

视听英语

Audio-Visual English

中国高校外语电教协会（筹）编

主 编 张道真
副主编 申葆青

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视听英语（五）

中国高校外语电教协会（筹）编

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从复述到自由表达思想

发展英语口语能力有多种办法。最理想的办法是生活在一定的英语环境当中，直接向说英语的人学口语。再就是有老师帮助，面对面地练习口语。但自学的人却不具备这两个条件。那么，自学英语应当怎样来发展口语能力呢？我们认为最好由听和复述入手，逐步发展自由表达思想的能力。

首先要求听，听较好的录音，听地道的英语。大量听就可创造人为的英语环境。听是说的先决条件，不听而会说是是不可能的。但单是听也不一定能顺利发展口语能力，必须跟着练、跟着说，特别是要复述。复述就是要将听的东西“倒出来”。说得再明确一点，就是要“背出来”。但这种“背”有其特殊要求：一是要模仿录音的语音语调；二是要准确流利。背诵一篇文字材料对发展口语能力不一定有什么好处。一定要复述口语体并适合自己水平的录音材料，才有利于打好口语基础。

复述有什么好处呢？第一，可以巩固所学的东西。看一篇东西或听一篇东西只能留下模糊的印象，要是能复述出来，就一定记得巩固得多，复述一篇材料比看一篇材料作用可能要大得多。第二，可以迅速提高听力。光听而不练习说，听力的发展就不会很快，甚至会停滞不前，（因为，一般说来，只有掌握了的东西才能听懂，如果生词很多，听起来就会很困难。）只有通过复述，巩固地掌握了语言材料，听力才能发展上去。此外要复述出来，就必须彻底听懂，彻底听懂了，听力必然随之稳步提高。第三，可以打好语音语调基础，培养良好的口语习惯。录音好比是字帖，字帖可以帮助我们练好书法，录音可以帮助我们学习自然的语音语调和养成良好的口语习惯，这样外国人才能听懂我们说的话，否则就不能达到交流思想的目的。最后，复述还可训练我们的记忆力。开始阶段一篇材料听十遍二十遍也不一定顺利复述出来，但如果不畏困难坚持练下去，记忆力就会大大加强，复述会越来越容易，最后听三、五遍甚至一、两遍就能复述出来，那时语言能力也就有可能加速度发展了。

复述什么材料呢？最好复述现代口语体的材料，尽可能使记住的每一句话都成为表达思想的原材料。（本刊登载的基本上都属于这类材料。）同时要符合自己的水平。如果材料过难，复述起来会非常吃力，甚至难以进行复述。一般说来材料宁愿浅一些。复述材料中要完全没有生词也很困难，但比例不宜过大（比如尽量不要超过百分之五），生词少，记起来会比较顺利，尤其在开始阶段。至于长度，可因人而异。初学者先复述较短的材料（例如我们每期的“复述材料”），十行到二十行，记起来不太困难。水平高一点的人可练习复述稍长一点的材料（如我们的“听力材料”），再高一点的可复述“简易读物”，直到复述外语报告。在量力而行的原则下，复述得越多越好。如果时间允许，可以试着复述较长的简写读物。例如本期的《雾都孤儿》和《泰坦尼克号沉船》，文字都很浅显，如分段复述，一次复述一、两章，进步必然很快。在初期要尽可能按照原文复述，以保证语言的准确性，随着语言的发展和材料的加长，可以逐步灵活些。在复述过程中脑子要自始至终非常活跃，特别要注意一

些关键词和词组，还要注意怎样组织好句子。初步复述出来并录下音来之后，最好能与原带核对一次，研究自己哪些地方不准确。然后再听，再复述，再核对，直到满意为止。我们希望读者不畏艰苦，跟着磁带苦练，一定有苦尽甘来之时。进步与功夫是成正比的，要真正练好口语，这样的苦功迟早都得下，迟下不如早下。

复述练习要坚持多久才能打好口语基础呢？我们认为这不大好用时间来计算。一般说来，如果你能复述四十到六十盘材料（包括二十盘外语报告），或许可算是有了初步基础。换言之，如果平均每月能复述两盘磁带，两年后可望打下一个较扎实的基础。到那时你会发现无论是听广播或是报告都不会感到有太大的困难。你的语音语调会比较正常，你讲的英语英美人士能听懂，这就达到了初步用英语交流思想的目的了。

为什么要花这样大功夫才能打好初步基础呢？这是因为语言极其丰富，要轻而易举学好是办不到的。复述的过程就是学话的过程。我们学本族语，在有利的语言环境下也要十多年才能打好初步的口语基础。二、三年内如能走完儿童十多年的学话过程就是很了不起的成绩了。企图走捷径是不现实的。学点应付的话突击一下可以奏效，要真正学会用外语表达思想，不长期下苦功是不行的。

这个基础非常重要，有了这个基础，语言能力就能迅速发展。复述好比“熟读唐诗三百首”，使你对语言得到较多的感性知识，较好体会语言的活动规律，积累三、四千最常用的词汇，然后就“不会作诗也能吟”，也就是能有初步的口语能力。在这个基础上根据工作的需要再进一步发展口语能力就比较容易了。我们丛刊第一阶段工程（二十期，相当于四百学时的教程）的任务就是帮助“搭梯子”，到了这个地步，前途就比较平坦了。

从复述到一般表达思想是一个艰苦过程，复述到一定程度，就可能由“量变到质变”，逐步向“融会贯通”发展。开始时复述最好“死”一些，尽量照录音讲话，以使自己的语言合乎规范，过了一段时间再逐渐由“死”到“活”，就可以享有越来越多的自由，比如在复述时，可以缩短或拉长，可以删节甚至重新组织，可以复述大意甚至加以发挥，发表自己的看法。与此同时再补充做一定量的语法及词汇练习，慢慢把语言“化开”，达到活用的目的。再学一些小说、剧本、电影、会话材料等，口语能力就可逐步全面发展起来。

当然不同的人可有不同要求。譬如教师就要对自己要求高一些，基础要更扎实一些，知识面要更广一些，要尽可能投入较多时间。自己的水平越高，教学的效果越好。准备出国留学的人，听力要发展得快一些，说的能力也要有一定基础，但比英语专业学生的要求可以稍低一些。一般公外学生口语要求可以再低一些，主要把它作为手段，促进其它技能的发展，（他们要是能复述一、二十盘磁带，也就难能可贵了。）总之，要实事求是，有的放矢。但不管怎样，复述总是一个值得推荐的方法，至于如何掌握运用，还需大家在实践中摸索。它能对学习发挥积极的推动作用，这点我们是坚信不疑的，实践已给我们做出了回答。

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Simplified Reading

I. Oliver Twist

Charles Dickens

Abridged and Simplified by

Norman Wymer

1. Oliver Asks for More

It was a cold winter night in 1830. A poor girl was alone in a town in England. She had no home and no money. She walked through the streets and looked for a room with a bed. She was going to have a baby² and she was very tired.

