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Enjoy English

欣赏英语

张新萍 编著



中国水利水电出版社
www.waterpub.com.cn

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内 容 提 要

本书共分四个单元,有二十篇文章(其中一篇为长篇摘选),均选自原版英文书籍,大多数文章是在国外颇有影响、经久不衰,而在国内却难以看到,目前还没有引进、介绍的脍炙人口的佳作。为免除读者查词典之繁扰,保证阅读的乐趣,每篇文章后附有正文中出现的不常用的词汇表,有助于理解原文,而不必特意去死记硬背。每篇文章后均有一些思考题,是为了帮助读者读懂原文,并引导读者作进一步的思考,从而加深理解。其中很多问题没有惟一正确的“标准”答案,仁者见仁、智者见智,关键在于思考的过程,而不是其结论。每篇文章后还附有阅读速度对照表,便于读者对照检查自己的阅读速度。

本书可供大专院校非英语专业专、本科及以上学历的在校学生阅读、欣赏,也可供社会上英语爱好者阅读、欣赏。

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前 言

如今，人们越来越重视英语学习了。尤其是在校大学生，即使是非英语专业的，也常把英语放在首位，每日苦学苦读，经常一大早捧着课本卖力地背单词，精神可嘉。然而，效果呢？往往并不尽如人意。经常有学生很苦恼地抱怨说：今天学了明天忘，不知道怎么样才能把这“讨厌”的英语学好。

我想，问题就出在这“讨厌”二字上。当学习成为一种苦差事，不得已而为之的时候，其效果也就可想而知了。学习方法固然重要，但最关键的还是要靠兴趣。兴趣有了，乐趣也就来了。能够从中享受到乐趣，废寝忘食而不觉其苦，这才是学习的“化境”。倘若进入这一境界，还有什么学不好呢！

可是，如何才能进入这一境界呢？

很多人认为，英语就是一大堆的单词和语法规则，靠的全是死记硬背，哪有什么乐趣可言呢？其实，语言实在是一种奇妙的东西，它丰富而微妙的内涵、灵活多样的表达方式，很值得细细玩味品赏。英语首先是一种语言，同任何语言一样，是人们思想交流的工具，也是美的载体。单词和语法只是其构成形式。过分注重其形式而忽略其内涵，则如同买椟还珠，自然也就体会不出其精妙之处了。因此，只有学会了解其思想内涵，体味其美的意境，才能够从中获得乐趣。而阅读文学作品则算得上是达到这一目的的最佳方法了。

阅读是编者最大的乐趣，尤其是阅读英文原著。每当读到特别好的作品时，常常击节叹赏，遗憾不能与更多的人分享。特别是在校的学生，一是这些原著不容易借到；二是毕竟难度高，大多数人读起来有困难。而读简写本则不够原汁原味，更何况有简写本的作品实在有限。

授人以鱼，不如授人以渔。为了和更多的人分享编者的乐趣，更重要的是帮助他们摆脱学英语的苦恼，使之成为一种享受和乐趣，从而真正有效地提高他们的英语水平，编者从几年前开始，就面向非英语专业的本科生开设了一门选修课，取名为“Enjoy English”，也就是帮助大家从学英语中得到乐趣，享受英语的意思。在这门课上，编者把精选的一些作品介绍给学生，通过精心设计的问题引导并帮助他们去理解和欣赏，取得了颇为令人鼓舞的效果。有不少学生兴奋地说：选修了这门课之后，他们才发现原来学英语有这么多的乐趣。对于阅读英语作品他们已经产生了浓厚的兴趣，很多学生已经到处寻找英文原著来阅读了。在同事和同学们的一致建议下，编者将近几年来所选文章和讲义进一步加以整理和改进，编著成书，愿更多的英语学习者从中受益。

本书共分四个单元，有二十篇文章（其中一篇为长篇摘选），均选自原版英文书籍，大多数文章是在国外颇有影响、经久不衰，而在国内却难以看到，目前还没有引进、介绍的脍炙人口的佳作。

