

小书架—新干线英语阅读丛书：自然篇（英汉对照）



编译：青闰 张玲



安徽科学技术出版社



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失去微笑的月亮

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前 言

“新干线英语阅读丛书”包括《失去微笑的月亮》、《出卖埃菲尔铁塔》、《九月雪》、《血战美洲豹》和《爱，就要说出口》五本，采用英汉对照的形式编排。

“新干线英语阅读丛书”旨在打破传统的英语学习定势，使读者朋友寓学于乐、寓教于学，在我们设计的精彩纷呈的故事氛围中耳濡目染英语世界的独特魅力，切身体验英语语言的强劲风暴。

“新干线英语阅读丛书”难易结合，详加疑难词句注解，并配有相关的练习和答案，选材新颖独特，语言地道纯正，富有强烈的时代气息和青春动感。

这里有优美隽永的《邂逅初秋》、《一双新鞋》、《鸳梦重温》、《与情人约会》……有诙谐幽默的《足球大赛》、《一磅黄油》、《欢迎来抢我们银行》、《警察与小偷》、《情人的貂皮大衣》、《来自赌城的电话》、《山顶小屋》……有经典绝伦的《预谋情杀》、《月光下的马》、《九月雪》……有临危不乱的《头部中箭的印第安男孩》、《遭遇大白鲨》、《智取凶顽》……有人天合一的《冰雪硬汉》、《蚂蚁大军》、《苹果里的星星》、《冰下小鹿》……有惊心动魄的《压在车下的女孩》、《血战美洲豹》、《夺命惊魂》、《黑夜杀手》……有奇异诡谲的《永恒的爱》、《色彩设计》、《铿锵玫瑰》、《钻石镜片》、《爱情草》……让读者朋友赏心悦目，回味无穷。

我们相信,沿着我们开辟的这条“英语新干线”一路走下去,读者朋友一定会沉醉其中、美不胜收。

由于译者水平有限和时间仓促,书中肯定存在不少纰漏和缺憾,因此恳请各位同行不吝赐教,以便在修订时精益求精,使其渐趋完善,得到更多读者朋友的倾心。

青 闰

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1. The Boy in the Woods

I went to the woods when my dad died, to a thicket of blackberry *brambles* (荆棘) shut off from the rest of the world. When the preacher, Keith Gleason, came to find me, I pressed my face deep into the *thorns* (植物的刺) and was still as a stone. Hide for long enough, I thought, and the world would return to normal. The preacher would stop calling my name, and my daddy would come home.

My daddy was a flying instructor and *charter pilot* (包机飞行员), and my mother, brother and I lived with a fear sharpened by icy mornings and low, cloudy skies. If he was late from work, Mama would stand by the kitchen window, anxiously looking for his car. One September day in 1994 it happened: mechanical failure over the North Carolina foothills forced my daddy's plane into a fatal crash.

I hid in the woods for hours, thinking about how, suddenly, everything had changed. Without a daddy a boy has no compass, no one to guide him over the unfamiliar ground between the child and the man. Who would find the forgotten places? Who would light campfires? I clenched my eyes and wished the world away.

Then one Sunday a month later, Keith Gleason pulled me

aside in church. “Eddie,” he said, “how would you like to go hunting next Saturday?”

Keith would return from hunting trips with tales that held us *spellbound* (被迷住的). To a 13-year-old who'd just lost his dad, this young man with a grin and a weathered Jeep was a *genuine* (真正的) hero.

I was no stranger to hunting. I spent my afternoons in a patch of woods behind our house, *stalking* (悄悄地追踪) rabbits and squirrels with a *slingshot* (弹弓) and an air rifle. But I never strayed from earshot of the kitchen bell. Keith's invitation was the real thing. “Sure,” I stammered. “But —”

“No buts about it. I've already asked your mother. I'll pick you up at five,” he said, grinning. “And that's a.m.”

I awoke Saturday morning to the sound of Mama's voice. “Little Daniel Boone,” she called, and calls me still.

And so it began — we would find a fallen oak on which to *perch* (暂栖) and *scrape away* (不断地刮) the leaves underfoot. I can still see Keith sitting motionless on a tree trunk, eyes *rimmed with* (布满) the shadow of sleep and face rough with a half-day's beard. He'd point to the trees overhead, and my eyes would follow. There — in the *crook* (弯曲部分) above the second branch. See the *knot* (树干的节疤)? The knot has eyes.