"Oh!" she cried. "I can't walk any more!" She fell down in the street and did not move.

Some people found her and took her to the "workhouse"—a home for very poor people.

In the cold, unfriendly workhouse, the girl's baby arrived.³ His name was Oliver Twist.

The young mother kissed her little boy. She looked sadly round the room and cried. "Oh, my poor baby!" she said. "I hope they'll be kind to you here." Then she closed her eyes—and died.

Poor Oliver was alone in the world, without any friends.

The workhouse did not keep young children.

They sent Oliver to an old woman, who was called Mrs Mann. They paid her to give him a home.⁴ Mrs Mann did not want the child—but she wanted the money! She was unkind to Oliver and gave him very little food. She gave the boy just enough food for life.⁵ No more.

Oliver stayed with Mrs Mann for nine years.

Then one day Mr Bumble, a fat keeper from the workhouse, called at the house. He wore a big hat and a coat of bright colours. "Oliver Twist can live in the workhouse now. He's old enough. I've come to take him away," Mr Bumble said.

"Oh—I'll get him," she said; and left the room. She quickly washed Oliver's face and hands, and brought him to Bumble. The old woman thought: "I'll show them that I'm kind to the boy!" She gave Oliver a thousand kisses—and a piece of bread.⁶

"Come with me, boy!" Mr Bumble cried.

Oliver was pleased when he left the unkind old woman. "I'm going to a better home!" he thought. But when the boy saw the cold, dark workhouse, he cried.

Bumble took Oliver to a large room. Fat men with red faces sat at a long table. They looked at Oliver with cold eyes.

"What's your name, boy?" a man in a high chair asked.

Oliver was afraid of the fat men. He did not answer. Bumble gave Oliver a kick, and he cried.

"Why are you crying, boy?" asked a man in white coat. "You can't be unhappy! You have no mother or father, but we are being kind and giving you a home. Thank us—and stop crying!"

"Thank you, sir," Oliver said quietly.

"Boy!" said the man in the high chair.

"You are going to work to pay for your home here! You will begin tomorrow morning at six o'clock. You will work in the vegetable garden, all day!"

Poor Oliver had a very hard life.

All the children had a hard life in the workhouse. Their rooms were cold; they had no warm clothes; and they had very little food. The boy had only a small cup of soup for their dinner. They were always hungry.

One day one of the boys was ill from hunger. He finished his soup, and looked at the others. "If I don't have some more, I'll eat one of you!"⁷ he said.

The boys believed him and were afraid. They all looked at Oliver Twist. "You're the youngest," they said. "Go and get some soup for him, quick!"

Oliver went to the cook with his cup. "Please sir," he said, "I want some more soup."

The cook's face became white. "What?" he cried.

"Please, sir, I want some more," said Oliver.

The cook banged him on the head with his large ladle.

The keeper ran to the fat men with red faces. "Oliver Twist has asked for more!" he told them.

The fat men dropped their pens and looked at him. "What?" they said. "The boy had his supper? Then he asked for more?"

"He did, sir," answered Bumble.

"That boy is bad!" said the man in the high chair. "We must teach him better ways!"⁸

"I'll teach him, sir!" Bumble said. The keeper shut Oliver up in a cold, dark room — all alone. The boy cried all day. At night, he slept on the stone floor. In the morning, Mr Bumble kicked Oliver to wake him up. He led him into the garden and took off his clothes. Then he put him in a bath of cold water.

At dinner time, he carried Oliver to the dining room. He pointed to the hungry boys at the table. "I'll teach boys not to ask for more!" he cried. "I'll show you!" The keeper gave a loud cry — and kicked Oliver round the room.

This happened every day for a week.

Then one night Oliver could not sleep. He sat in the darkness and cried. Suddenly he thought of a way of escape. "I'll run away!" he cried. "I'll go to London and get a job!"

Oliver quietly opened the door and listened. No sounds! The keepers were asleep in their beds. The boy moved quietly through the dark building, like a cat. He found his way to the garden door. Then he opened the door and went into the garden. Oliver climbed over the wall — and escaped from the workhouse.

2. Oliver Runs Away

Oliver ran. "I must go far away — before Mr Bumble looks for me!" he thought. He

ran for about eight kilometres.⁹ Then he hid in a field and slept.

It was a hundred kilometres to London and Oliver walked all the way. He became very tired and hungry. He had no money; so he went to houses and asked for food. Some people gave the boy a piece of bread — but nothing else.

When Oliver reached London, he was afraid. He was a stranger, without friends, in a large city.¹⁰ "Where can I go?" he thought. "I have no home!" The tired hungry boy sat in the street and cried.

People looked at him — and walked past. They did not try to help him.

Then a boy with a round face and bright little eyes went up to Oliver. His name was Jack Dawkins, but his friends called him 'Artful Dodger'. He wore a man's coat (nearly down to his feet!), and he looked very strange.

"Hello!" said Dodger. "Why are you crying?"

"I'm tired and hungry," Oliver answered. "I've walked a long way. I've walked for seven days!"

"Seven days!" cried Dodger. "Where have you come from?"

"I ran away from the workhouse," Oliver told him.

Dodger smiled. "Now you've got no home! Do you want a room?" he asked.

"Oh — yes, please!"

"Well," said Dodger, "I know a kind old man. His name is Fagin. He'll give you a bed. Come with me!"

Dodger took Oliver to an old house in the poorest part of London.¹¹ They went into a dark room. There, four boys sat at a table, drinking. An old man with long red hair stood by the fire. He had a strange look on his face.

