

# 在山影之下

# IN THE SHADOW OF THE MOUNTAIN

外语教学与研究出版社  
剑桥大学出版社

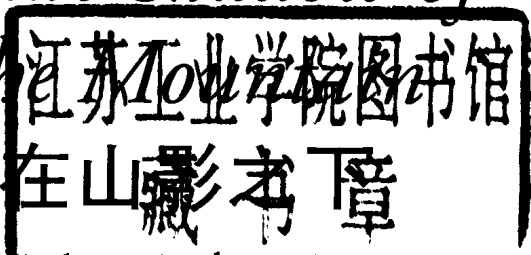
HELEN NAYLOR

外研社·剑桥英语分级读物(英文注释)

Level 5

Series editor: Philip Prowse

*In the Shadow of*

the 

Helen Naylor (英) 著

范华 注

外语教学与研究出版社

FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS

# (京)新登字 155 号

京权图字 01-2002-2438

## 图书在版编目(CIP)数据

在山影之下/(英)内勒(Naylor, A.)著;范华注释. —北京:外语教学与研究出版社, 2002

ISBN 7-5600-2622-2

I. 在… II. ①内… ②范… III. 英语—注释读物. 故事—英、汉  
IV. H319.4: I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2002)第 012199 号

Originally published by Cambridge University Press in 1999.

This reprint edition is published with the permission of the Syndicate of the Press of the University of Cambridge, Cambridge, England.

本书原版由剑桥大学出版社于 1999 年出版。英文注释版由剑桥大学出版社授权外研社出版。

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责任编辑: 吴 静

出版发行: 外语教学与研究出版社

社 址: 北京市西三环北路 19 号 (100089)

网 址: <http://www.fltrp.com>

印 刷: 北京外国语大学印刷厂

开 本: 850×1168 1/32

印 张: 4.625

版 次: 2002 年 7 月第 1 版 2003 年 11 月第 2 次印刷

书 号: ISBN 7-5600-2622-2/H·1364

定 价: 6.00 元

\* \* \*

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## 外研社·剑桥英语分级读物

亲爱的老师们、同学们,由外语教学与研究出版社和英国剑桥大学出版社联合出版的这套《外研社·剑桥英语分级读物》终于与国内读者见面了。它集原创性、针对性、时代性和多样性于一体,是一套理想的英语学习读物。

本套读物是我国目前引进的第一套专为非英语国家读者撰写的英语故事性读物,作者全部是经验丰富的英语教学专家。读物依据难易程度共分六级,每级四本,每本独立成篇。题材涉及广泛,包括喜剧、历险记、侦探小说、浪漫爱情故事和短篇故事等。内容涉及东西方多种地域和文化,情节扣人心弦,极富吸引力。读者在提高自身英语水平的同时,还会享受到阅读的巨大乐趣。

本套读物分为英汉对照版和英文注释版两种版本,以适应不同读者的不同需要。其中,英文注释版附有练习,为不同程度的英语学习者在阅读中提供了及时而必要的帮助。

如果你们喜欢这套读物,请把它推荐给你们的朋友。如果你们对这套读物有什么意见和建议,也请告诉我们。

在此,我们谨向那些为这套读物的出版给予帮助和关切的老师们表示衷心的感谢!

## People in the Story

**Clare Newton:** forty-six years old, divorced. A journalist. Lives in London.

**Andrew Newton:** younger brother of Clare. Married to Jan.

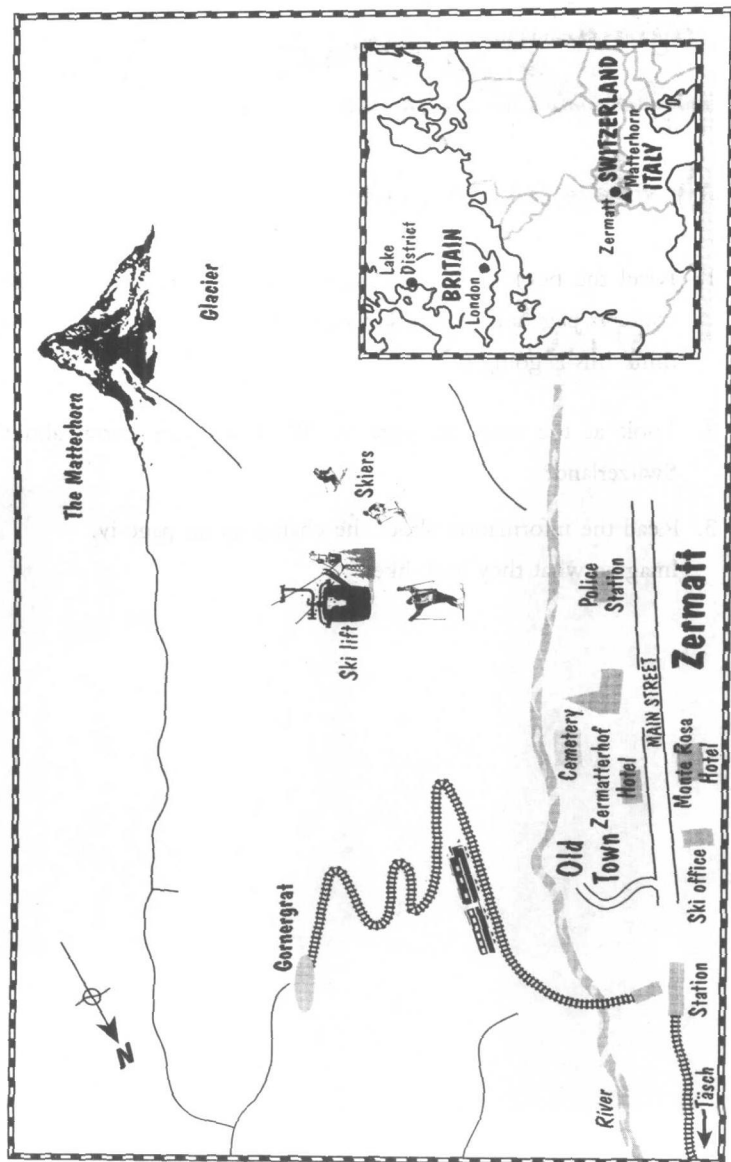
**Marjorie Newton:** in her late seventies; mother of Clare and Andrew. Married to Thomas Newton, who died a year before the story begins.