The woods were an open book, and Keith was my teacher. Once a *bushytail* (多毛的尾巴) *skittered* (小动物快速敏捷地移动) across the carpet of dead leaves in front of us and sped up a tree. “Watch this,” Keith whispered, and hang his brown

hunting coat from a shoulder-high *sapling* (幼树). “Now follow me quietly.” We stalked to the side of the oak where the squirrel remained *riveted* (使稳固) to the trunk. I took an easy shot, and though I would later learn that other squirrel hunters sometimes use this trick, I believed I’d just witnessed one of the natural wonders of the world.

One winter morning as we were walking along, Keith suddenly knelt beside a ribbon of *pockmarks* (麻子似的凹痕) in the snow. “Look,” he said, “a fox was here. His tracks are narrower than a dog’s, and he walks in a straight line. See how he puts one foot in front of the other?” I studied the prints and discovered the tracks crossed a rutted farm road, *skirted* (沿着……的边缘) a small *gully* (沟渠) and disappeared into a *far-row field* (休耕地). We followed the trail to a little nest, where we saw bloodstained snow kicked in struggle. As we left the field, I felt a strange *kinship* (亲属关系) with the fox. In the life chain of nature, man is only one of many hunters.

From bear in the Great Smoky Mountains to deer in the Uwharries, from half-day *jaunts* (短途旅行) to four-day adventures, we hunted North Carolina from end to end. I became a regular in the hunting camps, a boy among men who never complained of my *tagging along* (紧跟在后面).^①

① became a regular in the hunting camps, a boy among men who never complained of my tagging along. a boy 是 a regular 的同位语, who 引导的是定语从句, 修饰 men。

The woods became a place of peace. I lost my fear of the woods at night, and Keith no longer walked with me to stands a half-mile into the dark forest. As one thing led to another, Keith and I no longer hunted together. Now a hundred miles lie between my home and the man who taught me to hunt. I have grown in the woods, learned not to measure a day in the field by the weight of a bird in the hand. There are better ways to judge those days: by the squeal of wood ducks at dusk, the feel of crunching frost underfoot, the breathless few moments before a *dappled* (花斑的) *fawn* (幼鹿) fades forever into memory.

What is it about the woods, I've wondered, that can turn a boy into a man?^① Perhaps it is that they beckon us to explore new, unfamiliar worlds, calling us from the flowery fields of childhood to dark, mysterious trails. Perhaps venturing into one new world teaches us to venture into another. For most boys, a father serves as a map into both kinds of wilderness. But to a fatherless son, the trails have few markers, and the woods seem to brood with a menacing *countenance* (表情; 面容).

Perhaps Keith only finished what my father started, or perhaps he was a landmark on a larger trail, one *stalwart* (结实的; 健壮的) oak at a fork in the path.

① What is it about the woods, I've wondered, that can turn a boy into a man? I've wondered 是插入语, 一般情况下应在句首或句尾。

I doubt if I could even find our squirrel woods today. Still, when the autumn woods begin to lure me from my desk, I can still see Keith Gleason motionless on a fallen tree trunk, and I still follow his gaze into the branches for the eyes hidden there. Sometimes I find that bushytail. Other times I find the eyes of a lost young boy. And sometimes, I find the eyes of a father.

Exercises

I. Comprehension

1. The author's father was _____.
A. a driver B. a charter pilot
C. a flying instructor D. both B and C
2. The author's father's plane crashed because of _____.
A. cloudy skies B. bad traffic
C. hitting the mountain D. mechanical failure
3. When his father died, the author was _____.
A. ten years old B. fifteen years old
C. thirteen years old D. twenty years old
4. What did Eddie think of Keith's invitation?
A. He wouldn't accept it because he didn't like hunting.
B. He would not accept it because he often went hunting in the afternoon.
C. The invitation was the real thing. He did hope to go

with Keith.