Dodger spoke quietly into the old man's ear.¹² "I've found another boy, Fagin!" He looked at Oliver. "Meet my friend — Oliver Twist!"

The boys jumped up and put their arms round Oliver. "Hello! Hello!" they cried. "You'll be very happy here!"

Fagin was very friendly. He gave Oliver some supper — and the boy ate it like a hungry animal. Fagin then gave him some strong drink.¹³ "This will make you happy!" he said. Oliver drank it — and went to sleep. Fagin smiled.

Next morning Fagin and the boys played a strange game. The old man put money

into his pockets. The boys tried to take his money without him knowing. Oliver did not understand the game — but he soon learnt.

Dodger and Charley Bates (another boy) took Oliver for a walk. Suddenly Dodger stopped and looked across the street. "See that old man looking in the bookshop window?" he said. "He's got money in his pockets! Come on, Charley!"

The two boys crossed the street and quietly stood behind the rich old man. Dodger put his hand in his pocket and stole his money. Then the boys ran away.

Oliver was afraid. "The gentleman will think I stole his money!" he thought — and ran.

Too late! The gentleman put his hand in his pocket and missed his money.¹⁴ He turned round and saw Oliver running away. "That boy has stolen my money!" he cried. "Stop thief! Stop that boy!"

Men and women ran out of their houses. Shopkeepers left their shops. Boys jumped off their bicycles. Children stopped their games. A hundred people ran through the streets, crying: "Stop thief!"¹⁵

Poor Oliver ran and ran — but he could not escape.

A big fat man took a stone. "I'll stop him!" he cried. The stone flew through the air. A good shot!¹⁶ It cut Oliver on the head — and he fell.

The people stood round the boy and cried: "Thief! Thief!"

The old gentleman (whose name was Mr Brownlow) came along. He saw blood on Oliver's head. "Oh, poor little boy!" he said. "You've hurt him!"

A policeman arrived. "Don't be sorry for him, sir!" he said. "The boy stole your money!"

"No! No! I'm not the thief!" Oliver cried. "The other boys stole the money."

The policeman did not believe him. He took Oliver away and put him in a prison.

But the man who kept the bookshop saved Oliver. He saw the real thieves through the window of his shop. He told the police that Oliver did not steal the money. The police then freed him from prison.

Mr Brownlow was very pleased. He gave Oliver a home and was very kind to him.

Oliver was happy for the first time in his life. But his happiness soon ended.

3. Nancy and Bill Sikes Look for Oliver

Fagin was afraid. "Oliver will tell the police that we're thieves!" he cried. "Find the boy for me and bring him back — quickly!"

Fagin sent a poor girl to the police. Her name was Nancy and she lived with the thieves.

Nancy told a policeman that she was Oliver's sister. "Oh, sir," she said, crying. "I've lost my little brother. My poor, dear little brother ran away from home — and I can't find him. Oh, sir, do you know where Oliver is?"

The policeman smiled. "Yes — I found him in the street," he said. "A boy stole money from an old gentleman. I saw Oliver running away. So I thought he was the thief — and I put him in prison."

"A thief!" Nancy cried. "Oh, no — my brother isn't a thief! He's a good boy."

"I know, my dear," said the policeman. "A man told me that Oliver didn't steal the money. So I let him go."

"Where is Oliver now?" Nancy asked.

"The old gentleman took the boy to his house and gave him a home," the policeman told her.

"What's his name? Where does he live?" Nancy asked.

"His name is Mr Brownlow." The policeman thought for a minute. "He lives at Pentonville but I don't know the name of the street."

Nancy ran back and told Fagin the news.

Fagin sent Nancy and a thief called Bill Sikes to Pentonville. "Go to the man's house and take the boy away!" he said to Sikes.

Nancy walked through the streets of Pentonville alone. Sikes — a big strong man — followed her with his large white dog.

Nancy smiled sweetly and asked people in the street: "Please, Please, can you tell me where Mr Brownlow lives?"

They did not know the gentleman.

Nancy and Sikes looked in every part of the town, but they could not find the house. "We'll never find Oliver," they thought.

Then one day Mr Brownlow sent Oliver to the bookshop. He gave the boy some books and a £5 note for the shopkeeper.

Oliver walked happily along the street. He wore good new clothes, and he was very pleased with them. "Mr Brownlow is very

kind to me," he thought. "I have a good home now."

But the boy lost his way and walked down a dark back street.¹⁷

Suddenly a girl ran and put her arms round him. "Oh, my dear brother!" she cried. "Oh, Oliver—I've found you! Why did you run away? Come home, dear!"

"Who are you? Why are you stopping me?" Oliver cried. He could not see the girl's face in the dark street.

"Oh, Oliver—you're a bad boy!" she said. "Come home!"

People stopped and looked at them. "What's happened?" they asked.

"This boy is my brother," the girl told them. "He ran away from his dear mother and father. Now he's living with thieves!"

"I don't know her!" Oliver cried. "I have no sister—or mother or father. I don't live with thieves! I have a good home with a kind gentleman."

"Don't believe him!" said the girl. She took her arms away from the boy and showed him her face.

"Nancy!" said Oliver. He tried to run away.

The big man with the large white dog now stopped him. "Now we've got you!" he said. He took the books from the boy. "Where did you get these books? You stole them! You're a thief!" he cried. He banged Oliver on the head with the books.¹⁸

Oliver called to the people in the street. "Help me! I don't belong to them! Help!"

But the people in the street believed Nancy's story.¹⁹ "You're a thief!" they said. "Go home!"

Sikes and Nancy took Oliver back to Fagin's house. "We've found him!" they cried.

The boys danced round Oliver and laughed at him. "Look at his clothes, Fagin!" they cried. "He's a gentleman now!"

"Oh, yes—a *real* gentleman!" said Fagin. "We must call him 'sir'."

The Artful Dodger put his hand in Oliver's pocket and took out the £5 note. "Look!" he said with a smile. "He's got money, too!"

Fagin quickly took the note²⁰ from him.

"Give me the money!" Sikes cried. "It's mine! I found the boy!" He tried to take the note.

The boys danced about and enjoyed the fight. They forgot about Oliver.