为免除读者查词典之繁扰，保证阅读的乐趣，每篇文章后附有正文中出现的不常用的词汇表，有助于理解原文，而不必特意去死记硬背。

每篇文章后均有一些思考题，是为了帮助读者读懂原文，并引导读者作进一步的思考，从而加深理解而精心设计的。其中很多问题没有惟一正确的“标准”答案，仁者见仁、智者见智，关键在于思考的过程，而不是其结论。

每篇文章后还附有阅读速度对照表，便于读者对照检查自己的阅读速度。

在本书付梓之际，对所有支持、帮助本书编写和出版的同志表示感谢。没有同事们的一再鼓励和支持，就没有这本书。因此，谨向周自强、杨永东、赵婵、陈春、梁敏等各位领导和同事表示衷心感谢。中国水利水电出版社的同志为本书的出版给予了鼎力支持和无私帮助，在此一并表示诚挚的谢意。

由于水平和资料所限，不足之处，在所难免。如蒙指正，不胜感激。

编者

2002年11月于河海大学常州校区

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UNIT ONE

CHILDREN AND ADVENTURES

I. STOLEN DAY

Sherwood Anderson

It must be that all children are actors. The whole thing started with a boy on our street named Walter, who had inflammatory rheumatism. That's what they called it. He didn't have to go to school.

Still, he could walk about. He could go fishing in the creek or the waterworks pond. There was a place up at the pond where in the spring the water came tumbling over the dam and formed a deep pool. It was a good place. Sometimes you could get some good big ones there.

I went down that way on my way to school one spring morning. It was out of my way, but I wanted to see if Walter was there.

He was, inflammatory rheumatism and all. There he was, sitting with a fish pole in his hand. He had been able to walk down there all right.

It was then that my own legs began to hurt. My back, too. I went on to school, but, at the recess time, I began to cry. I did it when the teacher, Sarah Suggett, had come out into the schoolhouse yard.

She came right over to me.

"I ache all over," I said. I did, too.

I kept on crying and it worked all right.

"You'd better go on home," she said.

So I went. I limped painfully away. I kept on limping until I got out of the schoolhouse street.

Then I felt better. I still had inflammatory rheumatism pretty bad, but I could get along better.

I must have done some thinking on the way home.

"I'd better not say I have inflammatory rheumatism," I decided. "Maybe if you've got that you swell up."

I thought I'd better go around to where Walter was and ask him about that, so I did—but he wasn't there.

"They must not be biting today." I thought.

I had a feeling that, if I said I had inflammatory rheumatism, Mother or my brothers and my sister Stella might laugh. They did laugh at me pretty often and I didn't like it at all. "Just the same," I began to hurt and ache again.

I went home and sat on the front steps of our house. I sat there a long time. There wasn't anyone at home but Mother and the two little ones. Ray would have been four or five then and Earl might have been three.

It was Earl who saw me there. I had got tired sitting and was lying on the porch. Earl was always a quiet, solemn fellow.

He must have said something to Mother, for presently she came.

"What's the matter with you? Why aren't you in school?" she asked.

I came pretty near telling her right out that I had inflammatory rheumatism but I thought I'd better not. Mother and Father had been speaking of Walter's case at the table just the day before. "It affects the heart," Father had said. That frightened me when I thought of it. "I might die," I thought. "I might just suddenly die right here; my heart might stop beating."

On the day before, I had been running a race with my brother Irve. We were up at the fairgrounds after school and there was a half-mile track.

"I'll bet you can't run a half mile," he said. "I bet you I could beat you running clear around the track."

And so we did it and I beat him, but afterward my heart did seem to beat pretty hard. I remembered that lying there on the porch. "It's a wonder, with my inflammatory rheumatism and all, I didn't just drop down dead," I thought. The thought frightened me a lot. I ached worse than ever.

"I ache, Ma," I said. "I just ache."

She made me go in the house and upstairs and get into bed.

It wasn't so good. It was spring. I was up there for perhaps an hour, maybe two, and then I felt better.

