

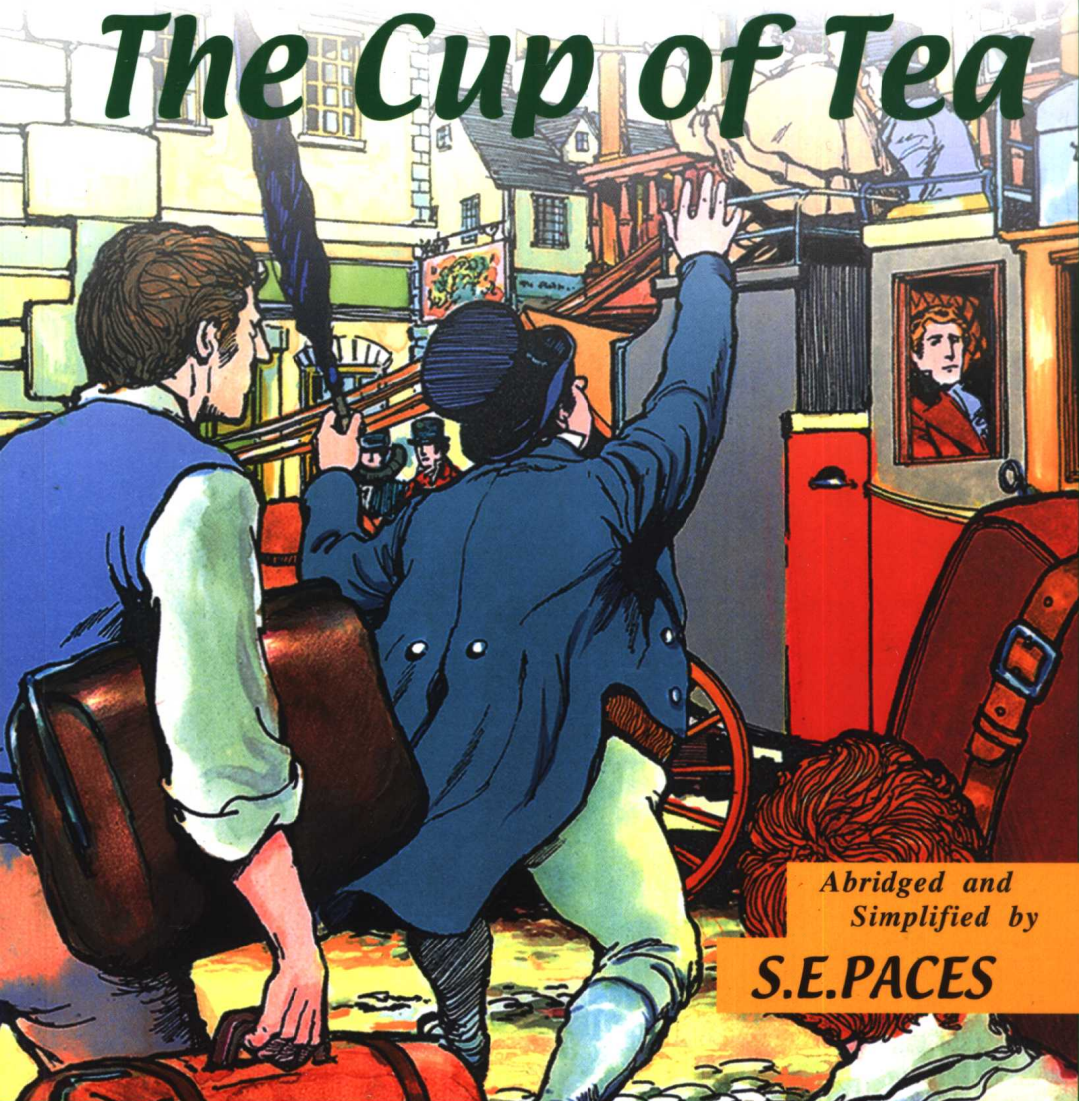
English

英语课外自学文库

第二辑 II

随书赠送
伴读动画
CD-ROM

The Cup of Tea



Abridged and
Simplified by

S.E.PACES

SOCIAL SCIENCES DOCUMENTATION PUBLISHING HOUSE 社会科学文献出版社

英语课外自学文库·第二辑·Ⅱ

张道真 主编

The Cup of Tea

《茶的魅力》

阿封索·博特洛 等著

Abridged and Simplified by

S. E. PACES

社会科学文献出版社

Social Sciences Documentation Publishing House

英语课外自学文库·第二辑·II

The Cup of Tea 《茶的魅力》

主 编 / 张道真
原 著 / [葡] 阿封索·博特洛等
缩 写 / [英] S. E. Paces

出 版 人 / 谢寿光
出 版 者 / 社会科学文献出版社
地 址 / 北京市东城区先晓胡同 10 号
邮政编码 / 100005
网 址 / <http://www.ssdph.com.cn>
责任部门 / 英语图书事业部
(010)65281160
项目经理 / 陈海力
责任编辑 / 陈海力
编辑助理 / 孙 霞
光盘编辑 / 郭 鹏
营销策划 / 吴海燕
责任印制 / 同 非

总 经 销 / 社会科学文献出版社发行部
(010)65139961 65139963
经 销 / 各地书店
读者服务 / 客户服务中心
(010)65285539
法律顾问 / 北京建元律师事务所
排 版 / 北京中文天地文化艺术有限公司
印 刷 / 北京美通印刷有限公司

开 本 / 880×1230 毫米 1/32 开
印 张 / 3.125
版 次 / 2003 年 7 月第 1 版
印 次 / 2003 年 7 月第 1 次印刷

书 号 / ISBN 7-80190-031-6/G·002
著作权合 / 01-2003-1257
同登记号 /
定 价 / 本辑共四册 50.00 元
(每册 12.50 元,各配送伴读光盘一张)

本书如有破损、缺页、装订错误,
请与本社客户服务中心联系更换



版权所有 翻印必究

序