Oliver ran to the door and tried to escape.²¹ But the dog stopped him.

Poor Oliver had to stay with the thieves.

4. Sikes Takes Oliver to a House

"We mustn't let the boy run away again!" Fagin said to Sikes. "We'll teach him to steal. That's the way to stop him.²² If Oliver becomes a thief, he'll be afraid of the police. Then he'll never leave us!"

"I'll teach him," said Sikes. "I want a small boy for my next job. I'm going to a house where some very rich people live. Oliver can climb through a window and open the door!"

Fagin smiled. "Good—very good!"

Nancy was in the room, listening. She liked Oliver, and she was now a little sorry that she brought him back to Fagin's house. Nancy quietly left the room. She went to Oliver and told him what she heard.

"I'm your friend now and I want to help you," she said. "Sikes is very dangerous! He has a gun. Don't try to run away or Sikes will shoot you! I tried to escape once. Sikes cut me with a knife. Look!" Nancy showed Oliver some deep cuts on her body.²³

"Oh, Nancy, I thought you were my enemy!" Oliver said.

"No, no—I'm your friend!" Nancy cried. "I don't want to stay in this house with thieves—but I can't escape! I must live here, because I have no home. I'm alone in the world—like you."

Oliver kissed Nancy. "Oh, I am pleased you're my friend!" he said.

Next night, Sikes and another thief took Oliver to the rich people's house. Sikes gave him an oil light²⁴ and showed him a window. "Climb through that window and open the door!" he said.

"I can't! I'm not a thief!" Oliver cried. "Let me go!"

Sikes showed him his gun. "I'll shoot you!"

Oliver remembered what Nancy told him. He climbed through the window. But he did not open the door. He thought: "I'll go and tell the people in the house." Oliver moved quietly and slowly, like a cat, towards a door.

Sikes saw him through the window. "Come back!" he cried. "Come back!"

Oliver jumped—and dropped his oil light. It fell on the floor with a bang.

Two men suddenly came out of a room. One of them had a gun.

Oliver could not see them in the dark very well. But suddenly a bright light shone into his eyes. He heard a shot—and fell like a dead person beside the window.

"They've shot him!" Sikes cried. "I see blood!"

He quickly reached half-way through the window and brought Oliver out of the house.²⁵

The thieves carried the boy in their arms and ran off into the night.

The men of the house followed them with guns, crying: "Thieves! Thieves!"

People in other houses heard their cries. They came out in their night-clothes and ran after the thieves. "Stop! Stop!" they cried.

Sikes shot at the people with his gun—but they still followed. They came nearer and nearer.

The thieves could not run fast enough with Oliver in their arms. "Leave the boy!" Sikes cried.

They dropped Oliver in some grass beside the road—and escaped.

The people ran past the boy—but they did not see him in the dark.

Oliver stayed in the grass all night, in a deep sleep.

5. A Face at the Window

Oliver woke up in the morning. He was wet and cold, and his arms and legs hurt. "Where am I?" he thought. "What's happened?"

He saw the blood on his clothes, and then he remembered. "They shot me!" Oliver cried. "I'll die!"

The boy got up and walked along the road, calling for help. "Help!" he cried. "I'm dying! Help!" He walked a long way but he met no people.

At last, he reached a house. He banged on the door, and a pretty young woman opened it. Her name was Rose Maylie.

Rose looked at Oliver and saw the blood. "Oh, poor little boy!" she cried—and took him into the house.

Rose put Oliver to bed and sat beside him. "What happened?" she asked.

"Two thieves took me to a house last night," Oliver said, crying. "They told me to climb into the house and open the door for them. I—I climbed through a window. I was afraid and I made a noise.²⁶ The peo-

ple in the house heard me and—and a man shot me!"

Oliver told Rose the story of his sad life with Fagin and the thieves.²⁷

"Don't send me back to Fagin!" Oliver cried.

Rose smiled and gave him a kiss. "I won't send you back," she said. "You can stay with me. I'll give you a home."

Rose was very kind to Oliver, and the boy was happy in his new home.

Months passed.

Then one evening Oliver sat by a window and read a book. He went to sleep. Suddenly he woke up—and saw a face at the window.

A strange, dark man looked at Oliver. He smiled—and ran away.

6. A New Enemy

The stranger was Mr Monks—another young friend of Fagin. Mr Monks knew Oliver and he wanted to kill him.

Monks ran to Fagin's house. "I've found Oliver!" he cried. "He's in a house at Pentonville. A woman called Rose Maylie has got him. I know her! I often look in her window. She's the sister of Oliver's dead mother. She mustn't find out who Oliver is!"²⁸

"How do you know all this? Who is the boy? Do you know?" Fagin asked.

"Yes—Oliver Twist is my brother!" Monks cried.

"Your brother!" said Fagin. "So why do you want to kill him?"

Monks said slowly: "Well, I'll tell you. When my father died, he left his money to Oliver. I wanted it! So I said that Oliver was dead—and I took my brother's money."

"Ah! I understand!" said Fagin. "Suppose the woman finds out that Oliver is alive.²⁹ That would be very dangerous for you!"

"Help me to get the boy and bring him back!" Monks cried.

"I want money for that! How much will you pay me?" Fagin asked.

"A thousand pounds!"

Fagin smiled and held out his hand. "Good! Give me the money!" he said. "I'll send Sikes to the woman's house. He'll get the boy for you!"

But Nancy was behind the door and she heard the conversation. "They'll kill Oliver!" she thought. "I must save him!"

The girl ran to Rose's house. "Oh, madam!" she cried, when Rose opened the door. "I must speak to you! A man is going to kill Oliver Twist! I'm Oliver's friend and I want to save him."

"What?" Rose cried. She took Nancy into the house and quickly shut the door. "How do you know this?" she asked.

Nancy told her about the conversation between Monks and Fagin.

"Monks is Oliver's brother," she said. "His father left his money to Oliver. Monks said that Oliver was dead—and he took Oliver's money! Now the man's afraid. He—he's afraid of you, madam!"

"Afraid of me!" said Rose. "Why?"

"Because your sister was Oliver's mother," Nancy told her. "He's afraid you'll find out!"

