

高等学校通用教材

大学基础阶段

英语泛读教程

An Extensive Reading Course

1

第 1 册

曾肯干 陈道芳
胡斐佩 王炳炎

编



外教社

上海外语教育出版社

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出版说明

《英语泛读教程》是为我国高等院校英语专业基础阶段编写的一套泛读课教材。全书分四册,即每学期一册。本书的编写指导思想、教学要求和选材标准力求体现《高等学校英语专业英语教学大纲》的基本精神和有关规定,经过试用,教学效果良好。

参加本书审稿会议的有上海外国语大学、天津外国语学院、北京师范大学、四川外国语学院和南开大学等高等院校的代表。审稿会由上海外国语大学何兆熊教授主持,上海外国语大学李冬教授担任主审。参加审稿会议的代表对这套教材提出了宝贵意见和建议,并认为本书是根据《高等学校英语专业英语教学大纲》要求选编的比较完整的教材,一致推荐作为全国高等学校英语专业通用教材,现经国家教委教材编审委员会批准出版。

编者的话

(一) 本教程是高等学校英语专业基础阶段的课内阅读教材,它的编写指导思想是:通过课内大量阅读实践,提高学生英语阅读理解能力;培养学生细致观察语言、分析归纳、假设判断、推理论证等逻辑思维能力;训练阅读技巧,提高阅读速度;扩大学生认知词汇量,增加学生文化背景知识。本书不包括快速阅读材料及有关速读技巧的训练。

(二) 本教程分四册,近 200 万字,供英语专业基础阶段使用,即每学期一册。每册分 20 单元,每周一个单元,略有余裕,由教师根据实际授课时间自由取舍。

(三) 本教程的选材原则是:(1) 由浅入深、从易到难,最后达到《高等学校英语专业英语教学大纲》所规定的阶段终点阅读要求。鉴于各地区、各院校新生入学水平不一,第一、二册对难度作了适当控制,选用了较多的浅易材料,并以反映一般生活的故事、小说题材为主,非故事性题材为辅,以便培养学生的阅读兴趣,并通过口、笔头活动配合其他各项语言技能的发展。从第三册开始,逐步提高难度,扩大题材范围,以适应阅读理解能力发展的需要。(2) 坚持思想标准、语言标准和文化标准的统一。本书所选材料既要求思想内容健康,引人向上,又力求语言文字规范、题材广泛、内容新颖,以便于学生在思想上获得教益的同时,尽量扩大语言接触面,并增加对所学语言国家社会文化背景的了解。为此,本教程除保留了一些多年实践证明教学效果较好的传统篇目(如 *The £1,000,000 Bank-Note*, *An Inspector Calls* 等)外,还选用了一些反映当代英美国家社会情况的材料(如 *Iacocca*, *One against the Plague* 等)。

(四) 为便于组织课堂教学,本教程在编写体例上每单元由课文、注释、理解点和练习四个部分组成。

课文:每单元长度为 7 000—8 000 字,通常由一篇完整的材料组成,最多不超过三篇;长篇连用,一般不超过三单元。学生对课文应阅读两遍,第一遍快速进行预读(preview),要求对所读材料的主题及文章结构有概略了解;第二遍用正常速度(average reading speed)逐句阅读,进一步了解所读材料的中心大意,抓住主要情节或论点,并根据所读材料进行推理分析,领会作者真实意图,同时完成一定量的笔头作业。

注释:注释包括少量单词、短语和部分难句的注释,以及有关背景知识和重要作者的介绍。第一、二册的注释以中文为主,第三册以后增加英文注释的比例。少数生词和语言难点未加注释,是为了培养学生查阅工具书的习惯和独立解决问题的能力,也是为了便于教师课堂检查和讲解。