这次应社会科学文献出版社之邀，主编了这套《英语课外自学文库》，旨在为英语学习者创造一个良好的英语阅读环境。

长期以来，我深感国内缺乏适当的英语读物，在书店能够看到的英文原版图书不是价格昂贵，就是鸿篇巨制，对在校的学生及英语学习者来讲，这样既会造成畏难情绪又不实用，对培养他们学习英语的兴趣、提高他们的英语水平极为不利。社会科学文献出版社针对这种情形，同时配合他们的“自学英语行动计划”，精心策划出版《英语课外自学文库》，并诚邀我担纲主编，他们用心良苦，我也欣然应允。

《英语课外自学文库》首批编辑出版的各辑图书都是依据在世界各地流传广泛而深受欢迎的英语文学作品缩写而成（以后还要出版各类英文版知识性读物），是长期在非英语国家从事英语教育的英国专家 S. E. Paces 特意为中国学生精心打造的。

这样的简写读本实际上也非常适合中国的初学英语的成年人。有些内容只要掌握上千词汇甚至几百词汇就能阅读，同时，语法结构也简单化。更为可取的是，每册图书都配有一张动画光盘，既可以像唱卡拉 OK 那样随字幕跟读，又可以在光盘上做相应的练习，而且光盘还具有修改练习错误的功能。总之，是一套听说读写兼顾，很实用又很有趣味的英语读物。

读原文著作，听原声讲话，通过英语学习英语，是吸收英语知识，掌握英语规律最有效的途径。大量阅读英语著作的作用很多，首先是培养阅读的兴趣和能力。认真读完这几十本简写著作，在为

精彩的故事所吸引的同时，英文阅读自然也打下了初步基础；其次是巩固课内所学知识，提高整体英文水平。课堂上所学的知识，孤零零很难巩固，如果在阅读中反复印证，就会既丰富了语法知识，又扩大了词汇量，不知不觉中语言修养就得到了稳步提高；再有就是通过阅读，能开拓视野，体会异域风情和文化背景，扩大知识面，反过来又为进一步学好英语打下基础。另外，在这里我要建议读者要充分利用原声朗读光盘来学习语音，提高口语能力。在读完一本书或一段文字之后，结合跟读录音，像讲故事一样的进行复述。试试看，你的英文水平会有神速的进步。

我念书的时候条件艰难，英文原著不容易找，我是千方百计地寻觅。现在，国家逐步富裕起来，有条件出版更多更好的英语读物给莘莘学子，让他们很容易从学校图书馆里借来阅读，让他们很容易从书店里买来做藏书随时翻阅。希望这套颇具规模的《英语课外自学文库》成为可以让学生们尽情遨游的英语学习海洋，成为广大读者乐而忘返的英语学习乐园。那么，作为主编，更作为一名英语教育工作者，我将倍感欣慰。

