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英语趣味阅读系列

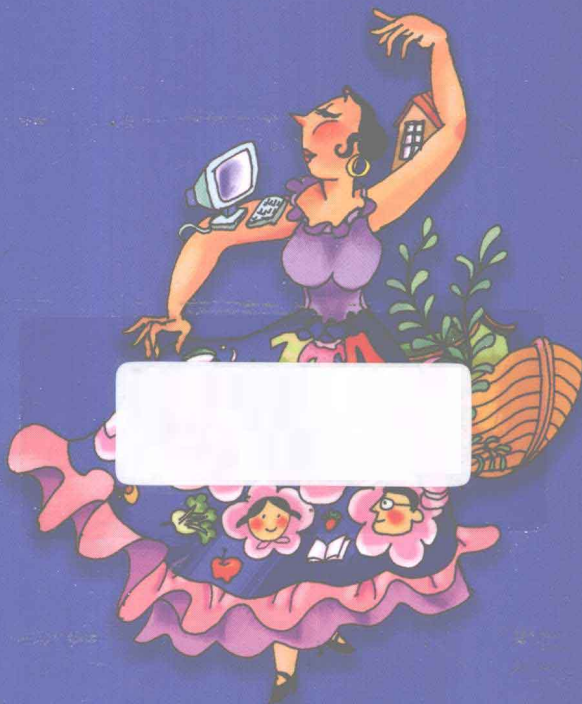
丛书主编 朱宾忠

行动的力量

The Power of
Your Actions

主 编 吴 彩

副主编 徐玉军 陈枝蔚 金陈铭



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序言 PREFACE

兴趣是最好的老师。阅读兴趣是学生养成好的阅读习惯、提高阅读能力的核心要素之一。有兴趣阅读，学生才会在零碎时间中“见缝插针”地经常性阅读。众所周知，语言学习除了课堂教学材料（如课本和习题）以外还需要补充大量的课外阅读材料（报纸、杂志、故事、小说等）。一般而言，一个本族语学习者阅读课外材料的数量是课堂教学材料的十多倍甚至数十倍，这也正是人们能够掌握好本族语的最大保障。然而，中国学生在学习英语的过程中，除了课本和习题外，极少阅读其他英语读物。根据笔者2009年3月份针对3个省份（湖北、广东、福建）4座城市（武汉、丹江口、东莞、厦门）6所学校从初一到大一7个年级731名学生的问卷调查，除课本和习题外“从不”和“几乎不”看其他英文书籍的学生占46.03%，“偶尔”看的学生占51.60%，“经常”阅读的只有2.37%。

课本及习题是英语学习的主要素材，但仅限于课本及习题的多讲多练不足以大幅度提高阅读能力以及语言能力。学校英语课本的难度都高于多数学生自主阅读的语言水平，需要老师讲解后才能理解，而习题中的阅读部分差不多都是为考试服务的，无论是文章的编排形式还是篇幅的长短，一切都是“考试化”，如阅读理解、完形填空、短文改错等。很多练习阅读的习题集还会附上应付考试的技巧，以致许多学生见到阅读材料时脑子里想的只有两个字：“答题”或“考试”。“阅读材料考试化”在较大程度上扼杀了学生的阅读兴趣，让他们不断体验英语学习中的“枯燥”和“疲劳”。也就是说，英语课本和习题不足以培养学生较浓厚的阅读兴趣，而缺乏阅读兴趣不利于养成好的阅读习惯，结果是课本中学到的词汇、短语、语法等知识也很少有机会在课外阅读中得到深化和保持。

什么样的英语故事更适合培养学生的阅读兴趣？25年来笔者在多座城市为近30所学校的中学生、大学生讲授或辅导过英语科目，也无数次因学生的请求频繁光顾书店搜寻适合他们阅读的英语故事。笔者发现，要培养学生的阅读兴趣，选择故事时需重点考虑以下因素：阅读连续性、故事的趣味性、语言难度和汉语依赖性。

阅读连续性。一口气把一个故事（或一本故事书）看完更容易享受阅读的乐趣。如果一边看故事，一边频繁地翻看词典、生词表或译文就不可避免地中断阅读连续性，从而降低阅读兴趣。

故事的趣味性。阅读连续性是人们欣赏故事、领悟语言的基本功，而故事的趣味性是吸引读者持续性阅读的最有效动力。上述问卷调查中74.41%的学生表示，他们挑选英文故事阅读时主要会考虑趣味性。

