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New College English Reading Course



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新编大学英语阅读教程

2

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随着全球化和信息化进程的加速,人类已进入知识爆炸的时代,人们很难也无法全部详细了解和掌握无限增长的信息,快速浏览信息以准确获取相关知识便成为现代人不可或缺的重要能力。绝大多数学英语的中国人的英语快速阅读能力都有待提高。中国学生习惯于精细阅读,即习惯于对所阅读的材料进行语法、词汇、句法分析,对每个句子求得深度理解,这与我们的教学方法不当有很大的关系。其实精细阅读与我们日常生活中速度较快的阅读所采用的策略和方法大相径庭。阅读者应该根据不同的阅读需求,采用不同的策略和方法,适时调整阅读速度,以较好地达到阅读目的。

教育部颁发的《大学英语课程教学要求》(2007)中对本科生的阅读能力做了明确的要求,规定基础阶段学习结束时,"在快速阅读篇幅较长、难度略低的材料时,阅读速度达到每分钟 100 词。能就阅读材料进行略读和寻读。能借助词典阅读本专业的英语教材和题材熟悉的英文报刊文章,掌握中心大意,理解主要事实和相关细节。能读懂工作、生活中常见的应用文体的材料。能在阅读中使用有效的阅读方法"。学生的阅读能力测试在全国大学英语四、六级考试中一直有充分体现:四、六级阅读占卷面总分的 35%。自 2013 年 12 月起,全国大学英语四、六级考试委员会对四、六级考试的试卷结构和测试题型做了局部调整,其中阅读部分增加了长篇阅读理解。由此不难看出现代人在信息时代具备良好的英语阅读能力和速度的重要性,以及英语教学中用正确的方法培养学生快速阅读能力的必要性。为此,我们重新编写了这套《新编大学英语阅读教程》,供全国各类高校非英语专业本科大学英语基础阶段使用。该教材也适用于具有同等水平的广大英语爱好者。

本套教材具有以下特色。

- 1. 选材真实、实用 本教材选材新颖,具有较强的真实性、时代感和实用性,兼顾趣味性、知识性、多样性和篇章长度,贴近实际生活中各种阅读材料的快速阅读需要。
- 2. 层次分明,合理递进,逐步拓展 教材的设计合理、科学。第 1 册注重各种快读微技巧和训练方法的介绍,并提供配套训练。第 2 册侧重其他综合阅读技巧介绍及配套训练,培养学习者良好的阅读习惯,为进入 3~4 册的学习奠定基础。3~4 册侧重对



已学各种阅读技巧的综合运用和训练,起到巩固、强化的作用,帮助学生提高总体阅读速度和理解能力。

- 3. 针对性强 练习的设计紧扣每单元介绍的阅读技巧和训练需求,具有较强的针对性,有助于学生训练和掌握所学技巧和方法,培养其"快速十准确"的阅读能力,从而提高综合阅读理解水平。
- **4. 理论与实践相结合** 简洁的理论及方法的介绍与技巧实训有机结合,用理论指导训练,培养学生实际运用快速和综合阅读技巧的能力。
- 5. 以能力培养为主,兼顾 CET-4 及 CET-6 考试 本教材的设计和编排重点在于快速和综合阅读能力的培养,同时在一定程度上也兼顾了 CET-4 及 CET-6 考试中阅读部分考试的需求。

本教材共 4 册,每学期使用 1 册,每周完成 1 个单元,共 15 个单元,供 2 学年使用。每分册由学生用书和参考答案 2 部分构成。1~2 册每单元由 2 部分构成,即阅读技巧介绍和计时训练,其中计时训练由训练重点及 3 篇阅读材料(含配套练习和阅读自查表)构成。3~4 册每单元均为计时训练,由训练重点和 3 篇阅读材料(含配套练习和阅读自查表)构成。

在教材的编写过程中,我们参考了一些专业书籍和论文的观点,采用或节选了少量其他教材上的文本(不含练习),下载了部分网站资源,在此谨致谢意。

本套教材参编人员均为长期从事高校英语教学及研究工作的一线教师,他们丰富的教学经验和较强的科研能力为教材的编写质量提供了保证。虽如此,由于编者水平有限,书中难免存在不足之处,恳请专家、同行及使用者批评指正。