张道真

2003年7月于深圳

图书在版编目 (CIP) 数据

茶的魅力 = The Cup of Tea / (葡) 阿封索 (Affonso, B.) 等著; (英) 佩斯 (Paces, S. E.) 改写. - 北京: 社会科学文献出版社, 2003.7

(英语课外自学文库)

ISBN 7-80190-031-6

I. 茶... II. ①阿...②佩... III. 英语-语言读物, 小说 IV. H319.4: I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字 (2003) 第 042672 号



Original Copyright Ling Kee Publishing Co.,
Ltd. New Colour Edition - 2002
All rights reserved

本缩写本由香港龄记出版有限公司授权在中国内地出版发行
版权所有 翻印必究

社会科学文献出版社外语学习用书

- 自学英语 (1~4)
- 实验室英语 (小学部分共 8 册)
(每册送录音带两盒)
- 张道真英语语法新编
- 英语应用文写作大全
- 考博英语实战指导 (第 2 版)
- 《高考英语词汇表》详解详释

英语课外自学文库

第一辑

The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn/ 哈克贝里·费恩历险记
A Tale of Two Cities/ 双城记
Great Expectations/ 远大前程
David Copperfield/ 大卫·科波菲尔

第二辑

The Model Millionaire/ 穷模特儿与百万富翁
The Cup of Tea/ 茶的魅力
The Case of the Missing Plans/ 失踪的计划
The Barber's Uncle/ 开心理发店

第三辑

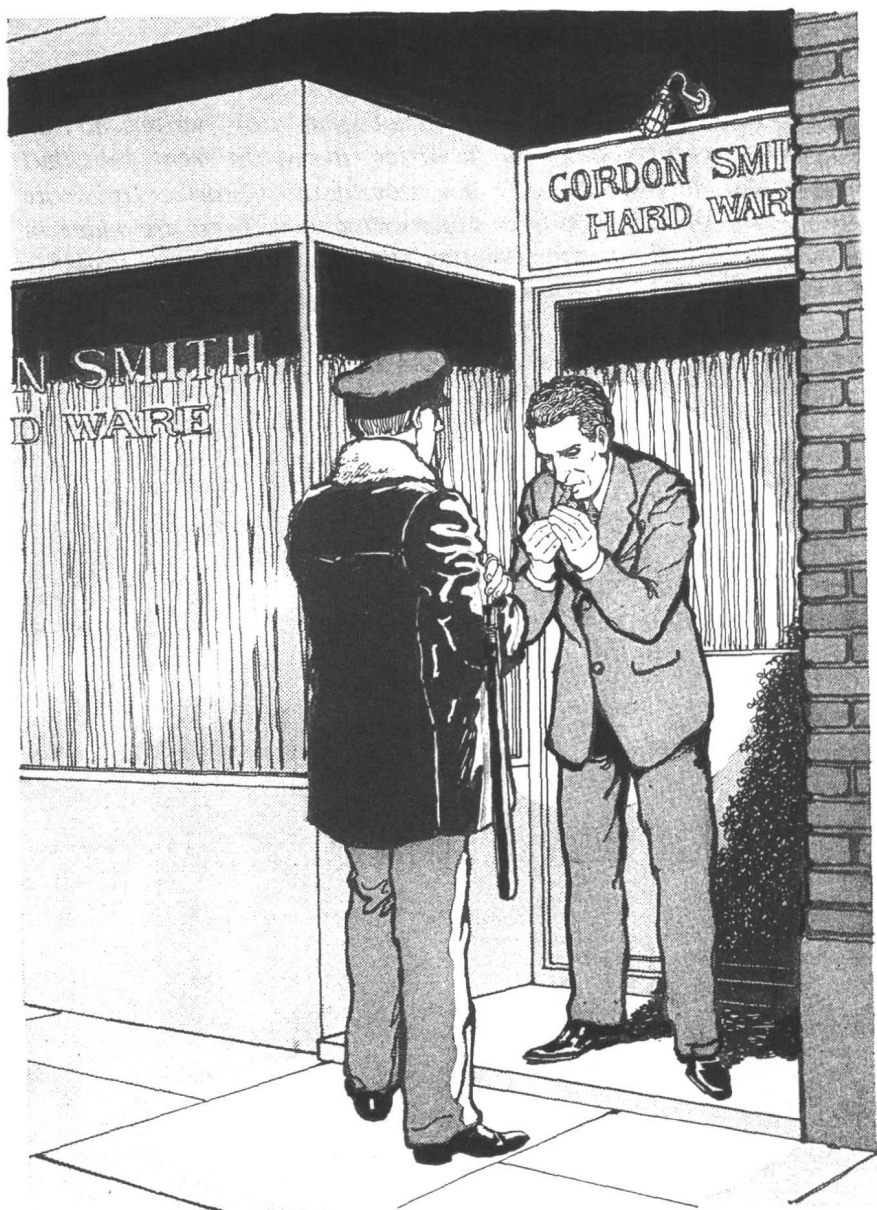
Little Women/ 小妇人
The Birthday of the Infanta/ 公主的生日
The Three Musketeers/ 三个火枪手
Vanity Fair/ 名利场