I got up and went downstairs. "I feel better, Ma," I said.

Mother said she was glad. She was pretty busy that day and hasn't paid much attention to me. She had made me get into bed upstairs and then hadn't even come up to see how I was.

I didn't think much of that when I was up there, but when I got downstairs where she was, and when, after I had said I felt better and she only said she was glad and went right on with her work, I began to ache again.

I thought, "I'll bet I die of it. I bet I do."

I went out to the front porch and sat down. I was pretty sore at Mother.

"If she really knew the truth, that I have inflammatory rheumatism and I may just drop down dead any time, I'll bet she wouldn't care about that either." I thought.

I was getting more and more angry the more thinking I did.

"I know what I'm going to do," I thought; "I'm going to go fishing."

I thought that, feeling the way I did, I might be sitting on the high bank just above the deep pool where the water went over the dam, and suddenly my heart would stop beating.

And then, of course, I'd pitch forward, over the bank into the pool and, if I wasn't dead when I hit the water, I'd drown for sure.

They would all come home to supper and they'd miss me.

"But where is he?"

Then Mother would remember that I'd come home from school aching.

She'd go upstairs and I wouldn't be there. One day during the year before, there was a child got drowned in a spring. It was one of the Wyatt children.

Right down at the end of the street there was a spring under a birch tree and there had been a barrel sunk in the ground.

Everyone had always been saying the spring ought to be kept covered, but it wasn't.

So the Wyatt child went down there, played around alone, and fell in and got drowned.

Mother was the one who had found the drowned child. She had gone to get a pail of water and there the child was, drowned and dead.

This had been in the evening when we were all at home, and Mother had come running up the street with the dead, dripping child in her arms. She was making for the Wyatt house as hard as she could run, and she was pale.

She had a terrible look on her face, I remembered then.

"So," I thought, "they'll miss me and there'll be a search made. Very likely there'll someone who has seen me sitting by the pond fishing and there'll be a big alarm and all the town will turn out and they'll drag the pond."

I was having a grand time, having died. Maybe, after they found me and had got me out of the deep pool, Mother would grab me up in her arms and run home with me as she had run with the Wyatt child.

I got up from the porch and went around the house. I got my fishing pole and lit out for the pool below the dam. Mother was busy — she always was — and didn't see me go. When I got there, I thought I'd better not sit too near the edge of the high bank.

By this time I didn't ache hardly at all, but I thought:

"With inflammatory rheumatism you can't tell," I thought.

"It probably comes and goes," I thought.

"Walter has it and he goes fishing," I thought.

I had got my line into the pool and suddenly I got a bite. It was a regular whopper. I knew that. I'd never had a bite like that.

I knew what it was. It was one of Mr. Fenn's big carp.

Mr. Fenn was a man who had a big pond of his own. He sold ice in the summer, and the pond was to make the ice. He had bought some big carp and put them into his pond and then, earlier in the spring when there was a freshet, his dam had gone out. So the carp had got into our creek and one or two big ones had been caught — but none of them by a boy like me.

The carp was pulling and I was pulling and I was afraid he'd break my line, so I just tumbled down the high bank, holding onto the line, and got right into the pool. We had it out, there in the pool. We struggled. We wrestled. Then I got a hand under his gills and got him out. He was a big one all right. He was nearly half as big as I was myself. I had him on the bank and I kept one hand under his gills and I ran.

I never ran so hard in my life. He was slippery, and now and then he wriggled out of my arms; once I stumbled and fell on him, but I got him home.

So there it was. I was a big hero that day. Mother got a washtub and filled it with water. She put the fish in it and all the neighbors came to look. I got into dry clothes and went down to supper - and then I made the break that spoiled my day.

There we were, all of us, at the table, and suddenly Father asked what had been the matter with me at school. He had met the teacher, Sarah Suggett, on the street and she had told him how I had become ill.

"What was the matter with you?" Father asked, and before I thought what I was saying I let it out.