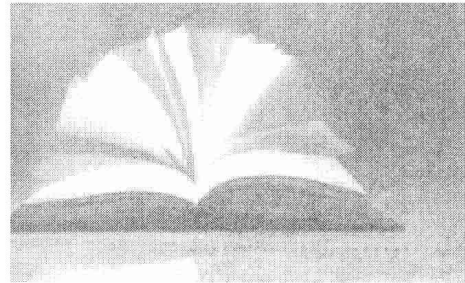
理解点:每单元根据具体内容列出了数量不等的理解点。这些理解点涉及语言和内容两个方面,其目的在于培养学生细致观察语言的能力和引导学生分析判断、深入理解作者意图。它既可作为学生独立阅读时的阅读指导提纲,也可作为教师课堂检查的依据。教师可根据学生理解上所遇到的共同问题,讲解有关阅读技巧。每题括号中的数字分别表示页码和行数。

练习:练习的形式有三种,即正误判断题、多项选择题和综合性问答题。练习的内容包括

检查学生对课文大意、中心思想、基本观点、基本事实、具体论点以及语言的含蓄意义等方面的理解情况。从第三册开始通过多项选择题的形式增加了一些词汇理解练习,以期引导学生扩大词汇知识。上述各项练习,既可由教师在课堂上进行口头检查,也可指定为学生阅读过程中的笔头作业。

我们感到欣慰的是本教程出版后长期得到读者使用,在此我们再次感谢各方大力支持,感谢中国人民解放军外国语学院和上海外语教育出版社对我们的关心和帮助。

编者 2004年4月



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UNIT

ONE



Reading I

Rich Man — Poor Man

1. A Letter for Adam¹

One day a postman came to my village. The postman brought me a letter from my son, Saul².

“Is your name Adam?” the postman asked.

“Yes,” I said.

“I’ve got a letter for you.” The postman read the envelope³. “Adam of the village of Minta⁴.”

“A letter for *me*. Who is it from?” I asked.

The postman looked at the envelope again. “From Saul,” he said. He gave me the letter and walked away.

“Martha⁵, Martha,” I called to my wife. “Come here. We have a letter from our son, Saul.”

Martha came out and looked at the letter. She was excited but she was also worried.

“A letter from Saul,” she said. “Is he alive and well? I’m going to find the school teacher. He can read the letter.”

There was no school fifty years ago. So I cannot read or write. I live in a small village. The only work is farming. My only son, Saul, left the village two years ago and my three daughters are married. Saul is making a lot of money in a foreign country.

Martha and the school teacher came back. A lot of other people came. Everyone wanted to hear my letter. The school teacher opened the envelope and read the letter.

20 Taylor Street⁶
London E.⁷ 19
England
16 March

Dear Father,

I am living in London. I have a job in a factory. The work is very hard. I often work at night. But the pay is good.⁸

I am well and I live with people from my country.

I am sending you £⁹100 in this letter. This is for you and mother.

Love to you and mother.

Saul

“One hundred pounds!” I said to the school teacher. “You’re wrong. It’s a mistake.”

“No,” the school teacher said. “I’m not wrong. It’s not a mistake. Here is the money.” And he gave me a piece of paper.

“What is this?” I asked.

“A money order¹⁰,” the school teacher said. “Go to Darpur¹¹. Take this money order to the Post Office in Darpur. The money order is worth one hundred pounds¹². The Post Office official¹³ will give you the money.”

“One hundred pounds!” I said again.

Everyone laughed and said, “Adam, you are a rich man. You can buy many things, for your farm and for your house.”

“And I can buy some good food and drink in Darpur. I am going to give a party¹⁴ for you all,” I told my friends.

Martha said, “Saul is a good son.”

That evening, the village people talked about the money order and my money. Martha and I also talked about the money. We needed many things for the farm.

2. Adam Goes to Darpur

The next morning I got up very early. It was dark and everyone was asleep. But I was going to Darpur.

I washed and dressed carefully. I put on my best clothes and I carried my best stick. I put the money order carefully in my pocket and I said goodbye to Martha.

I walked ten miles to the main road. I sat down at the main road and ate my breakfast.



I waited for the bus. I waited for two hours. Then the bus came and I got on.

It is a long way to Darpur. The bus takes three hours. I arrived in Darpur and walked to the Post Office immediately.

I do not often go to Darpur. I only know the market, and one shop. This is the shop of Rick. I buy things for my farm from Rick.