"I didn't know my sister had any children," Rose said. "My sister ran away from home—and I never saw her again." She thought. "Is this true?" she asked.

"Oh, yes, madam—it is true. Please believe me!" Nancy cried. "Sikes is coming to your house to take Oliver away! He's dangerous! Hide Oliver—and don't let him go!"

Nancy ran to the door. "I must go back to Fagin—quickly!" she said. "Fagin doesn't know I've come here. He'll kill me if he finds out!"

She left the house—and ran.

But poor Nancy was too late. Fagin found out. "Nancy has gone!" he told the thieves. "Find her and bring her back!"

One of the thieves waited by the river. He saw Nancy running along the street. He jumped from his hiding-place and stopped her. Nancy tried to escape—but the man killed her.

7. A Better Life Begins

Rose thought: "Oliver can't stay in this house. It's too dangerous! I must find another home for him."

Rose wanted to take Oliver back to Mr Brownlow. "The boy loves Mr Brownlow. He would be happy with him," she thought. But she did not know where the gentleman lived—and Oliver could not remember.

Suddenly Oliver ran into the house. "I've seen Mr Brownlow!" he cried. "I've found his home!"

Rose gave a happy cry.³⁰ "Oh—let's go and see him!" she said.

They went to his house at once. Oliver waited at the door, and Rose talked to Mr Brownlow alone. "You were very kind to a dear young friend of mine," she said. "His name is Oliver Twist."

The old gentleman's eyes shone. "Oliver! Have you got some news of him?" he asked. "The boy ran away—and I couldn't find him. Do you know where he is?"

Rose told Mr Brownlow what happened after Oliver left his house. Then she told him about Monks. "Monks wants to kill Oliver!" she said. "Fagin is going to send Sikes to my house to take the boy away."

"We must hide the boy quickly!" Mr Brownlow cried. "Bring him to my house. Sikes won't come here!"

"I've brought him," Rose said with a smile. "He's waiting at the door."

Mr Brownlow ran and brought Oliver into the room. They both laughed and cried. "Oh, I thought I would never see you again!" said Oliver. "Now I've found you!"

Oliver stayed with the old gentleman.

Mr Brownlow went to the police and told them Nancy's story about Fagin and Monks. "They're dangerous men!" he said. "They don't know that the girl has saved Oliver. If they find out, they'll kill her!"

"We found a dead girl in the river this morning!" a policeman cried. "She must be Nancy!"

The police went quickly to Fagin's house.

Sikes tried to escape but he fell out of a window. The fall killed him.³¹ But the police got Fagin. They took the old man away and put him in a prison.

Monks hid—but the police soon found him too. Monks also went to prison—and Oliver got his father's money.

Oliver's 'bad days' were over.

Mr Brownlow now told Oliver about his father. "Your father was a rich man and he left you a lot of money," he said. "You'll never be poor again."

"No,"³² Rose said with a smile, "and you're not alone in the world now. Your mother was my sister. So you belong to my family I'm your —"

"I belong to you!" Oliver cried. He ran to Rose and kissed her. "Oh, I love you—I love you!" he said. "I'm the happiest boy in the world!"

NOTES

1. Charles Dickens: 查尔斯·狄更斯(1812—1870)十九世纪英国著名作家, 主要作品有《匹克威克外传》、《老古玩店》和《大卫·科波菲尔》等。
2. She was going to have a baby: 她快要生孩子了。
3. the girl's baby arrived: 这个姑娘的孩子出生了。
4. They paid her to give him a home: 为了让她照看这个孩子他们付给她钱。
5. She gave the boy just enough food for life: 她给这男孩的食物只能勉强维持他的生命。
6. She gave Oliver a thousand kisses—and a piece of bread: 她一遍又一遍亲吻奥利弗, 还给了他一片面包。
7. "If I don't have some more, I'll eat one of you!" "如果我不能再多吃一点东西, 我就要把你们当中的一个吃掉!"
8. We must teach him better ways: 我们得教训他让他守规矩。
9. kilometre ['kilə,mi:tə]: n. 公里。
10. He was a stranger, without friends, in a large city: 他是个陌生人, 没有朋友, 又在一个大城市里。
11. the poorest part of London: 伦敦最穷的地区。
12. Dodger spoke quietly into the old man's ear. Doger 凑着那个老头的耳朵悄悄地说话。
13. strong drink: 含酒精量高的酒, 白酒。
14. The gentleman put his hand in his pocket and missed his money: 那位先生把手伸进衣兜发现他的钱丢了。
15. Stop thief! 抓贼!
16. A good shot! 扔得真准!
17. But the boy lost his way and walked down a dark back street: 这孩子迷了路, 走进了一条黑暗偏僻的路。
18. He banged Oliver on the head with the books: 他用书敲奥利弗的脑袋。
19. Nancy's story: 南希的话。
20. the note: 那张钞票。
21. to try to escape: 想逃走。
22. That's the way to stop him: 这就是不让他逃走的方法。
23. Nancy showed Oliver some deep cuts on her body: 南希让奥利弗看她身上的一些刀子砍过的很深的伤痕。
24. an oil light: 一个油灯。
25. He quickly reached half-way through the window and brought Oliver out of the house. 他很快地从窗户里把身子探进来把奥利弗从房子里抱走了。
26. I was afraid and I made a noise: 我非常害怕, 我弄出了声音。
27. Oliver told Rose the story of his sad life with Fagin and the thieves. 奥利弗把他自己跟费根及别的小偷在一起的悲惨的生活情况告诉了露丝。
28. She mustn't find out who Oliver is! 决不能让她知道奥利弗是谁!
29. Suppose the woman finds out that Oliver is alive! 如果那个女人发现奥利弗还活着怎么办!
30. Rose gave a happy cry: 露丝高兴地叫道。
31. The fall killed him: 他摔死了。
32. No: (No, you'll never be poor again.) 不。(你不会再受穷了。)

——张耘 注

2. The Titanic Is Sinking¹

1. A Good Start

The year was 1907. Dinner was over. "Come, Mrs Ismay. Let's leave the men to their drinks.² I know what they're going to talk about. Ships! But I don't like to talk about ships. I only like going on ships. Don't you?"