编 者 2014年1月



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Unit 1

Characteristics of Narration

Part I Introduction to Narration

本套教材第1册主要介绍和训练了阅读的基本技巧,第2册将在此基础上重点介绍和训练阅读中所涉及的一些拓展技巧,如不同文体的阅读技巧、段落与篇章的展开方法、信号词的识别、如何推论、如何判断、如何把握作者的态度等。掌握这些技巧,对于更好更快地把握文章主旨大意,定位所需细节信息,准确判断作者的观点、意图、态度等有着重要作用。

英语文体分为4种:记叙文、说明文、议论文和描写文。本单元将对记叙文的文体 特征、阅读方法和技巧加以介绍和训练。

记叙文讲述发生在当前、过去或将来的事情。简言之,记叙文就是讲故事。常见的记叙文根据其用途可分为文学记叙文和说明记叙文。文学记叙文以虚构为主,如趣闻逸事、寓言、传奇故事、小说等;说明记叙文以事实为依据,包括历史、传记、新闻报道、日记等。下面从4个方面来学习记叙文的特点。把握了这些特点,在阅读此类文体的文章过程中就能快速获得文章大意,定位所需信息,把握故事发展脉络和叙事目的,提高阅读效率。

1. 六大要素

无论是文学记叙文还是说明记叙文,作者都要交代何人、何时、何地、干了何事、如何干、为何这"六要素",也就是我们常说的"5Ws and 1H"。这是我们在阅读记叙文时



首先要了解的。我们可以借助第1册学习的 skimming 和 scanning 技巧来帮助快速定位人物、时间、地点等细节信息以及故事梗概。

2. 叙事顺序

记叙文的叙事顺序有顺叙(chronological order)和倒叙(reverse chronological order)两种。多数作者习惯采用顺叙的方法,但有时作者为了吸引读者会采用倒叙的方法,即不按照事情发展的先后顺序来叙述,而是从最重要、最能引人人胜的事件开始,或一开始就点明事件发生的结果及获得的启示,然后再回过头来追叙事件的开端和经过。因此,阅读时首先要迅速抓住文章的主旨大意,判断文章的叙事顺序。当然,不能只看事件在文中出现的先后位置,而要学会从事件本身的发展去理解其主要情节。

3. 内在结构

记叙文有其较为固定的内在结构。大多情况下,故事叙述均由以下部分构成:背景(包括时间、地点、人物)、开端、高潮、结果。反映时间、地点和人名的词语可以作为路标词来把握事件的发展方向。高潮部分对结果有直接影响或暗示作用,但在文中的位置不固定。因此,阅读记叙文,要尽可能寻找重要情节和高潮部分,这对理解全文脉络至关重要。

4. 写作意图

作者讲故事必定有其目的:或证明某一理论,或阐明某一概念,或赞美某种美德,或获得某种启示,或谴责某种罪恶,等等。我们在阅读时,可以通过故事的第一部分或最后一部分快速了解作者的写作意图,也可以通过重要细节描写联系故事情节去领会作者隐含的意图。当然,在快读的有限时间内通过这种方法挖掘作者意图有时候比较困难,需要进行大量的训练。

概括起来一句话:阅读记叙文的关键是抓主要情节。学会用正确的方法和技巧快速抓住故事情节,抓住了文章的脉络,其他的就迎刃而解了。



Part II Timed Reading

Task 1

Training Focus

Micro Skill	根据记叙文要素,快速定位时间、地点、人物、故事高潮、叙事目的等,把握故事梗概。
Training Tips	(1)运用 scanning 技巧,寻读时间、地点、人物等。 (2)借助 skimming 技巧,掌握故事主要情节发展脉络。 (3)第一遍阅读时忽略次要情节和细节。

My Father's Music

I remember the day Dad brought the accordion home. He gathered my mother and me in the living room and opened the case as if it were a treasure chest. "Here it is," he said. "Once you learn to play, it'll stay with you for life."

What made me disappointed was I had prayed for a guitar or a piano, not at all an accordion. It was 1960, and I was listening to Del Shannon and Chubby Checker. Accordions were nowhere in my hit parade. For the next two weeks, the accordion was stored in the hall closet. Then one evening Dad announced that I would start lessons the following week.

Spending \$300 for an accordion and \$5 per lesson was out of character for my father. He was practical always—something he learned growing up on a Pennsylvania farm, where clothes, heat and sometimes even food were scarce.

Dad worked as a supervisor in a company that serviced jet engines. Weekends, he tinkered in the cellar, busy all the time. Quiet and shy, he was never more comfortable than when at his workbench.