There were a lot of people in the Post Office. I asked about money orders. A man showed me the queue¹⁵. There was a long line of people and I waited at the back.

Finally it was my turn; I was at the front of the queue. But the official did not serve¹⁶ me.

“Excuse me,” I said. “It’s my turn.¹⁷ I’m next.”

“You are next? Old man, I’m very busy,” the official said. “Look at my papers. Look at all these people. I am very busy. And you must wait.”

So I waited. Finally the official looked at me.

“What do you want?” he asked.

I gave him my money order. “This is my money order for one hundred pounds,” I replied.

The official held out his hand. “Identity Card¹⁸,” he said.

“Excuse me. I don’t understand,” I replied.

“Your Identity Card,” the official said again. “Give me your Identity Card.”

“What is an Identity Card?” I asked again.

“I can’t give you any money for this money order. First I must see your Identity Card. Your Identity Card gives your name and your address. Your Identity Card describes you. There is a photograph of you in your Identity Card. I don’t know you. Who are you?” The official was a little angry.

But I was also angry. “Who am I?” I said. “Everyone knows me. I am Adam of the village of Minta. I haven’t got an Identity Card and I don’t need an Identity Card.”

“Old man, I’m very busy and you’re very stupid,” the official said. “Who are you? Where is Minta?”

“Give me my money. Give me my one hundred pounds,” I said.

The official looked angry and said, “Show me your Identity Card. I don’t know you.”

The official gave back my money order and he turned away.

“Where can I buy an Identity Card?” I asked the official. He did not speak to me. He did not answer.

“Go to the Ministry of the Interior¹⁹,” a man said. He was standing in the queue. And he told me the way.

3. An Identity Card

I walked to the Ministry of the Interior. I waited in another queue. I spoke to another official. I asked for an Identity Card.

“Fill in this application form²⁰,” the official said. “And bring me the form and three photographs of yourself and two pounds. Come back tomorrow.”

“Tomorrow?” I said. “Can I have an Identity Card today, please? I live in Minta. I live five hours’ journey from Darpur²¹. I’m an old man.”

“Yes, come back tomorrow.” And the official turned away.

I walked away from the Ministry of the Interior. I walked to the market. At the market I looked at everyone. I was looking for a man from my village. But I could not find a villager. So then I walked to the shop of Rick. I spoke to Rick.

“I want an Identity Card,” I told him. “But I need three photographs of myself.”

“I see. You need some photographs.” And he showed me the way to a photographer.²²

I found the house. The photographer was asleep, but he came to me quickly. The man’s clothes were dirty and he looked tired.

“I need an Identity Card,” I said. “I want three photographs of myself.”

“Yes, you want three photographs of yourself,” the photographer replied. “And I take very good photographs. Come and see my camera.”

We walked into his room. In the middle of the room was a large camera.

“This is the best camera in Darpur. This camera is very, very good,” the photographer said proudly.

“I’ve never seen a camera,” I said. “I don’t know about cameras. Hurry up and take a photograph of me²³.”

“Please do not hurry me, old man,” the photographer said. “I am an artist.” And he gave me a mirror and a comb²⁴.

“I don’t want a mirror, I don’t want a comb. Please take my photograph. I’m going to Minta this afternoon. And I’m in a hurry,” I said.

“Yes,” he said. “But first the price. This is the best camera in Darpur and I’m the best photographer. Three photographs will cost you two pounds fifty.”

“Two pounds fifty!” And I laughed.

“Two pounds fifty — and pay me now please,” the photographer answered.

I did not know the price of photographs. What could I do? Then the photographer said, “You are an old man. For you, the price is two pounds.”

So I gave him the money and he took the photograph. “Come back tomorrow morning,” he said.

“I want my three photographs now, immediately,” I said.

“Don’t be stupid,” the photographer said. “Photographs take twenty-four hours. Come back tomorrow.”

What could I do? So I said, “Yes. Tomorrow morning.”

“Good,” said the photographer. “Now go. I have a lot of work. I’m very busy.”

I went back to the bus station. I sat on the bus for three hours. I walked ten miles back to my village.