Contents

	<i>Page</i>
After Twenty Years	1
The Cup of Tea	7
A Terribly Strange Bed	17
The Beautiful White Horse	31
The Garden Party	41
The Moth	57
The Boys	73
Questions and Language Practice	83

AFTER TWENTY YEARS

O. HENRY (1862 – 1910), American short story writer, had an adventurous life in which he tried many different jobs but succeeded only in one – as a writer of short stories. He wrote some 600 of these, chiefly for newspapers. They are plain in language, realistic in style and end with a surprise for the reader – as you will see in “AFTER TWENTY YEARS”.





After Twenty Years



The slow and heavy footsteps of the policeman echoed in the avenue. It was not late, it was not yet ten o'clock at night, but there was almost nobody about. The cold wind and showers of rain had driven most people indoors.

The policeman walked on at his regular pace. Now and then he stopped to try a door to see whether it was properly locked. Now and then he swung his club in a skilful manner or turned to give a watchful look down the peaceful street. His beat was a quiet one. There were chiefly shops and offices which had long since closed. The only places lighted up were the chemist's at the corner, a cigarette store, and an all-night cafe.

The policeman suddenly slowed his walk. In the dark doorway of a hardware store he could see a man standing, with an unlighted cigar in his mouth. The policeman went up to him.

"It's all right, officer," the man said quickly. "I'm just waiting here for a friend. It's a meeting that we arranged twenty years ago. It sounds a bit strange to you, doesn't it? Well, I'll explain so that you'll know it's all right. Twenty years ago, there was a restaurant here where this store is — *'Big Joe' Brady's restaurant.*"

"It was pulled down five years ago," said the policeman.

The man in the doorway struck a match to light his cigar. By the light of the match, the policeman saw a pale, square face with sharp eyes and a little white mark near the right eyebrow. He also saw the man's tiepin which was a large diamond in an unusual setting.

The man puffed at his cigar and went on with his story. "Twenty years ago tonight," he said, "I had dinner here at *'Big Joe' Brady's* with *Jimmy Wells*, my best friend and the truest man in the world. Jimmy and I were brought up together, here, in New York. We were like brothers. I was eighteen and Jimmy was twenty. The next morning I was going to start out for the West to make my fortune. But Jimmy — you couldn't get Jimmy

to move an inch from New York! It was the only place in the world for him. That night we arranged that we'd meet here in twenty years' time. No matter how far off we were, rich or poor, if we were alive, we were going to meet here. We thought that in twenty years' time we'd have made something of our lives."

"It sounds very interesting," said the policeman. "But rather a long time between meetings. Haven't you heard from your friend since you went away?"

"Well, you know how it is. We wrote pretty regularly at first. Then, as time passed, we lost track of each other. I had a pretty lively life out there in the West and not much time for writing letters. But I'm sure that Jimmy will come to meet me here if he's still alive because he was always the best and truest friend in the world. He won't forget his old friend, I'm certain. I've come a thousand miles to stand here waiting tonight, but it's well worth it if my old friend turns up."

The man from the West pulled a handsome watch out of his pocket. The policeman saw that its lids were set with small diamonds.

"Three minutes to ten," he said. "It was exactly ten o'clock when Jimmy and I said goodbye at the door of *'Big Joe' Brady's*."

"Did pretty well out West, didn't you?" the policeman asked.

"Not bad. I hope Jimmy has done well for himself too. Jimmy was always a bit slow, you know. A good fellow but a bit slow. He wouldn't take any risks. I've had to risk a lot to make my money. You have to, out there in the West."

The policeman swung his club and began to move on.

"I'll have to be on my way," he said. "Hope your friend turns up all right. Are you going to wait long?"

"Half an hour, at least," the man said. "If Jimmy's alive, he'll be here by then. Oh, I'll wait! I don't mind how long I have to wait for Jimmy, good old Jimmy! Good night, officer."

