another moment Gortsby was scud-ding<sup>2</sup> along the dusk-shrouded path in anxious quest for a youthful figure in a light overcoat. He had nearly given up the search when he caught sight of the object of his pursuit standing irresolutely<sup>2</sup> on the border of the carriage drive, evidently uncertain whether to strike across the Park or make for the bustling pavements of *Knightsbridge*. He turned round sharply with an air of defensive hostility when he found Gortsby hailing him.

[20] "The important witness to the genuineness of your story has turned up," said Gortsby, holding out the cake of soap; "it must have slid out of your overcoat pocket when you sat down on the seat. I saw it on the ground after you left. You must excuse my disbelief, but appearances were really rather against you, and now, as I appealed to the

testimony<sup>②</sup> of the soap I think I ought to abide by its verdict. If the loan of a sovereign<sup>③</sup> is any good to you ...”

[21] The young man hastily removed all doubt on the subject by pocketing the coin.

[22] “Here is my card with my address,” continued Gortsby, “any day this week will do for returning the money, and here is the soap—don’t lose it again it’s been a good friend to you.”

[23] “Lucky thing your finding it,” said the youth, and then, with a catch in his voice, he blurted out a word or two of thanks and fled headlong in the direction of Knightsbridge.

[24] “Poor boy, he as nearly as possible broke down,” said Gortsby to himself. “I don’t wonder either; the relief from his quandary must have been acute. It’s a lesson to me not to be too clever in judging by circumstances.”

[25] As Gortsby retraced<sup>④</sup> his steps past the seat where the little drama had taken place he saw an elderly gentleman poking and peering beneath it and on all sides of it, and recognized his earlier fellow occupant.

[26] “Have you lost anything, sir?” he asked.

[27] “Yes, sir, a cake of soap.”

## Vocabulary

- ① mitigate *v.* to become milder, alleviate
- ② unobtrusively *ad.* not undesirably noticeable
- ③ scrutiny *n.* a close, careful examination or study
- ④ paling *n.* a fence
- ⑤ thoroughfare *n.* main road or public highway
- ⑥ half-crown *n.* 两先令六便士
- ⑦ carnation *n.* 粉红色; 康乃馨
- ⑧ buttonhole *n.* the flower placed in the buttonhole
- ⑨ forlorn *a.* appearing sad or lonely because deserted or abandoned
- ⑩ lamenter *n.* 悲哀者

- ⑪ snub *v.* to ignore or behave coldly toward
- ⑫ expletive *n.* an exclamation
- ⑬ disarming *a.* tending to alleviate suspicion or hostility
- ⑭ fix *n.* a difficult or embarrassing situation
- ⑮ predicament *n.* an unpleasant or troublesome situation
- ⑯ wire *v.* to send by telegraph
- ⑰ reminiscence *n.* the act or process of recollecting past experiences or events
- ⑱ consul *n.* 领事
- ⑲ requisite *a.* required; essential
- ⑳ improbable *a.* unlikely to take place or be true
- ㉑ decency *n.* polite, moral behavior and attitudes showing respect for other people
- ㉒ jaded *a.* worn out; weary
- ㉓ jauntiness *n.* a state of being self-confident or brisk
- ㉔ solicitude *n.* care or concern, as for the well-being of another
- ㉕ scud *v.* to run swiftly
- ㉖ irresolutely *ad.* indecisively
- ㉗ testimony *n.* evidence in support of a fact or an assertion; proof
- ㉘ sovereign *n.* 英国旧时面值一英镑的金币
- ㉙ retrace *v.* to trace back

## Notes

1. Saki: 萨基 (1870~1916), 苏格兰作家。萨基是他的笔名, 真名是赫克托·休·芒罗 (Hector Hugh Munro)。他出生于缅甸, 后移居伦敦, 死于第一次世界大战的战壕中。萨基擅长短篇小说。其小说讽刺性强, 构思精美, 往往在结尾处笔锋一转, 给人以出乎意料的结局。
2. Hyde Park Corner: 伦敦地铁站名 (紧靠海德公园)
3. come forth: 涌现, 出现
4. pass muster: 通过检查被认为是合格的
5. embark on: 从事, 着手
6. Berkshire: 伯克郡 (英国郡名)
7. spin a yarn: 编故事
8. Knightsbridge: 骑士桥 (伦敦海德公园旁的一个街区)



## Exercises

### I. Choose the best answer for each of the following:

1. In the short story, the author mainly intends to tell the readers about \_\_\_\_\_.
  - A. The misfortunes experienced by many defeated people in the dusk.
  - B. Gortsby's return of the soap to its owner in the dusk.
  - C. A satiric life drama happened to Gortsby in the dusk.
  - D. The special scene and an elderly gentleman in the dusk.
2. After listening to the young man's narration of his misfortunes, \_\_\_\_\_.
  - A. Gortsby believed everything as he had a similar experience before.
  - B. Gortsby showed great sympathy for him and tried to help him break away from his trouble.
  - C. Gortsby thought the young man made up the story and he was an unskilled liar.
  - D. Gortsby started to look for the proof in order to support his judgment.
3. The young man flung himself into the seat because \_\_\_\_\_.
  - A. he wanted to unburden his resentment against all the misfortunes
  - B. he wanted to have a vacant seat to himself as quickly as possible
  - C. he wanted to frighten Gortsby away from the seat
  - D. he wanted to draw the attention from Gortsby by pretending to be indignant
4. Which of the following statement is NOT TRUE according to the passage?
  - A. Gortsby counted himself among the defeated because of financial problems.
  - B. The young man will not return the money to Gortsby at all.
  - C. Gortsby was too clever in judging by circumstances.
  - D. Gortsby didn't return the soap to its real owner.
5. We can infer that Gortsby may feel \_\_\_\_\_ at the end of the story.
  - A. angry
  - B. shocked
  - C. sorrowful
  - D. worried

### II. Choose the closest meaning for the italicized part according to the context:

1. On the bench by his side sat an elderly gentleman with a drooping air of defiance that was probably the remaining vestige of self-respect in an individual who had