

新课标·新思路·新编排

编著/葛郁槟

审读/Irvin D. Yasom



Challenge

English

学生必备

● 精选纯正英语体现时代特色培养正确语感提高阅读能力

高中英语阅读教程

- 专为高中学生编写，各年级可根据自身情况选择阅读；
- 有效弥补教材不足，拓宽学生视野，迅速提高阅读水平；
- 学习、考试必备，是高中学生课外阅读的最佳选择。



外文出版社



新课标·新思路·新编排



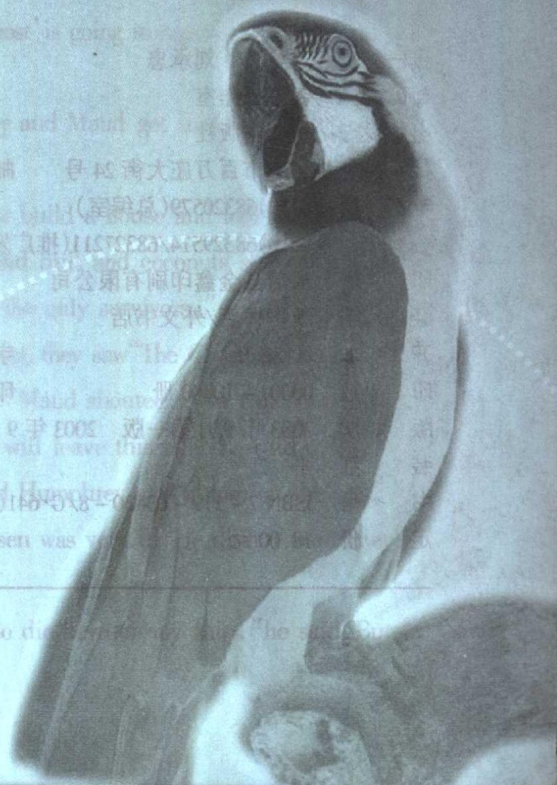
Challenge- English

学生必备

高中英语阅读教程

编著/葛郁槟

审读/Irvin D. Yasom



图书在版编目(CIP)数据

高中英语阅读教程/葛郁槟编著. —北京:外文出版社,2003.9

ISBN 7-119-03430-8

I. 高... II. 葛... III. 英语—阅读教学—高中—教学参考资料 IV. G634.411
中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2003)第 074866 号

外文出版社网址:

<http://www.flp.com.cn>

外文出版社电子信箱:

info@flp.com.cn

sales@flp.com.cn

高中英语阅读教程

编 著 葛郁槟

责任编辑 曾惠杰 刘承忠

封面设计 大象工作室

出版发行 外文出版社

社 址 北京市百万庄大街 24 号 邮政编码 100037

电 话 (010)68320579(总编室)

(010)68329514/68327211(推广发行部)

印 刷 永清县金鑫印刷有限公司

经 销 新华书店/外文书店

开 本 大 32 开 字 数 300 千字

印 数 00001 - 10000 册 印 张 14.5

版 次 2003 年 9 月第一版 2003 年 9 月第一次印刷

装 别 平

书 号 ISBN 7-119-03430-8/G·641(外)

定 价 18.00 元

Challenge

前言

我们根据现行的中学英语教学大纲，结合各地实际情况，组织了一批教学经验丰富的重点中学教师，编写了这本《高中英语阅读教程》。

这本书不同于以往的英语阅读材料。在语言风格上，我们十分注重保持语言的原汁原味，精选的都是英美国家各种书刊杂志上的佳作；在题材选择上，尽可能做到形式多样，兼收并蓄；在内容的选择上，注重轻松时尚，为中学生所喜闻乐见。中学生朋友通过在课余时间的轻松阅读，不仅可以提高自身的英语水平，还能够领略到更多的异域风情，全面增长知识，可谓是一举多得。希望这套书能受到中学生朋友的欢迎。