"Good night, sir," said the policeman. And he went along his beat with his slow and heavy tread, trying a door here and there as he went.

By this time it was raining hard and the wind was blowing in wild gusts. The few people who had to be out in such bad weather hurried along with bent heads. Their coat collars were turned up, their hats were pulled down and their hands were pushed deep inside their pockets. And in the dark doorway of the hardware store, the man who had come a thousand miles to meet his old friend, smoked his cigar, watched and waited.

He had been waiting for about twenty minutes when a tall man hurried across the street towards him. Like everyone else, the man was wearing a long raincoat with the collar turned up to his ears while his hat was pulled down low over his forehead.

"Is that you, Bob?" the man called uncertainly.

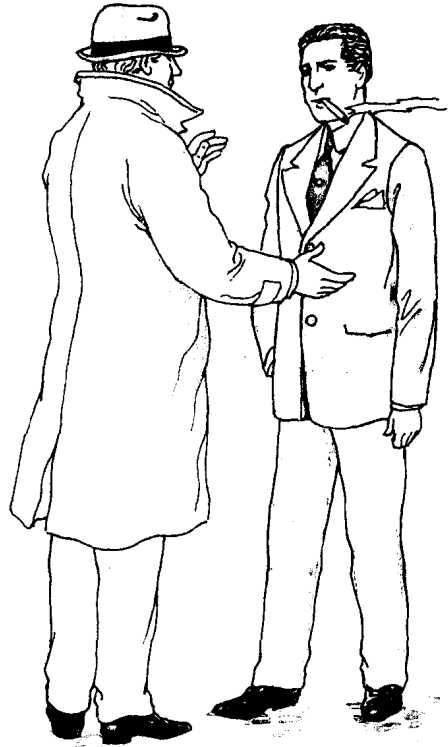
"Is that you, Jimmy Wells?" cried the man in the doorway.

The newcomer seized both the other's hands with his own. "It's Bob! Dear old Bob! I was certain that you'd come if you were still alive. Well! Well! Twenty years is a long time, isn't it? 'Big Joe' Brady's is gone. What a pity! We might have had a dinner there to celebrate. How has the West treated you, old man?"

"Fine. It's given me everything I wanted. Jimmy, you've changed a lot. I never thought that you were so tall."

"I guess I've grown a bit since you went away."

"Doing all right in New York, Jimmy?"



"Not bad. Can't complain. I'm working in one of the city offices. Well, come on, Bob. Let's go to a little place that I know of, and have a long talk about old times."

The two men walked up the avenue, arm in arm. The man from the West was talking about his life and his successes. The other, his face buried in his coat collar, was listening with great interest.

At the corner of the street they came to the chemist's which was brilliantly lit up. They stopped and each looked closely into the other's face. Suddenly, the man from the West pulled his arm free.

"You're not Jimmy Wells," he said sharply. "Twenty years is a long time but it's not long enough to change your nose from long to short."

"It's long enough to change a good man into a criminal," said the other. " 'Silky' Bob, you've been under arrest for the last ten minutes. You're wanted by the police in Chicago. They thought that you might come this way and phoned us to keep our eyes open. They want a little talk with you, and you know why — about that bank robbery. You're coming quietly, aren't you? That's sensible. But before we go to the police-station, I want to give this little note to you. I promised to. You can read it here by the light from that window. It's from Jimmy Wells. He's the policeman on this beat."

The man from the West unfolded the note. His hand was steady when he began reading it but it was trembling before he had finished. The note was quite short:

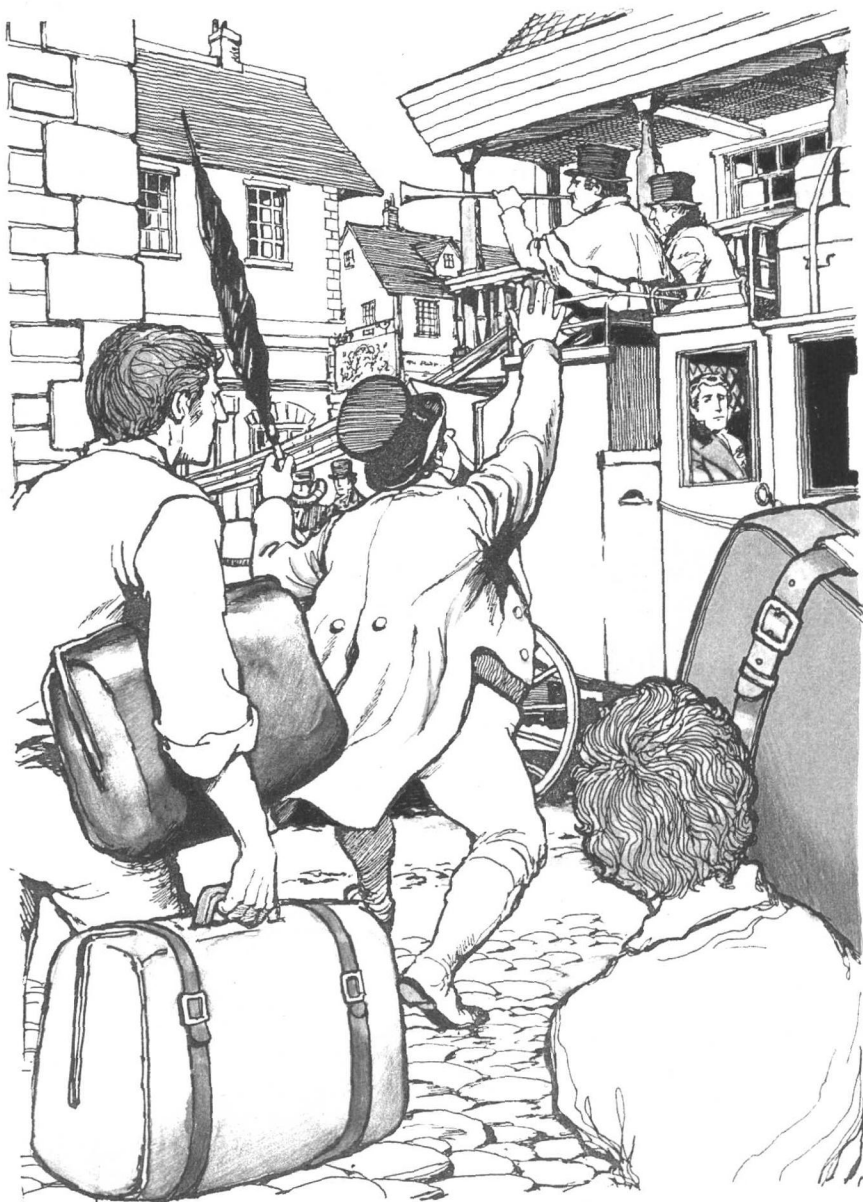
Bob:

I was there on time, just as we had arranged. But when you lit your cigar, I recognised you as 'Silky' Bob, wanted by the Chicago police. I just couldn't arrest you myself, so I got a plain-clothes policeman to do the job for me.

Jimmy

THE CUP OF TEA

AFFONSO BOTELHO was a Portuguese writer of the nineteenth century. Portuguese short stories are not often comic but "THE CUP OF TEA" is a light-hearted story of the amusing adventures of a traveller in search of a cup of tea.





The Cup of Tea



All this happened, as you will see, before the railway from *Oporto* to *Regoa* had been completed and when travellers had to travel part of the way by stage-coach.

The stage-coach, drawn by six strong horses, was waiting outside the coach-station in *Oporto*. It was time for it to be setting out. A noisy crowd was gathered round it; friends were saying a last goodbye; passengers were shouting that they could not get the seats that they had booked, and some were screaming that they could not see their luggage. Porters were trying to push their way through the crowd, swearing and cursing as they pushed.

A young man sat quietly in the coach, in the seat nearest the door. He had taken his seat early and had seen his luggage safely placed on the roof of the coach. And now the other places were filled except for the one opposite him. It seemed that this passenger was not going to arrive in time.

The driver climbed to his seat, the guard blew his horn and the coach was just going to start when a strange sight came round the corner. This was a fat man who was trying hard to hurry but only succeeding in walking like a duck. He was waving an enormous umbrella and shouting hoarsely to attract the attention of the driver. He was followed by two porters loaded with his luggage.

The guard swore at him and so did the porters as they lifted up his heavy luggage. The fat passenger, breathing hard, climbed into the empty seat and with some difficulty found room for his umbrella and his enormous cloak.

The coach went rattling down the stony streets of *Oporto* towards the railway station. The fat passenger was very restless and uneasy. He simply could not sit still and kept on muttering something. At last he caught the eye of the quiet young man opposite him, *Joao de Sousa*.

"It's too bad," he said. "Just think! I could not get my cup of tea!"