

中学英语拾级读物

**GRADED
ENGLISH
READERS**

第六级

**Hautot Senior
and Hautot Junior**

霍涛特父子

第 1 册

北京师范大学出版社

中学英语拾级读物

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前 言

受国家教委中学司委托,由上海外国语学院、北京外国语学院、北京师范大学、华东师范大学所属的四家出版社编辑的《中学英语拾级读物》(简称《拾级读物》或《GE》)与读者见面了。这是中学英语教学的重要配套工程,旨在促进中学英语教学的改革。

取名《拾级读物》,不仅因为它有十个级别五十本书,而且还含“拾级而上”的寓意。中学生从初二开始阅读,一级一级地向上攀登,便可以达到甚至超过中学英语教学大纲关于阅读能力的规定——借助词典读懂浅近原著。

《拾级读物》的词汇量、每册字数及对应年级大致安排如下:

级别	词汇量	每册大约字数	对应年级
一	500—700	7 万	初二
二	600—900	7 万	初二、初三
三	800—1200	10 万	初三
四	1000—1500	10 万	初三
五	1400—1800	12 万	高一、高二
六	1700—2000	12 万	高二、高三
七	2000—2500	14 万	重点中学高三
八	2500—3000	16 万	外国语学校高三
九	3000—3500	18 万	高材生、中学教师
十	3000—3500	18 万	高材生、中学教师

阅读是学好任何语言的必由之路,也是获取信息的主要渠道。只做习题,不大量阅读是学不好英语的。近年来为了应付考试,复习题、模拟试题充斥市场,占去了师生大量宝贵的时间,而对他们外语能力的提高却收效甚微。这是外语教学中的一种偏向。《拾级读物》的出版正是为了扭转这种偏向。

《拾级读物》是学生自己阅读的书籍,但教师可帮助学生选择适合自己水平的书,也可进行适当的辅导或作阅读方法、速度的示范。阅读的目的是为了掌握信息。为提高效率,就要指导学生逐步摆脱语法和中文的束缚。第一抓文章大意和故事情节;第二注意学过语言现象的再现和在新环境下的发展。千万不要在新知识和难点上花过多精力。对于不理解的地方要教学生根据上下文去猜,猜不懂再查词典。在不影响理解全文的地方,要舍得放过难点。只有这样才能保持学生阅读的兴趣和速度,也只有这样才能培养阅读的好习惯。

《拾级读物》的级别,也是衡量学生阅读水平的客观尺度。为此,我们将出版一套相应的测试材料和教学参考书。

《拾级读物》是为中学生编的,因而也可以作为中学英语教师培训、进修的教材。老师先读了,辅导学生也就更方便了。

《霍涛特父子》是第六级中的第1册,供高三年级使用,本书的特点详见下页的“编注说明”。

鉴于编者水平经验有限,在选材、注释等各方面肯定有不少缺点,请广大师生、各界读者随时指出,供再版时参考。

《中学英语拾级读物》编辑委员会

编 注 说 明

为了提高学生的阅读理解能力,有计划地指导学生在课外阅读一定数量的读物,我们编选了这本阅读材料。所选的材料大多是原文或经过改写的原文。生词量大约在 1% 到 3% 左右。对一些难懂的习惯用语和句子,我们都作了详尽的注释,以便更好地帮助学生理解原文。

学生在阅读中,不仅要注意词汇和语法,还要注意英语特有的表达法、习惯用语、思维方式以及社会文化背景知识。要学会在阅读中查阅词典和其它工具书,逐渐培养独立阅读的能力。

本书可供高二、高三年级的学生使用。参加本书编选工作的有:北京师范大学附属实验中学的胡国燕、沈信予、杨玉芝、杨小华、陈宇等同志。由于我们水平有限,疏失之处在所难免,恳请广大读者指正。

编 者

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1. The Hasty Act

Marc Brandel

I didn't get into this thing on purpose. I don't know what to do. The only thing I can do now is wait. Wait for the telephone or the doorbell to ring. Wait for whoever he is.

It started this morning, or rather at noon—all because it was raining. If it hadn't been raining, I would have gone to Chester's Restaurant as usual. But it's a long way to Chester's from my office, so I put on my raincoat and ran across the street of Pierre's instead. Pierre's is expensive, a place where I can't afford to have lunch very often.

Well, I left my raincoat in the coatroom in the hall, followed the manager to a table and ordered a drink. I had two; that was my real mistake, I suppose.