"I had the inflammatory rheumatism," I said—and a shout went up. It made me sick to hear them, the way they all laughed.

It brought back all the aching again, and like a fool I began to cry.

"Well, I *have* got it—I *have, have,*" I cried, and I got up from the table and ran upstairs.

I stayed there until Mother came up. I knew it would be a long time before I heard the last of the inflammatory rheumatism. I was sick all right, but the aching I now had wasn't in my legs or in my back.

Check Your Speed

Minutes/Seconds	15:30	13:00	10:20	8:30	7:45	6:00	5:00
Words Per Minute	100	120	150	180	200	250	300

Glossary

birch: 桦树

break: 不理智的话或行动

carp: 鲤鱼

dam: 水坝, 水闸

drag: use nets, tools, etc. to search the bottom of a river, lake, etc.

fairgrounds: 博览会场

freshet: 春汛

gill: 鳃

inflammatory: 发炎的

pitch: fall heavily

rheumatism: 风湿

solemn: grave, serious-looking

sore: irritated, aggrieved

swell: 肿

tumble: fall quickly or violently

waterworks: 自来水厂

whopper: anything unusually big

Comprehension

1. Did you enjoy school when you were a little child?
Why or why not?
2. Have you ever tried to skip a day from school?
If yes, how did you do it?
3. Have you ever hoped that you were ill so that you didn't have to go to school?
4. Why did the boy's legs and back hurt?
5. Why did the boy decide that he had inflammatory rheumatism?
Did he really believe that he had it? Find evidences in the story.
6. When you were a little child, what did you usually do when you felt unwell?
How would your family and teacher react?
7. Why didn't the boy tell his mother that he had inflammatory rheumatism ?
8. Have you ever felt sorry for yourself and wanted attention?
If yes, what do you usually do?
9. What evidences were there in the story to show that the boy felt sorry for himself and wanted attention?
10. What did the boy decide to do? Why?
11. How did the boy get better?
What was the reason?
12. Was it a good day to him?
Why or why not?
13. How did Father's question ruin his day?
14. Should the family have laughed at him or not?
What should they have done? Explain your answer.
15. Explain the title of the story.

II. THE BIG BEAR

Charles Major

Away back in the "twenties", when Indiana was a baby state¹, and great forests of tall trees and tangled *underbrush* darkened what are now her bright plains and sunny hills, there stood upon the east bank of Big Blue River, a mile or two north of the point where that stream crosses the Michigan road, a cozy log cabin of two rooms — one front and one back.

The house faced the west, and stretching off toward the river for a distance equal to twice the width of an ordinary street, was a blue-grass lawn, upon which stood a dozen or more elm and sycamore trees, with a few honey-locusts scattered here and there. Immediately at the water's edge was a steep slope of ten or twelve feet. Back of the house, mile upon mile, stretched the deep dark forest, inhabited by deer and bears, without number.

In the river the fish were so numerous that they seemed to entreat the boys to catch them, and to take them out of their crowded quarters. There were bass and black suckers, sunfish and catfish, to say nothing of the sweetest of all, the big-mouthed redeye.

South of the house stood a log barn, with room in it for three horses and two cows; and enclosing this barn, together with a piece of ground, five or six acres in extent, was a palisade fence, eight or ten feet high, made by driving poles into the ground close together. In this enclosure the farmer kept his stock, consisting of a few sheep and cattle, and here also the chickens, geese, and ducks were driven at nightfall to save them from "varmints," as all prowling animals were called by the settlers.

The man who had built this log hut, and who lived in it and owned the adjoining land at the time of which I write, bore the name of Balser Brent. Balser was the hero of the bear story which I am about to tell you.