It was nighttime and I was very tired. Martha and my friends were waiting for me.



“Where is the money?” Martha asked.

“I have no money. I cannot change the money order²⁵. First I must have an Identity Card.” And I told Martha everything.

“Tomorrow I am going to Darpur again,” I said. Then I did not talk again. I was very tired and it was late at night. I lay on my bed and I slept.

4. No Photographs

I woke up late the next morning. The sun was already high. I did not walk to the main road and catch a bus. All the buses go to Darpur early in the morning.

So I stayed at home on Wednesday. I was still very tired. I rested and talked to the villagers about the money order. I told them about the Identity Card and the photographer.

The school teacher said, “Yes, the official is correct. In a Post Office, you always show your Identity Card.”

The school teacher filled in my application form for an Identity Card.

On Thursday I travelled to Darpur again. I walked to the main road and I caught a bus. In Darpur, I walked to the house of the photographer.

I knocked on the door of the house. No one came to the door. I knocked again loudly with my stick. A woman opened the door.

“Who are you? What do you want?” she asked.

“Can I have my photographs, please?” I said.

“Your photographs? I have no photographs,” the woman replied.

“I came here on Tuesday. Where is the photographer?” I asked.

“He’s out. He’s not here.” And the woman closed the door.

I shouted at her, “I’m waiting here for him.”

After a long time the photographer came back. He looked tired and he smelt of beer.²⁶

“Give me my photographs,” I said. “I have waited a long time for you.”

The photographer looked at me and said. “I don’t know you, old man. What photographs are you talking about?”

“My three photographs for my Identity Card. I paid you two pounds for them on Tuesday. Give me my photographs immediately or my money.”

“Your photographs? Your money? What are you talking about?” the photographer said. “Show me the paper. Show me the receipt²⁷ for your money.”

“My receipt?” I asked.

“Yes. Where is your receipt?” the photographer asked again.

“You didn’t give me a receipt.” I shouted. “Give me my photographs or my money immediately.” And I hit the photographer hard with my stick. I am old, but I am still

strong.

The photographer fell on the ground. He shouted, "Help! Help! This old man is killing me." And I hit him hard again.

Lots of people ran out of their houses. I hit the photographer again and two men held me. I could not get away from²⁸ the two men. The photographer was very angry and I was very angry. Lots of people were shouting.

Then a policeman came. The photographer shouted to the policeman, "This old man hit me three times with his stick. He's a thief and a murderer. He wants my money."

The policeman held my arm and said, "Come with me to the police station." I did not say anything. We walked to the police station.

At the police station, the policeman asked me, "Did you hit that man three times?"

"Yes," I said, "he didn't give me my photographs."

"Show me your Identity Card," said the policeman.

"I am Adam of Minta village," I replied, "and I haven't got an Identity Card."

"Old man," said the policeman. "Go back to your village. Don't come here and fight. Keep out of²⁹ Darpur." And he pushed me into the street.

I went back to my village. I was tired and angry.

5. Adam Changes His Money Order

Next day I told my story to all the villagers. The villagers were angry. Martha was very unhappy.

She said, "Saul is working very hard. He is sending money and we can't have the money. What are we going to do?"

I did not know. Then in the evening the school teacher came to my house again.

"Adam. Perhaps I can help you," the school teacher said. "Here is a letter to Mr. Sheth."

"Mr. Sheth?" I said. "Who is he?"

"He's an important man in Darpur, and he's a friend of my wife's cousin," replied the school teacher. "This letter is to Mr. Sheth. The letter is about your money order. Perhaps he can help you."

I took the letter and thanked the school teacher.

So I travelled to Darpur again on Saturday, for the third time³⁰. After a long time, I found Mr. Sheth's house. The door was opened by a tall man.

"Can I see Mr. Sheth?" I asked.

"And who are you?" the tall man asked.

"I have a letter for Mr. Sheth," I replied.

"I see. Can I have the letter, please?" And the tall man held out his hand.

"The letter is here," I said. And I took the letter out of my pocket. "But I must see



Mr. Sheth.”