D. He would not accept it because Keith was not his father.

5. What was Keith in Eddie's eyes?

A. A friend.

B. A teacher.

C. A father.

D. All of the above.

II. True or False

1. If Father was late from work, the boy would stand by the kitchen window, anxiously looking for Father's car.

(T/F)

2. When his father died, the boy went to the mountains shut off from the rest of the world. (T/F)

3. Keith would return from hunting trips with tales that held us spellbound. (T/F)

4. In the hunting camps, men often complained of the boy lagging along. (T/F)

5. For most boys, a father served as a map into both kinds of wilderness. (T/F)

2. The Deer under the Ice

Every year in the late fall, our family gathers at a lakeside cabin in the Catskill Mountains of New York. We go skating and ice fishing if the lake is frozen, or we fish from the canoe if it's not.

One year the lake was covered by a thin layer of ice. There were nine of us: three from my sister's family; my husband John and I; our daughter Liz and her husband Alan; our son Donn and her wife Lorraine.

In midafternoon we heard a *brittle* (尖利的) tapping somewhere outside. "A deer!" someone shouted. "Look — on the lake!"

We rushed to the window and saw a slender doe running across the ice. As we stared, her hoofs went out from under her on the slippery surface. In an instant she *scrambled* (爬) back to her feet. Again and again the doe fell, struggled up and plunged on, driven by some unseen terror.

She had reached the middle of the lake when she fell once more. This time there was a *splash* (泼溅声; 飞溅) as the ice gave way beneath her. The doe's head reappeared above the water. She *flung* (用力扬、踢) her front legs up on the ice, *thrashing* (连续拍击; 不断挥动) with her hind ones. For a

full minute the surface *churned* (打旋起泡; 翻腾). At last she let her forelegs slide back into the water, only to *hurl* (猛掷) herself at the ice again.

We ran to the water's edge. Donn took a few steps on the ice, crashed through into two feet of water and splashed back to shore. While he dried off by the stove, the rest of us tried in vain to work a channel open with the canoe.

I grew chilled and went back inside to watch from the window, muscles straining with the deer's ^①. Lorraine came up from her silent *vigil* (监视; 守夜) at the shore. "She can't last long in that cold water," she said.

A swift death was denied the struggling creature, however. As the afternoon shadows stretched across the lake, *pathetic* (引起怜悯的) *flurries* (不安; 慌张) of kicking continued.

The cold drove the last of us inside, but the tragedy taking place beyond the window held our attention. Eating dinner was the last thing any of us felt like doing. Came the clatter of *forehoofs* (前蹄) on the ice. ^② Liz placed the pies in the oven. From the lake came another *flutter* (颤抖; 摆动) of kicks.

With that, Liz *jerked* (急抽; 急拉) off her apron. "We can't sit here eating dinner while an animal's out there drowning!"

① I grew chilled and went back inside to watch from the window, muscles straining with the deer's. muscles straining with the deer's 在这里是独立主格结构。

② Came the clatter of forehoofs on the ice. 这是一个倒装句, 正常语序是 The clatters of forehoofs on the ice came. 。

The minute she said it, there was a rush for jackets. We didn't know what we were going to do — that's so often the case when problems *confront* (使面对; 使面临) us — but we knew we had to do something. I turned down the oven and followed the others outside.

Hiking (步行) to the far side of the lake, we found a row-boat on the shore. *Sturdier* (结实的; 坚固的) than the canoe, perhaps it could break through the ice. We pushed the boat down the bank until it broke the surface and became *wedged* (挤入; 塞入) tight.

“Rocks!” someone suggested.

We scattered into the woods and staggered back with the largest rocks we could carry; then passed them to those in the boat, who hurled them onto the ice beyond the bow. Most simply *skittered away* (不停奔忙); a few made small holes, but nothing a boat could force its way through.

By now the sun was setting. The doe's hours of beating at the ice had opened a *considerable* (相当大的) circle around her in the center of the lake. Her head, motionless, showed above the *rim* (边缘) of ice half a football field away.

“A *sledgehammer* (大锤)!” my nephew Doug said. He raced back to the cabin for it, and soon the men were taking turns, one standing in the bow battering at the ice, another *swishing* (哗地挥动) a paddle at the rear. It took several blows to make a foot of progress as the *sledge* (雪橇) stuck, was wrenched free, then stuck again. Slowly the boat edged