Just as I finished lunch I saw her. She was the kind of girl who works for a very expensive fashion magazine¹, with a beautiful hat, and long white gloves. She was too nice-looking. Her hair was too golden, her face was too perfect, her clothes were too expensive.² She walked straight toward me and smiled charmingly.

"Hello," she called. "Where have you been lately?" I looked behind me. There was nothing there but the wall. She was talking to me! I stood up.

"Hello," I said. She was even more beautiful close up. I pushed a chair toward her, and she sat down.

"I can stay only a moment," she said. "But it's so wonderful to see you again." She took my hand and pressed it between her cool white-gloved ones.³

I had never seen her before in my life. I should have told her that at once, of course, but I didn't meet girls like this every day. I pressed her hand.

"Peter's with me," she said, smiling. I looked up. There was a young man standing behind her. "Peter," she said, "You remember Jim."

I was surprised, because the strange thing is that, although my name is Charles, there had been a time years ago in school when some people had called me Jim.

"Sure," the young man said. "Sure. How are you, Jim?" He gave me his hand in a friendly way, and I took it. I didn't like him at all. He was a large young man in a gray suit. But something was wrong. He was too handsome; his suit was too expensive, his hair too short⁴, his tie too loose. "Hello," I said.

He leaned over the table. "I'm sorry we have to go, Alice," he said to the girl, and then, turning to me, "We've got to get back to the Waldorf⁵ and pack our bags. We're leaving for the West tonight."

I stood up. "Well, it was nice seeing you both⁶," I

began, trying to get away. But when I'd left the table I found I was still with them. Peter put his hand on my shoulder as we started for the door. "Where have you been all this time, Jim?"

"Oh, around." The effect of the drinks was beginning to fade. Now I just wanted to get away before they discovered that I wasn't Jim after all. I wasn't their Jim, anyway. I got the ticket for my coat out of my pocket.

"Here. Let me do it." He took the ticket out of my hand before I could stop him. I stood with Alice while he got our coats, I watched him give the tickets to the coatroom girl.

"I wish we weren't going now," Alice was saying. "So do I," I said smiling uncomfortably at her while Peter came back with my plain raincoat and his own expensive coat. He started to help me put mine on, but I took it and threw it over my arm. "Good-bye," I said, "It was nice seeing you."

When I got outside, it had stopped raining, so I just carried my raincoat back to the office over my arm and hung it up beside my door. It wasn't until I was leaving at six that I put it on again. I was half way down the stairs before I noticed that there was a bundle in the pocket. It was a long envelope. It felt as though it were filled with papers. I took it out and looked at it, wondering where it had come from. There was no name on it. Then I saw that it wasn't fastened

shut. I opened it and looked inside.

I almost fainted, right there. It wasn't papers—it was money! I went back up to my office. I locked the door, and then took out the money and counted it. I counted it twice. Two thousand, three hundred and sixty-five dollars!

I decided what to do at once. I remembered that Peter had gotten my coat from the coatroom. I didn't know what they had planned to do or why they had put all that money into my pocket or what I was supposed to do with it. I didn't care. All I knew was that I didn't want any part of their game.⁷ I went to the Waldorf at once.

It took me some time to find their room. I only knew their first names, but I described them carefully. I was afraid that they had gone, but they were both in the room when I walked in. Peter was packing some shirts. He looked up and smiled when he saw me. "Well, look who's here," he said. "Hello, Jim."

I didn't smile back this time. "I don't know what you want," I said. "And I don't want to know. But in case you made a mistake about who I am, I never saw either of you before in my life. Here!" And I threw the envelope on the bed.

He didn't even look at it. He just stood there, with a frozen smile on his face, staring at me, his large hands hanging at his sides. He was a lot stronger and bigger than I am.

I turned and walked out of the room as fast as I could. In fact, I almost ran down the hall. I felt good. I felt I had done the best thing I could and had gotten myself out of a questionable situation.⁸

I went and had a good dinner, feeling better all the time. In fact, I felt good all this evening—until just an hour ago.

Then I went to hunt in my raincoat pockets for my cigarettes. But there weren't any cigarettes in the coat. I looked at the name of the store sewn inside my coat. It wasn't my coat!

Yes, of course I called the hotel. They'd gone a few hours before. They must have gone as soon as they looked in the envelope. And they didn't leave any messages, any envelope, any address where I could reach them.

What can I do now? I sit here and worry. And wait. What will happen next?