"You're so right, Lady Pirrie. My husband is always talking about ships. He only thinks of ships. He sees ships in his sleep." Mrs Ismay laughed and looked at her husband with a smile. "But he is the head of the White Star Line."

"And the White Star Line is the greatest shipping — line in the world,"³ said Lord Pirrie. "That's where I come in. I'm the head of Harland and Wolff.⁴ We build ships. And I want to build some new ships for your husband."

"Make them pretty ships," said Lady Pirrie, as she opened the door into the next room. "Make them with beautiful rooms. Big rooms where you can dance. Lovely bedrooms and lots of bathrooms. Build a ship that's beautiful like this house."

"And strong," said Mrs Ismay. "I never liked the sea very much. I wouldn't like sea

water in my house." She gave another laugh and closed the door behind her.

"Can we give them all that, Pirrie?" said Ismay.

"Of course we can," answered Lord Pirrie.

"Why don't you build me three ships?" said Ismay. "I want them to be the biggest passenger ships⁵ in the world. Maybe not the fastest. But they must be just like this house. They must be a home from home for the richest of rich passengers.⁶ They must also carry the most passengers. I want to carry the rich and famous people of the world. But I must carry poor passengers too. I want to carry all the poor people of Europe in my ships. In America they'll become rich and they'll remember my ships."

"Let me get some paper," said Lord Pirrie. He took some paper and a pencil from an inside pocket. "Is this the kind of thing you want?" He began to write on the paper.

"Yes, I think that's right."

"Good. I'll start work on it in the morning. But let's go back and see our wives now. They must think that we're asleep," said Lord Pirrie with a laugh. The two men got up and went to the room next door. Soon work began on the first two ships. The name of the first ship was the *Olympic*.⁷ The name of the second was the *Titanic*. The *Titanic* was bigger than the *Olympic*. She was the biggest ship in the world. The newspapers said she was longer than the Washington Memorial. And two times longer than St. Peter's in Rome and the Grand Pyramid together.

Only the best was good enough for the *Titanic*. The most expensive beds and baths. The most expensive knives and forks. The most expensive tables.

"We must have gold plates in the best dining room," said a man at one meeting.

"Who wants gold plates?" said another person. "People will only try to take them home with them."

There was a lot of laughter round the table.

"I think white plates with a gold line will be pretty, don't you? Too much gold looks bad, don't you think?" said another.

They talked for hours. Then one man said, "We must talk about the lifeboats."⁸

But the meeting did not want to talk about the lifeboats. They wanted to talk about beautiful things. Then after four or five hours they did talk about the lifeboats.

"Are there enough lifeboats?" asked one man.

"Yes."

"Where will they be?"

"On top."

There were a few more questions. They talked about the lifeboats for only ten minutes.

Harland and Wolff built both the *Olympic* and the *Titanic* in Belfast. They built them on land first. Then on 31 May 1911 the *Titanic* was ready for the sea. She took 62 seconds to move from land into the water.

Harland and Wolff took another year to finish her. She left Belfast⁹ on 2 April 1912. They tried her both fast and slow.¹⁰ They tried her kitchens. All went well. She was ready for her passengers.

She left Southampton for New York on Wednesday 10 April. She stopped at Cherbourg in France for more passengers. She arrived at Queenstown in Ireland on 11 April about midday. Most of the new passengers were poor Irish people. They were going to America for jobs.

Then the *Titanic* was on her way across the Atlantic.¹¹ The most expensive, the biggest and the most beautiful ship in the world.

2. The Iceberg¹²

High up in the ship, Frederick Fleet looked into the night. There was no moon but the stars were bright. The sea was still. It was very cold. It was the fifth night of the *Titanic*'s first crossing of the Atlantic.¹³

The *Titanic* had six men who were lookouts.¹⁴ These men were the eyes of the ship. Fleet remembered the words of one of his officers. "Look out for icebergs. We've heard that there are some about."¹⁵

It was 10 o'clock at night. Fleet could see nothing dangerous in front of the ship. He spoke to the other lookout, Reginald Lee. "I'm so cold," he said. "I can see nothing. Can you?"

"No. I've never seen the sea still and quiet like this."

"And we're going fast now, aren't we?"

Now it was 11.40 on Sunday 14 April. Only twenty minutes to midnight.

Suddenly Fleet saw something in front of him. It was small but every minute it grew bigger and bigger. He took up the telephone and spoke to the officer on the bridge of the ship.¹⁶

"What did you see?"

"Iceberg in front of the ship," said Fleet.

"Thank you," said the officer.

For the next half a minute Lee and Fleet looked at the iceberg. It came nearer and nearer. Still the ship did not turn. "We're going to hit it if we don't turn soon," thought Fleet. The iceberg was higher than the *Titanic*. It was green in the light of the stars. The two men got ready for the bang.¹⁷

Suddenly the ship began to turn. The iceberg passed along the side of the ship. As it passed it touched the ship. The two look-outs felt the touch of the iceberg. But it was not a big bang.

Down below other people felt something. Nobody thought that it was dangerous. But some passengers saw the iceberg as it passed their windows.

Some young men felt the bang and went outside to look. They saw the iceberg. One man called out. "We hit an iceberg — there it is." The others said nothing. But the iceberg passed and the ship went on.

"Let's go in," said one man, "and have another drink. I can't see it. It's too dark. Nothing's happened."

But he was wrong.

Just then Captain Smith came on to the bridge.

"Mr Murdoch, what was that?" he asked.

"An iceberg, sir. I turned the ship and I've now stopped her. I tried to go round the iceberg but she was too close. I couldn't do any more."

"Close the emergency doors."¹⁸

"The doors are already closed."

Down below Fred Barrett saw the red lights. Then he saw the water. "Water's coming in," he said. He ran through the emergency doors closed behind him. But on the other side of the emergency doors things were no better.

"Help! Help!"

"The sea's coming in!"

"We've hit an iceberg!"¹⁹

"We've hit Newfoundland!"

"Help! Help me..."

The red lights went on and off. Men ran from one place to another.

About 15 kilometres away Third Officer Charles Groves stood on the bridge of the *Californian*.²⁰ She was on her way from London to Boston. She was a small ship. She was still²¹ because of all the dangerous icebergs. A big ship with lots of lights passed the *Californian*.