语言难度。语言难度是影响阅读连续性和阅读兴趣的另一个重要因素，上述调查结果也表明了这一点：42.95%的学生挑选英文故事时主要会考虑语言难度；而“从不”和“几乎不”以及“偶尔”看其他英文书籍的学生当中，66.44%的学生认为他们读过的英文故事难度“太大”或“较大”，因而失去阅读的兴趣。所以，要保持学生的阅读兴趣，所选故事的难度最好是接近或略低于学校课本的语言程度。

汉语依赖性。许多学生阅读英语时习惯于一见到生词就查看词典（或生词表），有译文时先看译文。对汉语的过分依赖不仅影响到阅读的连续性，降低阅读兴趣，更不利于培养阅读英语的习惯。本丛书尝试把影响故事整体理解的词汇、短语、结构、语法、习俗等进行适当改写或在句中加上简明的汉字。比如，常见的被动语态对初学者是理解的难点，词典、词汇表和译文对此帮助不大，而三言两语的注释也解释不清，在句中加上简明的汉字反而简单有效。

“英语趣味阅读系列”丛书主要由武汉大学外语学院英文系教授（博导）朱宾忠博士、集美大学外语学院英语系副主任（副教授）黄明博士和广东东莞市高级中学高级教师吴彩担任主编，邀集了一批长期从事英语教学和研究的教师共同编写。丛书共四册，难度依次递进，内容各有侧重，共选编了500多个经典故事，分为童话故事、民间故事、情感故事、幽默故事四大类。所选故事趣味性强、语言地道、情节生动、真挚感人。本丛书在保持原文原汁原味的前提下对影响故事整体理解的难点部分进行了改写或添加简明的汉字，语言难度逐册提高，但力求让所有中学生、大学生在“无词典、无词表、无译文”的状态下一口气看

完每一个完整的故事。本丛书的编写方式不仅降低了学生对汉语的依赖性，而且为阅读连续性创造了条件。一口气看完本丛中一个个动人故事也是学生真实体验“欣赏与自我欣赏”的一个新奇历程，即在欣赏优美英语故事的同时不知不觉开始欣赏自己英语水平的提高。总之，本丛书在提高学生阅读兴趣、养成英语阅读习惯、增强英语阅读信心、扩展英语文化知识、培养英语敏捷思维等方面将起到积极的推动作用。

黄 明

2012年6月1日

于厦门集美大学白鹭湖畔

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01

See How Much I Love You

My grandparents were married for over half a century, and played their own special game from the time they had met each other. The goal of their game was to write the word “shmily” in a surprise place for the other to find. They took turns leaving “shmily” around the house, and as soon as one of them discovered it, it was their turn to hide it once more.

They dragged “shmily” with their fingers through the sugar and flour containers to await whoever was preparing the next meal. They **smear**ed(涂抹) it in the dew on the windows overlooking the **patio**(露台) where my grandma always fed us warm, homemade pudding with blue food coloring. “Shmily” was written in the steam left on the mirror after a hot shower, where it would reappear bath after bath. At one point, my grandmother even unrolled an entire roll of toilet paper to leave “shmily” on the very last sheet. There was no end to the places “shmily” would **pop up**(突然出现). Little notes with “shmily” **scribbled**(潦草书写) hurriedly were found on dashboards and car seats, or taped to steering wheels. The notes were stuffed inside shoes and left under pillows. “Shmily” was written in the dust upon the



mantel (壁炉架) and traced in the ashes of the fireplace. This mysterious word was as much a part of my grandparents' house as the furniture.


It took me a long time before I was able to fully appreciate my grandparents' game. **Skepticism** (怀疑) has kept me from believing in true love—one that is pure and enduring. However, I never doubted my grandparents' relationship. It was more than their **flirtatious** (调情的) little games; it was a way of life. Their relationship was based on a devotion and passionate affection which not everyone is lucky to experience.

Grandma and Grandpa held hands every chance they could. They stole kisses as they bumped into each other in their tiny kitchen. They finished each other's sentences and shared the daily crossword puzzle and **word jumble** (字谜游戏). My grandma whispered to me about how cute my grandpa was, how handsome and old he had grown to be. She claimed that she really knew "how to pick 'em." Before every meal they bowed their heads and gave thanks, marveling at their blessings: a wonderful family, good fortune, and each other.

But there was a dark cloud in my grandparents' life: my grandmother had breast cancer. The disease had first appeared ten years earlier. As always, Grandpa was with her every step of the way. He comforted her in their yellow room, painted that way so that she could always be surrounded by sunshine, even when she was too sick to go outside.