本书适合高中学生课外阅读使用。各年级的学生可以根据自身情况，有选择地进行阅读训练。

由于时间仓促，加上水平所限，书中肯定还存在一些不足之处，敬请广大师生批评指正，以便我们再版时使之更加完善。

编者



Challenge

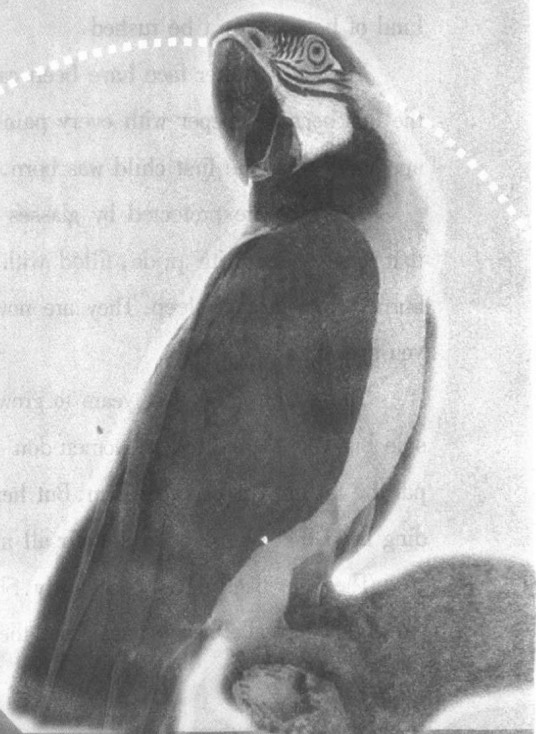
目 录

CONTENTS

1. 生活故事 (1)
2. 文娱体育 (33)
3. 科普园地 (55)
4. 社会家庭 (93)
5. 历史地理 (117)
6. 旅游休闲 (141)
7. 自然环境 (171)
8. 健康安全 (197)
9. 名人轶事 (229)
10. 寓言童话 (259)
11. 讽刺幽默 (287)
12. 花季时空 (317)
13. 电影对白 (349)
14. 精美散文 (393)
15. 哲理小品 (419)
16. 名著赏析 (447)

Challenge

第一章/生活故事



Challenge

高中英语阅读教程

1. My Mother's Beauty

对于一个孩子来说,母亲的美并不体现在通常意义上的外表美,而是为了她的孩子和家庭而不辞辛苦的劳作甚至衰老而体现出来的“美丽”,这种美,在她的孩子的眼中是无价的同时又无疑是感人的……

According to her height and weight she should be a guard for the rich. She has ironwilled blood, one shoulder is lower than the other, and she bites her fingernails. But she is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. She should be. She has worked on that body and face for more than sixty years. The course for that kind of beauty can't be rushed.

The lines in her face have been earned one at a time. The thick one around the lips became deeper with every pain and hurt. The thin ones on the forehead appeared when the first child was born.

The eyes are protected by glasses now, but still full of life. These are eyes that have shone with pride, filled with tears of bitterness, stared in anger and burned from lack of sleep. They are now direct and sharp and look at you when you speak.

The double chin took years to grow. Sometimes you can only see it from the side but it is there. Modern women don't have a double chin. They beat it away or pat the fat until it becomes firm. But her chin is always there. It supports a nodding head that has slept in a chair all night or bent over pressing clothes.

The bent back developed slowly. She had carried home her babies who were too sleepy to walk, heavy bags from the car, rubbish out of the house while ier

Challenge

生活故事

husband was at war^①.

The legs are still in shape^②, but the step is slow. They ran too often for the bus. They stood a little too long when she worked in the department store. They got beat up^③ while teaching her daughter to ride a tow - wheeler. They are dark red at the back of the knees.

The hands? They are small but able. They are rough, because they did washing, cooking, and sewing for the family and cleaning for the department stores all the year round.

I looked at mother long and hard the other day and said, "Mom, I have never seen you so beautiful." "I worked at it," she replied.

【注释】

fingernail ['fɪŋɡəneɪl] *n.* 手指甲

pressing ['presɪŋ] *adj.* 紧迫的;迫切的;熨平的

【难点解析】

①at war: 处于交战状态

eg. *The country has been at war with its neighbour for two years.*

这个国家与邻国已打了两年仗了。

②in shape: 健康

eg. *You'll never in shape until you eat less and take more exercise.*

只有少吃多锻炼才能健美。

③beat sb. up: 狠打、踢或揍某人

eg. *He was hardly beaten up by a gang of thugs.*

他被一帮暴徒打得死去活来。

Challenge

高中英语阅读教程

2. At a Railway Station

当“马克吐温”来到火车站的时候,发现去纽约的车票早已卖完,他和他的朋友正在踌躇之际,他忽然想到或许告诉他们“我”是个作家就能有个铺位,结果却是毫无所获,而此时,一位搬运工人却认出了他,并劝说列车员为他们找了铺位
.....

Once, a long time ago, I went to a railway station. I planned to take the night train to New York and go on a journey with a friend. Many people were on the platform and they were all pushing onto the long passenger train. It was already full. I asked the man at the booking office if I could have two tickets. He answered sharply, “No!” I felt hurt. It was important for me to have the tickets.