"Do they know about the icebergs?" Groves thought. "They're going very fast. I think I'll tell the captain."

Captain Lord said, "Tell them about the icebergs. Use the lamp."

Groves started to do this. Suddenly all the lights on the big ship went out. "Many ships do that," thought Groves, "to send the passengers to bed early." He laughed. "They'll soon be in New York."

It was the *Titanic*. The lights were not out. When she turned Groves could see only the back of the ship. There were no lights there. And the men on the bridge of the *Titanic* did not see Groves's lamp. They did not know that another ship was close. And Groves did not know that the *Titanic* was no longer on its way to New York. He put the lamp away. His work was over for the night. Two other officers, Stone and Gibson, took his place on the bridge.

3. You Cannot Sink This Ship

"Why have we stopped?"

"I don't know, sir. There's talk of an iceberg. We've stopped to let it go by. It's not dangerous."

All over the ship passengers asked the same question. Most went back to bed. But some of the passengers in the bottom of the ship did not. Carl Johnson heard the bang and got out of bed. His feet touched the floor and he felt cold water. He put his clothes on fast. As he left his room the water was already over his shoes.

The cold sea water soon filled the lower parts of the ship. The lights went off and the sailors could not see in the dark.

"Put out the fires!"

"Leave at once!"

"Quick! Quick! Get out now!"

On the bridge Captain Smith heard the news. It was bad. "The water's coming in fast," said one officer. "It's filling the lower part of the ship."

Just then Bruce Ismay arrived on the bridge.

"What's happened?" he asked.

"We've hit an iceberg," said Captain Smith. "It's made a hole in the ship below the water."

"Is it dangerous?"

"Yes, I'm afraid it is."

"Send for Andrews. He's the builder of the ship," said Ismay. "He built this ship. He must know more about her than any of us."

Thomas Andrews and Captain Smith went below together. They saw the water. They listened to the ship's officers and men.

They went back to the bridge. Their faces did not show what they felt.²²

Suddenly the ship moved.

"What's that?" said one passenger to another. "The sea is still and the boat has stopped. Did you feel it?"

The other passenger said nothing.

"The front of the ship is getting lower. Can't you feel it?"

"Oh, I don't know. You cannot sink this boat."

On the bridge the Captain said to Thomas Andrews, "You're the builder. What do you think?"

"There a hole about 100 metres long below the water. There's water in five of the sixteen compartments."²³

"Well, what does that mean?" asked Ismay.

"It means this," said Andrews. "The *Titanic* is made of sixteen compartments. Each compartment is like a very strong box. We can close any of the compartments. The doors between the compartments are very strong. So if there is a hole in one compartment we can close it with the emergency doors. Then the water cannot get into the next compartment."

"We've done that," said Captain Smith.

"With water in one compartment the *Titanic* can't sink. Of course, it would be dangerous but the ship will not sink. With water in two compartments the ship will not sink. With water in three or four of the compartments the ship will not sink. But if five of the sixteen compartments have water in them the front of the ship will sink into the water. When that happens water from the fifth compartment will get into the sixth compartment."

"And then....?" said Ismay.

"Water will fill all the compartments one by one. And the ship will sink."

"Is there no way to save the ship?"

"I'm afraid not."

At 12.05 a. m. the Captain said, "Get the boats ready. Tell the passengers. The ship is sinking." It was twenty-five minutes after the bang.

Then Captain Smith walked towards the radio room.

John Phillips, the radio officer, was very tired. The job of a radio officer was very hard at that time. Radio was new and it was not very strong. Passengers enjoyed the radio. They sent lots of messages to all their friends. John Phillips sent the messages by

radio to Cape Race in America. From Cape Race they went to all parts of the world.

At 11.55 Second Radio Officer Bride spoke to Phillips. "Are you tired, John? Let me take your place now. I've had a good sleep."

"Thanks, I've just finished with Cape Race. It's been a bad night. I haven't stopped all day. I've had more messages than ever. About an hour ago I spoke to Cape Race. The sound was strong. Then in the middle of my message I heard from another ship: the *Californian*. She was very close. I said, 'Shut up!²⁴ Shut up! Can't you hear I'm talking to Cape Race?'"

"What did the *Californian* say?"

"Something about icebergs."

"Nothing else?"

"Nothing."

Bride took Phillips' place. Phillips changed and got into bed. Just then the Captain came into the radio room.

"We've hit an iceberg," he said to Bride. "Get ready to send out a call for help.²⁵ But don't send it until I tell you."

He left, but in a few minutes he was back. "Send the call for help now," he said.

By this time Phillips was back at the radio. At 12.15 he started to send the call for help. "CQD MGY CQD MGY CQD MGY CQD MGY CQD MGY...." At that time CQD was the call for help. MGY was the call letters for the *Titanic*. They sent the call six times.

On the *Californian* fifteen kilometres away Charles Groves was in the radio room.

"Have you closed for the night?" he asked the Radio Officer, Cyril Evans.

"Yes. I closed at 11.30. I've finished for today. It's been a bad night."

"What ships have you spoken to?"

"Only the *Titanic*. And they told me to shut up."

Groves listened to the radio for a moment. He could hear nothing. He left the radio room at 12.15 and went to bed.

4. Women and Children First

"The ship is sinking. Put on your life-jackets.²⁶ Get ready to leave the ship."

All the people on the *Titanic* soon had news. Passengers left their rooms. Some put coats over their night clothes. Some took a few oranges and left boxes of money. Some took a book to read. They made little noise as they went above. The first class passengers stood together in the centre of the ship.

The second class passengers stood further back and the third class stood at the back of the ship.

The sailors started to get the lifeboats ready. There were sixteen boats: eight on each side. Four were near the front. And four were nearer the back of the ship. They were all made of wood. There were also four boats made of cloth.

All the boats together could carry 1178 people. There were 2207 people on the *Titanic*.

But the passengers were not afraid. They still did not believe that the end of the *Titanic* was near.

"The *Titanic* cannot sink! She's the biggest ship in the world! The Captain and his men know their jobs,"²⁷ they thought. "They'll save us."

But this was the first time for the sailors and their officers.²⁸ So the work was slow.

"Let down Boat Number 4," said one officer.