Mr. Brent and his young wife had moved to the Blue River settlement from North Carolina, when young Balser was a little boy five or six years of age. They had purchased the "eighty" upon which they lived, from the United States, at a sale of public land held in the town of Brookville on Whitewater, and had paid for it what was then considered a good round sum — one dollar per acre. They had received a deed for their "eighty" from no less a person than James Monroe, then President of the United States. This deed, which is called a patent, was written on sheepskin, signed by the President's own hand, and is still preserved by the descendants of Mr. Brent as one of the title-deeds to the land it conveyed. The house, as I have told you, consisted of two large rooms, or buildings, separated by a passageway six or eight feet broad which was roofed over, but open at both ends — on the north and south. The back room was the kitchen, and the front room was the parlor, bedroom, sitting room and library all in one.

¹ Indiana was admitted to the union in 1816.

At the time when my story opens Little Balser, as he was called to distinguish him from his father, was thirteen or fourteen years of age, and was the happy possessor of a younger brother, Jim, aged nine, and a little sister one year old, of whom he was very proud indeed.

On the south side of the front room was a large fireplace. The chimney was built of sticks, thickly covered with clay. The fireplace was almost as large as a small room in one of our cramped modern houses, and was broad and deep enough to take in backlogs which were so large and heavy that they could not be lifted, but were drawn in at the door and rolled over the floor to the fireplace.

The prudent father usually kept two extra backlogs, one on each side of the fireplace, ready to be rolled in as the blaze died down; and on these logs the children would sit at night, with a rough slate made from a flat stone, and do their "ciphering," as the study of arithmetic was then called. The fire usually furnished all the light they had, for candles and "dips," being expensive luxuries, were used only when company was present.

The fire, however, gave sufficient light, and its flare upon a cold night extended halfway up the chimney, sending a ruddy, cozy glow to every nook and corner of the room.

The back room was the storehouse and kitchen; and from the beams along the walls hung rich hams and juicy sidemeat, jerked venison, dried apples, onions, and other provisions for the winter. There was a glorious fireplace in this room also, and a crane upon which to hang pots and cooking utensils.

The floor of the front room was made of logs split in halves with the flat, hewn side up; but the floor of the kitchen was of clay, packed hard and smooth.

The settlers had no stoves, but did their cooking in round pots called Dutch ovens. They roasted their meats on a spit or steel bar like the ramrod of a gun. The spit was kept turning before the fire, presenting first one side of the meat and then the other, until it was thoroughly cooked. Turning the spit was the children's work.

South of the palisade enclosing the barn was the clearing—a tract of twenty or thirty acres of land, from which Mr. Brent had cut and burned the trees. On this clearing the stumps stood thick as the hair on an angry dog's back; but the hard-working farmer plowed between and around them, and each year raised upon the fertile soil enough wheat and corn to supply the wants of his family and his stock, and still had a little grain left to take to Brookville, sixty miles away, where he had bought his land, there to exchange for such necessities of life as could not be grown upon the farm or found in the forests.

The daily food of the family all came from the farm, the forests, or the creek. Their sugar was obtained from the sap of the sugar-trees; their meat was supplied in the greatest abundance by a few hogs, and by the inexhaustible game of which the forests were full. In the woods were found deer just for the shooting; and squirrels, rabbits, wild turkeys, pheasants, and quails, so numerous that a few hours' hunting would supply the table for days. The fish in the river, as I told you, fairly longed to be caught.

One day Mrs. Brent took down the dinner horn and blew upon it two strong blasts. This was the signal that Little Balser, who was helping his father down in the clearing, should come to the house. Balser was glad enough to drop his hoe and to run home. When he reached the house his mother said:

"Balser, go up to the drift and catch a mess of fish for dinner. Your father is tired of deer meat three times a day, and I know he would like a nice dish of fried redeyes at noon."

"All right, mother," said Balser. And he immediately took down his fishing-pole and line, and got the spade to dig bait. When he had collected a small gourdful of angle-worms, his mother called to him:

"You had better take a gun. You may meet a bear; your father loaded the gun this morning, and you must be careful in handling it."

Balser took the gun, which was a heavy rifle considerably longer than himself, and started up the river toward the drift, about a quarter of a mile away.

There had been rain during the night and the ground near the drift was soft.