Sometimes I try to pretend that the raincoat is mine after all. But I know that someone else has mine. He must know it too by now. He has to know it. Because my raincoat has my name in it.

Notes:

1. fashion ['fæʃən] *n.* 样子; 时样 fashion magazine: 时装杂志
2. She was too nice-looking. Her hair was too golden, her face

was too perfect, her clothes were too expensive. 作者在这里用了一系列的 too, 暗示打扮得太过分, 太做作, 反而显示出她不是真正的上层社会的人物。

3. She took my hand and pressed it between her cool white-gloved ones. 她拉了我的一只手, 把它紧紧地握在她那双戴着白手套的冰凉的手里。注意: 按西方风俗, 上流阶层的女人和别人握手时不必脱手套, 但只是轻轻地一握。此处她用双手紧握, 似乎是表示亲热, 但又暴露出打扮得不适宜了。
4. His hair too short. 西方青年人通常留长发, 只有囚犯才必须剪得很短。
5. Waldorf: 纽约市的一家豪华旅馆。
6. it was nice seeing you both. 注意: 此句中用了过去时, 表示告别的意思。
7. All I knew was that I didn't want any part of their game. 我只知道我不愿参与他们的把戏。
8. questionable situation: 受嫌疑的境地

2. My First Teacher

by Helen Keller

Have you ever been at sea in a thick fog when it seemed as if a white darkness shut you in, and the big ship felt her way¹ carefully and anxiously toward the shore? I was like that ship before my education began except that I did not know where the shore was.

The most important day I remember in all my life is the one on which my teacher Anne Mansfield Sullivan, came to me. I am filled with wonder² when I think about the differences in the two parts of my life which were connected on that day. It was March 3, 1887, three months before I was seven years old.

On the afternoon of that exciting day, I guessed from my mother's signs and from people hurrying about in the house³ that something unusual was going to happen, so I went to the door and waited on the steps. The afternoon sun was shining brightly. I could feel it on my face. My fingers touched the familiar leaves and flowers which were a part of the spring. I had felt angry and bitter for weeks, and now I felt tired and quiet. I did not know what the future would bring to me.

I felt someone coming toward me. I thought it was my mother and stretched out my hand.⁴ Someone took it and then I was caught up and held close in the arms of the person who had come to reveal⁵ everything to me, and more important than that to love me.

The morning after my teacher came she led me into her room and gave me a doll. When I had played with it a little while, Miss Sullivan slowly spelled in to my hand the word "d-o-l-l". This play with the fingers interested me, and I tried to do just what my teacher had done. When I finally succeeded in⁶ making the letters in the right way, I felt very proud of⁷ myself. I ran to my mother, held up my hand and made the letters for doll. I did not know that I was spelling a word, or even that words existed. I was simply doing what someone else had done. In the days that followed, I learned to spell a great many words, without understanding them.

I learnt pin, hen, cup, and a few verbs like sit, stand and walk. But my teacher had been with me for several weeks before I understood that everything has a name.

One day while I was playing with my new doll, Miss Sullivan gave me my old doll, too. She then spelled "d-o-l-l" and tried to make me understand that "d-o-l-l" applies to⁸ both. Earlier in the day, we had had a struggle over the two words "cup" and "water". I could not understand that they were different. From time to time during the

day, my teacher returned to the problem of cup and water . She was patient, but I was not. I became so angry because I could not understand that I took my new doll and threw it on the floor breaking it into pieces. I was not sorry after my fit of temper.⁹ In the dark, still world where I lived, there was no strong feeling of love for anything.

My teacher brought me my hat, and I knew we were going out into the warm sunshine. This thought, if a feeling which is not expressed in words¹⁰ may be called a thought, made me very happy. We walked down the path to the spring.¹¹ Someone was drawing water, and my teacher put my hand into the water as it poured out. As the cool stream poured over one of my hands, she spelled into the other word “water”, first slowly, then rapidly. I stood still; my whole attention was fixed on¹² the motion of her fingers. Suddenly I seemed to remember something I had forgotten. I felt a thrill of returning thought. Somehow the mystery of languages was revealed to me. I knew then that “w-a-t-e-r” meant that wonderful cool something that was pouring over my hand. That living word awakened my soul and set it free.

I left the well-house eager to learn. Everything had a name, and with each name a new idea came. As we went back to the house everything that I touched seemed to be full of life. That was because I saw everything with the strange