"No, wait," said another. "We're not ready."

"The captain says so."

"All right."

"Fill her up."

"Not yet."

"Why not? The captain says so. Women and children first."

Then a few minutes later: "What's wrong now?"

"The windows are closed. Nobody can get out."

"Well, open the windows. Break them but get the passengers into the boats."

But the women and children did not want to get into the boats.

"Things are better here than in that little boat," said one.

"Come on, miss,"²⁹ said a sailor to an old woman.

"I won't go," she answered.

"Let her stay if she won't get in," said an officer to the sailor. "But fill the boat."³⁰

Very few women and children got into the boats. So the officers began to ask for husbands and wives together. Then a few men.

The boats began to fill slowly. When there were 18 passengers in Boat Number 4 the officer said, "Let it down."

It was the first boat in the water.

"How long have we got?" Captain Smith asked Andrews.

"About an hour, I think," he said. "The water's coming in fast."

In the radio room John Phillips sent his call for help again and again. The first reply was from the *Frankfort* at 12.18. Then he heard from the *Mount Temple*, the *Virginian* and the *Birma*. The air was soon full of talk. Too much talk.

"Do you know that Cape Race wants you?" said the radio officer of the *Carpathia*.

"Come at once," John Phillips answered. "We've hit an iceberg. It's CQD, old man. We are 41.46 North, 50.14 West."³¹

"Shall I tell the captain?" asked the *Carpathia*.

"Yes, quick."

A few minutes later the *Carpathia's* radio officer said, "We're coming. We're seventy kilometres from you."

"This is *Frankfort*."

"Where are you?"

"We're 240 kilometres from you."

"Are you coming to help? Tell your captain. We are on the ice."

"What call are you using?" Bride asked John Phillips, later.

"CQD," Phillips answered.

"Why not use the new call — SOS? It's much easier."

So John Phillips began to use the new call SOS-dot-dot-dot-dash-dash-dash-dot-dot-dot. It was now 12.45.

But what about the *Californian*? It was only 15 kilometres away. The officers on the bridge of the *Titanic* could see its lights. One officer tried to send a message with a lamp. But there was no reply. Captain Smith said, "Send up some rockets. They must come to our help."

One of the officers on the bridge of the *Californian* saw a rocket in the sky.

"That's strange," he said. "Why have they sent up a rocket? They must be having a good time. I've tried to send a message about the icebergs. But they don't answer. I did see a light from them once or twice. But I don't think that it was a message. Some people do strange things at sea. Rockets!"

5. A Time to Say Goodbye

The passengers also saw the rockets.

"That means that things are bad," said one passenger to his young wife. "They don't send up rockets for nothing."³² We'd better say goodbye now."

"It's all right, little girl," said Dan Marvin to his new wife. "You go and I'll stay a while."

"I'll see you later," said Adolf Hyker as he helped his wife into a boat.

Mark Fortune and his son helped his wife and three daughters into a boat. "We're going in the next boat," he said.

"Charles, help father," one of the girls called to her brother.

"Walter," said Mrs Douglas, "You must come with me."

"No," he answered. "I must be a man."³³

"Then try and get off with Major Butt and Mr Moore," his wife said. "They're big, strong men."

"Women and children first." Now nobody wanted to stay behind on the *Titanic*. The front of the ship was deeper in the water now. Thomas Andrews walked among the passengers. "You must get in at once," he said. "There's not a minute to lose."³⁴ Get in! Get in!

One after another the lifeboats dropped into the sea.

One old woman cried out, "Don't put me in the boat. I don't want to go in the boat. I've never been in an open boat before."

"You must go," said an officer.

Most people went quietly. Some of the passengers could not speak English. They could not understand the officers and the officers could not understand them. Many of the third class passengers became afraid. Some got into boats but many did not. They ran from one place to another. They asked questions and did not wait for answers.

Most of the boats were now gone. One by one they left the side of the *Titanic*. From the boats all eyes were on the ship.³⁵ They could see the people. They could see the lights. And they would hear the music of the ship's band.³⁶ It was happy dance music.

Captain Smith said to the sailors in Boat 8, "Can you see the lights of that ship over there? Take your passengers to it. Then come back for more."

Then he said to an officer, "Can you send a message to that ship?"

"Yes, sir."

"Tell her this. 'We are the *Titanic*. We're sinking. Please have all your boats ready.'"

Again and again the officers tried to call the ship. But they got no answer. They

sent up more rockets. Someone must see their calls for help.

On the *Californian* two officers, Stone and Gibson, counted the rockets. They saw five rockets. Gibson sent a message with his lamp. At one o'clock he saw a sixth rocket.

At 1.10 Stone spoke to the captain of the *Californian*, Captain Lord, on the telephone. He told him about the six rockets. "I don't know what they mean, sir," he said. "What shall I do?"

"Send another message with your lamp," the captain said.

Stone and Gibson on the bridge could see the ship through their glasses. "Have a look at her now," Gibson said. "She looks very strange. One side is very high out of the water. Now her red lights have gone out."

The sea was over the front of the ship. Now all the passengers wanted to escape in the lifeboats.³⁷ One young Irishman, David Buckley, jumped into a boat with some other men. He put a cloth over his head. He looked like a young woman. So an officer let him stay. But the other men had to leave.

Another young man tried to hide in a boat. An officer found him and said, "You must wait. Women and children first."

The young man began to cry. So the officer took out a gun. The boy cried louder. "Be a man," said the officer. He took the boy by an arm.³⁸ All the women and children in the boat started to cry. One girl said, "Oh, Mr Man, don't shoot, please don't shoot the poor young man."

The boy left quietly.

Then a crowd of men tried to get into the boat. The officer took out his gun again. "Don't try to get in this boat," he said, "or I'll use this." He shot three times into the sea.

"Stand back! Stand back! It's women first!"

One by one the lifeboats dropped into the sea. At last there was only wooden lifeboat left. By then the sea was only five metres below it.³⁹

There were forty-seven seats in the last lifeboat. There were 1600 people still on the *Titanic*. Sailors held the crowds away from the boat. "Women and children only," said an officer.

A father brought two baby boys. "Take them," he said. Then he went back into the crowd.

Mr Harris brought his wife forward.