Now the cancer was again attacking her body. With the help of a cane and my grandfather's steady hand, they went to church every morning. But my grandmother grew steadily weaker until, finally, she could not leave the house anymore. For a while, Grandpa would go to church alone, praying to God to watch over his wife. Then one day, what we all dreaded finally happened. Grandma was gone.

"Shmily." It was **scrawled** (潦草地写) in yellow on the pink ribbons of my grandmother's funeral **bouquet** (花束). As the crowd thinned and the last mourners turned to leave, my aunts, uncles,



cousins and other family members came forward and gathered around Grandma one last time. Grandpa stepped up to my grandmother's **casket**(棺材) and, taking a shaky breath, he began to sing to her. Through his tears and grief, the song came, a deep and throaty **lullaby**(摇篮曲). Shaking with my own sorrow, I will never forget that moment. For I knew that, although I couldn't begin to **fathom**(弄清楚) the depth of their love, I had been privileged to witness its unmatched beauty.

S-h-m-i-l-y: See How Much I Love You.

02




The Doll and the White Rose



I hurried into the local department store to grab some last minute Christmas gifts. I looked at all the people and **grumbled**(咕哝) to myself. I would be in here forever and I just had so much to do. Christmas was beginning to become such a **drag**(乏味的事情). I **kind of**(有点儿) wished that I could just sleep through Christmas. But I hurried the best I could through all the people to the toy department. Once again I kind of **mumbled**(咕哝) to myself at the prices of all these toys, and wondered if the **grandkids** would even play with them. I found myself in the doll aisle. Out of the corner of my eye I saw a little boy about five years old, who was holding a lovely doll.

He kept touching her hair and he held her so gently. I could not seem to help myself. I just kept looking over at the little boy and wondered who the doll was for. I watched him turn to a woman and he called his aunt by name and said, "Are you sure I don't have enough money?"

She replied a bit **impatiently**(不耐烦), "You know that you don't



have enough money for it.” The aunt told the little boy not to go anywhere. She said that she had to go and get some other things and would be back in a few minutes. And then she left the aisle. The boy continued to hold the doll. After a bit I asked the boy who the doll was for.

“It is the doll my sister wanted so badly for Christmas,” said the boy. “She just knew that Santa would bring it.”

I told him that maybe **Santa Claus**(圣诞老人) was going to bring it. He said, “No, Santa can’t go where my sister is. I have to give the doll to my Mama to take to her.”

I asked him where his sister was. He looked at me with the saddest eyes and said, “She was gone to be with **Jesus**(耶稣). My Daddy says that Mama is going to have to go to be with her.”

My heart nearly stopped beating. Then the boy looked at me again and said, “I told my Daddy to tell my Mama not to go yet. I told him to tell her to wait till I got back from the store.”

Then he asked me if I wanted to see his picture. I told him I’d love to. He pulled out some picture he had taken at the front of the store. He said, “I want my Mama to take this with her so she doesn’t ever forget me. I love my Mama so much and I wish she would not have to leave me. But Daddy says she will need to be with my sister.”

I saw that the little boy had lowered his head and had grown so quiet. While he was not looking, I reached into my purse and got out a handful of **bills**(钞票).

“Shall we count that money one more time?” I asked the little boy.

He grew excited and said, “Yes, I just know it has to be enough.” So I slipped my money in with his and we began to count it. Of course it was plenty for the doll. He softly said, “Thank you Jesus for giving me enough money.” Then the boy said to me, “I just asked Jesus to give me enough money to buy this doll so Mama can take it with her to give my sister. And he heard my prayer. I wanted to ask him for enough to buy my Mama a white rose, but I didn’t ask him.



Now he gave me enough to buy the doll and a rose for my Mama. She loves white rose so much. ”

In a few minutes the aunt came back and I wheeled my cart away.

I could not keep from thinking about the little boy as I finished my shopping in a totally different spirit than when I had started. And I kept remembering a story I had seen in the newspaper several days earlier about a drunk driver hitting a car and killing a little girl and the Mother was in serious condition. The family was deciding on whether to **remove the life support**(拿掉吸氧机). Now surely this little boy did not belong with that story.

Two days later I read in the paper where the family had disconnected the life support and the young woman had died. I could not forget the little boy and just kept wondering if the two were somehow connected. Later that day, I could not help myself and I went out and bought some white roses and took them to the funeral home where the young woman was. And there she was, holding a lovely white rose, the beautiful doll, and the picture of the little boy in the store. I left there in tears. Their life changed forever. The love that little boy had for his little sister and his mother was overwhelmed. And in a split second a drunk driver had ripped the life of that little boy to pieces.