“Many people want to see Mr. Sheth,” the tall man told me. “He is a very busy man and a very important man. Mr. Sheth is not here at the moment. But give me your letter, and Mr. Sheth will read it later.”

I gave the tall man the letter. Then I waited. Later a large black car came and a man went into the house. A long time later, the man opened the door again.

“Come in now, please, and follow me,” he said.

I followed the tall man. We went into a large room with fine carpets³¹ and big chairs. Another man was in the room. He was drinking.

“This is Mr. Sheth,” said the tall man.

“I am Adam of Minta village,” I replied.

“Yes, I know,” said Mr. Sheth. “Thank you for the letter. I hope I can help you. I like to help people. Please, sit down.” Mr. Sheth smiled. His clothes were new and smart.

“Thank you,” I said.

“Can I see the money order, please?” Mr. Sheth asked.

I took the money order out of my pocket. By now, the money order was dirty and looked very old. I gave it to Mr. Sheth.

“This money order is for one hundred pounds,” I said. “My son sent it from a foreign country.”

Mr. Sheth unfolded³² the money order and looked at it. “You can’t change this money order,” he said. “This money order is not worth one hundred pounds. This money order is worth nothing.”

“Worth nothing! Worthless?” I asked.

Then Mr. Sheth looked at the money order again. “Yes, worthless. Your son does not understand about money orders. This money order is not correct for our country,” Mr. Sheth said. Then he looked at the money order again and said, “And this money order is also old. It is out of date³³.”

I said nothing. Mr. Sheth gave me back the money order.

Then Mr. Sheth smiled and said, “I am very sorry. You are an old man. You came a long way from your village. What can I give you to eat and drink?”

I was not hungry. But Mr. Sheth went out of the room. Then he brought me some coffee and some cakes. I drank my coffee.

“Old man,” said Mr. Sheth, “I like to help people. I am a rich man. Give me your money order:”

I gave my money order to Mr. Sheth. “Yes, this money order is worthless,” he said again. “But I am going to help you. I am going to change this money order for you. I am going to give you some money.”

Mr. Sheth went out of the room. I felt very happy again. After a few minutes, the tall man came into the room. He gave me an envelope.

“This is from Mr. Sheth. You can go now,” the tall man said.

I went out of the house. I walked along the road to the bus station. I opened the

envelope and I took out my money. I counted³⁴ the money. It was ten pounds. I thought about my only son, Saul.

My son, Saul, had sent me a money order for one hundred pounds. Mr. Sheth had given me ten pounds! I felt old and I felt poor again.

Notes

1. Adam /'ædəm/ 亚当(人名)
2. Saul /sɔ:l/ 索尔(人名)
3. envelope /'envələʊp/ *n.* 信封
4. Minta /'mɪntə/ 明达村
5. Martha /'mɑ:tə/ 玛莎(人名)
6. Taylor (/ˈteɪlə/) Street 泰勒街
7. E. = east
8. But the pay is good. 但工资优厚。
9. £ = pound 英镑 (= pound sterling)
10. money order 汇款单, 汇票
11. Darpur /'dɑ:pə/ 达浦镇
12. (be) worth one hundred pounds 价值相当于 100 英镑
13. Post Office official 邮局职员
14. give a party 设宴请客
15. queue /kju:/ *n.* 长列, 长队
16. serve *vt.* 接待, 招呼
17. It's my turn. 轮到我了。
18. identity (/aɪ'dentɪti/) card 身份证
19. the Ministry of the Interior 内政部
20. application form 申请书, 申请表格
21. five hours' journey from Darpur 离达浦镇 5 小时路程的地方
22. photographer /fə'tɒgrəfə/ *n.* 摄影师, 摄影者
23. take a photograph of me 给我照相
24. comb /kəʊm/ *n.* 梳子
25. change the money order 取汇款
26. smell of beer 散发啤酒的气味
27. receipt /rɪ'si:t/ *n.* 收据, 收条
28. get away from 挣脱开
29. keep out of 置身于……之外, 不要进
30. for the third time 第三次
31. fine carpet /'kɑ:pɪt/ 精致的地毯, 高级地毯