Only music carried Dad away from his world of tools and projects. On a Sunday drive, he turned the radio on immediately. At red lights, I'd notice his foot tapping in time. He seemed to hang on every note.

One day, searching in a closet, I found a case that looked to me like a tiny guitar's. Opening it, I saw a beautiful violin. "It's your father's," Mom said. "His



parents bought it for him. I guess he got too busy on the farm to ever learn to play it."

Shortly after, my lessons began. On my first day, with straps straining my shoulder, I felt clumsy in every way. "How did he do?" my father asked when it was over. "Fine for the first lesson," said my teacher. Dad glowed with hope. I was ordered to practice half an hour every day, and every day I tried to get out of it. Gradually, to my surprise, I was able to string notes together and coordinate my hands to play simple songs. Often, after supper, my father would request a tune or two. As he sat in his easy chair, I would fumble through "Lady of Spain" and "Beer Barrel Polka". "Very nice, better than last week," he'd say.

Throughout the summer, my teacher's lessons grew more difficult. It took me a week and a half to master them now. All the while I could hear my buddies outside playing heated games of stickball.

I would have to play a solo on a local movie theater's stage. I wanted to skip the whole thing. Emotions boiled over in the car one Sunday afternoon. "I don't want to play a solo," I said. "You have to," replied my father. "Why?" I shouted. "Because you didn't get to play your violin when you were a kid? Why should I have to play this stupid instrument when you never had to play yours?" Dad pulled the car over and pointed at me. "Because you can bring people joy. You can touch their hearts. That's a gift I won't let you throw away," he added softly. "Someday you'll have chance I never had; you'll play beautiful music for your family. And you'll understand why you've worked so hard." I was speechless. I had rarely heard Dad speak with such feeling about anything, much less the accordion.

From then on, I practiced without parents' making me. The evening of the concert Mom wore glittery earrings and more makeup than I could remember. Dad got out of work early, put on a suit and tie. They were an hour early, so we sat in the living room chatting nervously. I got the unspoken message that playing this one song was a dream coming true for them.

At the theater nervousness overtook me as I realized how much I wanted to make my parents proud. Finally, it was my turn. I walked to the chair on stage and performed "Are You Lonesome Tonight" without a mistake.

After the concert Mom and Dad came backstage. The way they walked—heads high, faces flushed—I knew they were pleased. My mother gave me a big hug. Dad slipped an arm around me and held me close. "You were just great," he said. Then he



shook my hand and was slow to let it go.

When I went to college, the lessons stopped. The accordion stayed behind in the hall closet next to my father's violin.

There it remained a dusty memory until one afternoon later when my two children discovered it by accident. Scott thought it was secret treasure; Holly thought a ghost lived inside. They were both right.

When I opened the case, they laughed and said, "Play it, play it." Reluctantly, I strapped on the accordion and played some simple songs. My skills hadn't rusted away. Soon the kids were dancing in circles and giggling. Even my wife, Terri, was laughing and clapping to the beat. I was amazed at their unbridled glee.

My father's words came back to me: "Someday you'll have the chance I never had. Then you'll understand." I finally knew what it meant to work hard and sacrifice for others. Dad had been right all along: the most precious gift is to touch the hearts of those you love.

Later I phoned Dad to let him know that, at long last, I understood. Fumbling for the right words, I thanked him for the legacy it took almost 30 years to discover. "You're welcome," he said, his voice choked with emotion.

Dad never learned to coax sweet sounds from his violin. Yet he was wrong to think he would never for his family. On that wonderful evening, as my wife and children laughed and danced, they heard my accordion. But it was my father's music.

(From http://wenku.baidu.com)

Exercise 1

Directions: Read the passage as quickly as possible to get the main ideas and then answer the following questions briefly. Remember: try to find out, as many as possible, the "5Ws and 1H" in the narration and the writer's intention as well.

- 1. Is the story written in a chronological order or a reverse order?
- 2. Who are the main characters in the story?
- 3. What musical instrument did the narrator learn to play?
- 4. In which paragraph does the story come to its climax?



5. What is the most precious gift in the family according to the narrator?

阅读自查表

文章词数和建议用时	词数: 988	廷	建议用时:_6_分	钟
阅读实际用时	开始时间:	:	结束时间:	:
答题正确率	总题数: 5	答对题数:_	答题正确率:	%

Exercise 2

Directions: Read the passage quickly again and decide whether the following statements are true or false. Write T for true and F for false in the brackets before each statement.