**Edward Crowe:** grandfather of Clare and Andrew; father of Marjorie. Married to Agatha.

**Bruno:** in his early forties; ski instructor and mountain guide in Zermatt.

**Ulrich Grunwalder:** ninety-four-year-old mountain guide, lives in Zermatt.

# Places in the Story





## Before Your Reading

**Answer the following questions:**

1. Read the book in two minutes! Read the front cover, the contents page and the back cover. What sort of story do you think this is going to be?
2. Look at the map on page v. What do you know about Switzerland?
3. Read the information about the characters on page iv. Imagine what they look like.

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## Chapter 1 *Family lunch*

On 23 April 1998, Edward Crowe came out from the glacier on the north side of the Matterhorn mountain above Zermatt in Switzerland. He had been dead for seventy-four years.

And on the same day, over 2,000 kilometres away, the three direct descendants of Edward Crowe – his daughter Marjorie and his two grandchildren, Clare and Andrew – were enjoying a rare day together at the family home in Windermere, centre of England's Lake District.

Clare had driven up from London the night before, arriving very late at her mother's house. She had slept deeply in her old childhood bed and hadn't woken until after nine o'clock. She'd stayed in bed for a few minutes, enjoying the quiet outside her window. Here, she was Clare the daughter again, rather than Clare the independent, successful journalist.

She loved coming home to Windermere, even though she'd had her own home and her own life down in London for many years. There was something about the northern part of England, and especially the Lake District where

**glacier** *n.* 冰川  
**Matterhorn** 马特峰 (位于瑞士和意大利境内)  
**Zermatt** 采尔马特 (瑞士地名)  
**descendant** *n.* 后代  
**Windermere** 温德米尔 (英国地名)

she'd grown up, that was part of her. Despite the awful 400 kilometre-plus journey up the M6 motorway ('Britain's biggest car park' someone had described it as), she always found herself relaxing the further north she got. Usually, by the time she turned off the motorway, it was dark and she couldn't see the rocky hills or the waters of Lake Windermere, but she knew they were there.

On this visit she was hoping that being back in this magical landscape would give her time to think about her future. She knew she couldn't continue working at the newspaper for much longer. It was not what she wanted any more. But giving it up was a frightening thought – what else was there in her life?

Now here she was, a forty-six-year-old woman sitting at the dining table with Andrew, the two of them enjoying their mother's cooking.

'Mum, you haven't lost your touch,' said Clare. 'This salmon's great. No-one makes it quite like you.'

'I don't know what's special about it,' replied her mother. 'It's only a bit of grilled salmon. I've been doing it the same way all these years.'

'Exactly,' said Clare. 'That's the whole point – it's very comforting to find that some things don't change.'

'Finish off this last piece then, one of you. I don't want any left,' said Marjorie with a smile.

'Thanks,' said Andrew. 'I'll have it. I'm sorry Jan and the kids couldn't come today. You know how it is, Saturdays

motorway *n.* 高速公路  
touch *n.* 个人的特殊技能  
salmon *n.* 鲑鱼  
grilled *adj.* 烤过的

are the only time they get to do all their sport and things, and Jan likes to be there for them.'

'I'm not going to be here for ever you know. I want to enjoy my grandchildren while I can,' said Marjorie, busying herself round the table.

'That's exactly what Grandma Agatha used to say about us, but, Mum, that's the first time I've heard you talk about . . . ' said Andrew.

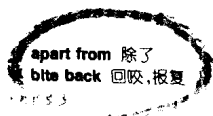
'Dying,' said Marjorie, finishing her younger child's sentence.