Here, Little Balser noticed fresh bear tracks, and his breath began to come quickly. You may be sure he peered closely into every dark thicket, and looked behind all the large trees and logs, and had his eyes wide open lest perchance "Mr. Bear" should step out and surprise him with an affectionate hug, and thereby put an end to Little Balser forever.

So he walked on cautiously, and, if the truth must be told, somewhat tremblingly, until he reached the drift.

Balser was but a little fellow, yet the stern necessities of a settler's life had compelled his father to teach him the use of a gun; and, although Balser had never killed a bear, he had shot several deer, and upon one occasion had killed a wildcat, "almost as big as a cow," he said.

I have no doubt the wildcat seemed "almost as big as a cow" to Balser when he killed it, for it must have frightened him greatly, as wildcats were sometimes dangerous animals for children to encounter. Although Balser had never met a bear face to face and alone, yet he felt, and many a time had said, that there wasn't a bear in the world big enough to frighten him, if he but had his gun.

He had often imagined and minutely detailed to his parents and little brother just what he would do if he should meet a bear. He would wait calmly and quietly until his bearship should come within a few yards of him, and then he would slowly lift his gun. Bang! And Mr. Bear would be dead with a bullet in his heart.

But when he saw the fresh bear tracks, and began to realize that he would probably have an opportunity to put his theories about bear killing into practice, he began to wonder if, after all, he would become frightened and miss his aim. Then he thought of how the bear, in that case, would be calm and deliberate, and would put his theories into practice by walking very politely up to him, and making a very satisfactory dinner of a certain boy whom he could name. But as he walked on and no bear appeared, his courage grew stronger as the prospect of meeting the enemy

grew less, and he again began saying to himself that no bear could frighten him, because he had his gun and he could and would kill it.

So Balser reached the drift; and having looked carefully about him, leaned his gun against a tree, unwound his fishing-line from the pole, and walked out to the end of a log which extended into the river some twenty or thirty feet.

Here he threw in his line, and soon was so busily engaged drawing out sunfish and red eyes, and now and then a bass, which was hungry enough to bite at a worm, that all thought of the bear went out of his mind.

After he had caught enough fish for a sumptuous dinner he bethought him of going home, and as he turned toward the shore, imagine, if you can, his consternation when he saw upon the bank, quietly watching him, a huge black bear.

If the wildcat had seemed as large as a cow to Balser, of what size do you suppose that bear appeared? A cow! An elephant, surely, was small compared with the huge black fellow standing upon the bank.

It is true Balser had never seen an elephant but his father had, and so had his friend Tom Fox, who lived down the river; and they all agreed that an elephant was "put nigh as big as all outdoors."

The bear had a peculiar, determined expression about him that seemed to say:

"That boy can't get away; he's out on the log where the water is deep, and if he jumps into the river I can easily jump in after him and catch him before he can swim a dozen strokes. He'll have to come off the log in a short time, and then I'll proceed to devour him."

About the same train of thought had also been rapidly passing through Balser's mind. His gun was on the bank where he had left it, and in order to reach it he would have to pass the bear. He dared not jump into the water, for any attempt to escape on his part would bring the bear upon him instantly. He was very much frightened, but, after all, was a cool-headed little fellow for his age; so he concluded that he would not press matters, as the bear did not seem inclined to do so, but so long as the bear remained watching him on the bank would stay upon the log where he was, and allow the enemy to eye him to his heart's content.

There they stood, the boy and the bear, each eyeing the other as though they were the best of friends, and would like to eat each other, which, in fact, was literally true.

Time sped very slowly for one of them, you may be sure; and it seemed to Balser that he had been standing almost an age in the middle of Blue River on that wretched shaking log, when he heard his mother's dinner horn, reminding him that it was time to go home.

Balser quite agreed with his mother and gladly would he have gone, I need not tell you; but there stood the bear, patient, determined, and fierce; and Little Balser soon was convinced in his mind that his time had come to die.