- ()1. The narrator dreamed of a guitar or piano instead of an accordion.
- ()2. Dad was not good at playing his violin.
- ()3. I was reluctant to play a solo on the local movie theater's stage.
- ()4. I continued to play my accordion when I went to college.
- ()5. "My father's music" is the music composed by his father for him.

阅读自查表

文章词数和建议用时	词数: 988	建	过用时:_4_分	钟
阅读实际用时	开始时间:	:	结束时间:	:
答题正确率	总题数:_5_	答对题数:_	答题正确率:	

Task 2

Training Focus

Micro Skill

- (1)细读记叙文首、末段,了解故事背景和作者写作意图。
- (2)细读段首句和段尾句,预判故事情节发展走向。



Training Tips

- (1)浏览故事的标题和首、末段,快速找出故事发生的基本信息,并 判断作者获得的感悟。
- (2)阅读其他部分时,关注故事主要发展脉络,忽略次要内容。

Going Beyond Fear

When I was told last year that my 2-year-old son had an illness that threatened his life, I tried to strike a bargain with fate—I would do anything, I would trade my old life away, if only he would get better. We learned that our son would need months of treatment, maybe even a year, before we would know whether he would recover. My husband and I settled into a routine: one night at the hospital, the next night at home to be with our daughter, then right back to the hospital. The days and nights were a blur of medical reports. Fear and despair engulfed me.

I watched the other mothers at the hospital. I saw the mother of the child with cystic fibrosis(囊胞性纤维症) faithfully administer physical therapy, heard the hollow thump-thump as she pounded the child's chest, her efforts a talisman (护身符) of dedication, hope and pain. I admired the mother whose infant twins both had cancer and who managed somehow to write thank-you notes to the nurses after the babies' many hospitalizations. I worried that I could not live up to these mothers' heroism. They did what good mothers are supposed to do, what mothers of sick children have to do, and what I did, too.

But I did not feel selfless, the way those other mothers seemed to feel. I was ashamed to admit it, but mingled with my terror and grief. After the first three weeks, we realized we were only at the start of a marathon. The friends who knew me best started telling me I should go back to work. It would be good for you to get a break, they said. I resisted. Good mothers, I thought, do not abandon their sick children for work. Yet when my son's doctor told me he thought it would be fine, that he could e-mail his assessments, I tore myself away.

I could not work a normal schedule—far from it. But as the months of my son's treatment dragged on, he was able to stay out of the hospital for longer periods. My husband and I still took turns at the outpatient clinic (门诊诊所) or at the hospital. I was lucky that my family and my baby sitter could also relieve me so that my son was never alone.

There were still long stretches when I needed to drop everything to be with him,



but to my surprise, I found that going to work could ease my sense of helplessness. I could be distracted: there were phone calls and deadlines and a rhythm to be swept into. I could be in control of something.

I felt guilty at first about the solace (安慰) I took from work. I often wondered what the other mothers thought of me—taking my work clothes to the hospital, showering in the parents' stall after a long night in which we'd heard the cries of all our children.

Eventually, I realized that getting away was good not only for me but for my son and daughter. When my son first became sick, the doctors told me I had to be strong for him. I could not show fear. Somehow I also had to convey confidence to my daughter, to help her endure what had befallen us.

Although I feared that working might be selfish, I could see that it actually seemed reassuring to my children, a sign that we could, for moments at least, return to our routines. Working was a pledge that life could go on. It was a statement of hope.

Once again, as I had so often realized since I had become a mother, I understood how dangerous are the "shoulds" of motherhood, how destructive is society's insistence on one right way to be a good mother. Too many experts tell us that good mothers do not abandon their children to baby sitters. Good mothers prove their devotion by never leaving their children. Yet such rules ignore the truth that mothers are not all alike, that there are many ways to give children what they need and deserve. The rules tell mothers how to act without taking into account how mothers feel and how those feelings will affect their children.

If I had followed the rules, I would have succumbed to terror and failed my children. In the end, this ordeal eased my guilt about leaving my son's side at times. I realized that I, like many others who care for sick people, needed somewhere else to go once in a while to draw breath and find meaning before returning to the work of nursing. For me, my job was that place. For others, it might be someplace else.

My son is recovering now, but I am still too close to his illness to understand fully what lessons I can learn, what meaning I can wrest, from this experience. All I can say is that working when my child was so sick might look wrong from the outside, but on the inside, it helped keep me sane. I grew less intimidated by the other mothers. I allowed myself to see that I was no less dedicated. We were all caring for our children, each in our own way.

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