'There's nothing wrong, is there?' asked Clare anxiously.

'Nothing, apart from old age, as far as I know,' replied Marjorie. 'Anyway, don't pay any attention to me.'

'How's the garden, Mum?' asked Andrew. He felt somehow responsible for the way this conversation was going and he thought it better to re-direct it onto safer ground – although Marjorie's garden could hardly be described as safe ground. For as long as they could remember their mother had fought to make the garden do what she wanted, but it always seemed to have a way of biting back. Some years it was the weather that killed off all the flowers, other years some kind of evil disease seemed to take over and, almost overnight, eat all the young plants she'd just put in. It was a long-running story that was part of their shared family history.

'Well, thank you for asking, Andrew. I know this may surprise you both but I think I'm winning this year. Everything seems to be doing rather well,' said Marjorie,



looking pleased. 'Your father would be proud of me.'

There was a silence around the table as they each remembered the person who had brought them together today. Thomas Newton had died a year ago. He'd been cutting the grass in front of the house when Marjorie found him.

'A heart attack,' the doctor had said. His death had left a big hole in all their lives.

'To Dad,' said Andrew, raising his glass; Clare and Marjorie echoed his words in quiet voices.

It was then that the telephone rang.

'I'll go,' said Clare, wiping away a few tears.

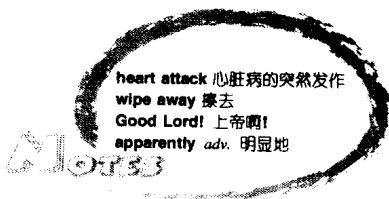
They could hear her talking in the hall, but when she came back in she looked shocked.

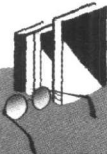
'That was the Foreign Office, Mum.'

'Good Lord,' said Andrew. 'What did they want?'

Marjorie looked at Clare with surprise and a little fear in her eyes.

'It's about your father, Edward. Apparently,' Clare continued, 'they've found his body. It's about to be recovered from the foot of a glacier in Zermatt and they want someone to go over there.'





## Check Your Reading 1

**Give the best answer to each question:**

1. Who...

- a had been frozen for many years?
- b needed time to think about the future?
- c was glad that some things had remained the same?
- d had never talked about dying before?

## Chapter 2 *Telling Kevin*

When they were children, Clare and Andrew had been proud of the fact that their grandfather had died while climbing a famous mountain in Switzerland. It gave a bit of excitement, a bit of mystery, to their family that none of their friends could match. Clare had even been on a skiing holiday to Zermatt when she was in her twenties, and had stood at the foot of the Matterhorn and marvelled at the thought of her grandfather still up there, frozen in the ice.

After lunch Clare took her mobile phone into the garden to ring her editor at the *Daily News*.

'What's my schedule like for the next ten days or so, Kevin?' Clare asked.

'You probably know that better than I do – why are you asking?' Kevin replied.

This'll make him jump, thought Clare as she said, 'I've got to go to Switzerland to pick up a body, and . . .'

'You what?' said Kevin. 'Whose body . . . what are you talking about?'

'You know I'm up at my mother's this weekend, well the Foreign Office rang at lunchtime today and announced, out of the blue, that my Grandpa Edward was just about to appear out of the bottom of a glacier in Zermatt and would

match v. 与……相比(相匹敌)  
marvel at 大为惊讶(含赞叹之意)  
out of the blue 意外(地)

someone from the family go and collect him.' Clare couldn't resist making the whole thing sound rather light-hearted. She sometimes enjoyed trying to shock her unimaginative editor.

'You make it sound as if you're going to pick something up from a Lost Property Office,' said Kevin, surprised.

Clare gave him the details of her grandfather's climbing accident in 1924, as far as she knew them. And then she asked to be away from the office for the next week or so.

'This could make a great piece for the paper. It's not exactly something that happens every day, is it? And there'd be the added interest of the article being written by the granddaughter,' said Kevin.

'No way. You're not going to get my family history for everyone to read,' replied Clare firmly.

'Nonsense,' Kevin said. 'It fits with the sort of things you've been doing recently – the human interest stories. It'll be a great read.'

Clare changed the subject. They talked about who would replace her over the next week or so. She was concerned about the interview she'd only just managed to set up with Cherry Gaskell, the ex-wife of England's latest football star. Although she wasn't particularly proud of the kind of journalism she'd been doing in recent months, she didn't really want anyone else do this particular interview. It was going to be a big story and she wanted the credit for it.

unimaginative *adj.* 缺乏想像力的

read *n.* 使人感兴趣的文章

ex-wife *n.* 前妻(ex-表示“前任的”)



‘She’ll probably cancel the whole thing if we send someone else to do the interview,’ said Clare. ‘I’ll ring her and suggest another date.’

‘OK, OK,’ said Kevin. ‘Do what you want. But let me know if there are any problems – I don’t want to lose that story. And ring me when you’ve found out more about your Grandfather’s reappearance too.’