He hoped that when his father would go home to dinner and find him still absent, he would come up the river in search of him, and frighten away the bear. Hardly had this hope sprung up in his mind, when it seemed that the same thought

had also occurred to the bear, for he began to move down toward the shore end of the log upon which Balser was standing.

Slowly came the bear until he reached the end of the log, which for a moment he examined suspiciously, and then, to Balser's great alarm, cautiously stepped out upon it and began to walk toward him.

Balser thought of the folks at home, and, above all, of his baby sister; and when he felt that he should never see them again, and that they would in all probability never know of his fate, he began to grow heavy-hearted and was almost paralyzed with fear.

On came the bear, putting one great paw in front of the other, and watching Balser intently with his little black eyes. His tongue hung out, and his great red mouth was open to its widest, showing the sharp, long, glittering teeth that would soon be feasting on a first-class boy dinner.

When the bear got within a few feet of Balser—so close he could almost feel the animal's hot breath as it slowly approached—the boy grew desperate with fear, and struck at the bear with the only weapon he had—his string of fish.

Now, bears love fish and blackberries above all other food; so when Balser's string of fish struck the bear in the mouth, he grabbed at them, and in doing so lost his foothold on the slippery log and fell into the water with a great splash and plunge.

This was Balser's chance for life, so he flung the fish to the bear, and ran for the bank with a speed worthy of the cause.

When he reached the bank his self-confidence returned, and he remembered all the things he had said he would do if he should meet a bear.

The bear had caught the fish, and again had climbed upon the log, where he was deliberately devouring them.

This was Little Balser's chance for death—to the bear. Quickly snatching up the gun, he rested it in the fork of a small tree nearby, took deliberate aim at the bear, which was not five yards away, and shot him through the heart. The bear dropped into the water dead, and floated downstream a little way, where he lodged at a ripple a short distance below.

Balser, after he had killed the bear, became more frightened than he had been at any time during the adventure, and ran home screaming. That afternoon his father went to the scene of battle and took the bear out of the water. It was very fat and large, and weighed, so Mr. Brent said, over six hundred pounds.

Balser was firmly of the opinion that he himself was also very fat and large, and weighed at least as much as the bear. He was certainly entitled to feel "big"; for he had got himself out of an ugly scrape in a brave, manly, cool-headed manner, and had achieved a victory of which a man might have been proud.

The news of Balser's adventure soon spread among the neighbors and he became quite a hero; for the bear he had killed was one of the largest that had ever been seen in that neighborhood, and, besides the gallons of rich bear oil it yielded, there were three or four hundred pounds of bear meat; and no other food is more strengthening for winter diet.

There was also the soft, furry skin, which Balser's mother tanned, and with it made a coverlid for Balser's bed, under which he and his little brother lay many a cold night, cozy and "snug as a bug in a rug."

Check Your Speed

Minutes/Seconds	30:00	25:00	20:00	17:00	15:00	12:00	10:00
Words Per Minute	100	120	150	180	200	250	300

Glossary

adjoin: be next or nearest (to)

angle-worm: fishing-worm

bait: 鱼饵

bass: 鲈鱼类

black sucker: 鲫鱼

blaze: flame

blue-grass: 早熟禾属的各种蓝色秆禾草

catfish: 鲶鱼

consternation: surprise and fear, dismay

convey: (law) give (to sb.) full legal rights (in land or property)

cramp: keep in a narrow space

crane: 弯钩

deed: (legal) written or printed signed agreement, esp. Concerning ownership of land and/or building

deliberate: careful

devour: eat hungrily or greedily

dip: a candle made by dipping a string into melted wax or fat

drift: earth, sand, stones and rock left by running water

elm: 榆树

entreat: ask earnestly

furnish: supply or provide

gourd: 葫芦

hew: cut (by striking or chopping)

hoe: 锄

hog: pig reared for meat

honey-locust: 刺槐

jerk: cure (esp. beef) by cutting it into long slices and drying it in the sun

nook: out-of-the-way place; inside corner

palisade: 木栅

paralyze: 瘫痪

pheasant: 雉鸡

plunge: put or go suddenly and with force.