I found a railway official and asked him if I could get a place somewhere in a sleeping-car, but he said sharply, “No! You can’t. The train is full. Don’t trouble me any more.”

I felt very hurt indeed. I said to my friend: “They talk to me like this because they don’t know who I am. If they knew...” But my friend said:

“Don’t be foolish. Do you think it would help you to get a seat on the train? There are no empty seats.”

I went up to ^① the same official and said very politely that my name was Mark Twain. But he only replied:

“I told you not to trouble me any more.”

I said to my friend: “He may not have heard my name.” But my friend said that the official had heard my name quite clearly, but that he didn’t care, that was all.

Challenge

生活故事

Just then I noticed that a young porter in a sleeping-car was looking at me. He breathed something in the train conductor's ear, and the conductor came over② to me, removed his cap and said very politely.

"Can I help you, sir? Do you want a place in a sleeping-car?"

"Yes, I certainly do." I said.

The porter took out cases and we got into the sleeping-car. The porter saw that we were comfortably settled in our places. Then he said, "Now, is there anything you want, sir?"

When the porter left I smiled at my friend and said: "Well, what do you say now?"

My friend looked ashamed:

"Well," he said, "you were right. I'm sorry I said all those things to you on the platform. I was foolish, not you. I'm glad I came here with you."

Just then the porter came to the door again and said:

"Oh, sir, I recognized you at once when I saw you. And I told the conductor so."

"Really," I said, and I gave him twice as much as I usually gave to a porter. "Who am I then?"

"You're Mr. McLellan, of course, the Mayor of New York," he said and disappeared.

【注释】

porter [ˈpɔ:tə] *n.* 搬运工; 挑夫

sleeping-car (火车)卧车

【难点解析】

①go up to: 从一处到另一处

eg. *We're going up to London next weekend.*

Challenge

高中英语阅读教程

下周末我们上伦敦去。

② come over: 从稍远的地方过来

eg. *Come over here and give me a hand.*

请过来帮我一把。

3. My Miserable, Merry Christmas

在圣诞节到来的时候,每个孩子都渴望能够得到自己最心爱的礼物,甚至,是一匹“小马”,这个特别的礼物。在父母的反复提问之下,“他”还是只想要一匹小马,但圣诞节夜来临的时候,他的“卡统袜”里却空空如也,最后,他能得到他最想要的小马吗?

Christmas was coming. I wanted a pony. To make sure that my parents understood, I declared that I wanted nothing else.

“Nothing but a pony?” My father asked.

“Nothing,” I said.

“Not even a pair of high boots?”

That was hard. I did want boots, but I stuck to the pony. “No, not even boots.”

“Nor candy? There ought to be something to fill your stocking with, and Santa Claus can’t put a pony into a stocking.”

That was true, and he couldn’t lead a pony down the chimney either. But no. “All I want is a pony.” I said. “If I can’t have a pony, give me nothing, nothing.”

On Christmas Eve I hung up my stocking along with my sisters.

The next morning my sisters and I woke up at six. Then we raced downstairs

Challenge

生活故事

to the fireplace. And there they were, the gifts, all sorts of wonderful things, mixed - up piles of presents. Only my stocking was empty; it hung limp; not a thing in it; and under and around it—nothing. My sisters had knelt down^①, each by her pile of gifts; they were crying with delight, till they looked up and saw me standing there looking so miserable. They came over to me and felt my stocking: nothing.

I don't remember whether I cried at that moment, but my sisters did. They ran with me back to my bed, and there we all cried till I became indignant. That helped some. I got up, dressed, and driving my sisters away, I went out alone into the stable, and there, all by myself, I wept. My mother came out to me and she tried to comfort me. But I wanted no comfort. She left me and went on into the house with sharp words for my father.

My sisters came to me, and I was rude. I ran away from them. I went around to the front of the house, sat down on the steps, and, the crying over, I ached. I was wronged, I was hurt. And my father must have been hurt, too, a little. I saw him looking out of the window. He was watching me or something for an hour or two, drawing back the curtain so little lest I catch him, but I saw his face, and I think I can see now the anxiety upon it, the worried impatience.

After an hour or two, I caught sight of^② a man riding a pony down the street, a pony and a brand - new saddle: the most beautiful saddle I ever saw, and it was a boy's saddle. And the pony! As he drew near, I saw that the pony was really a small horse, with a black mane and tail, and one white foot and a white star on his forehead. For such a horse as that I would have given anything.

But the man came along, reading the numbers on the houses, and, as my hopes—my impossible hopes—rose, he looked at our door and passed by, he and the pony, and the saddle. Too much, I fell upon the steps and broke into^③ tears. Suddenly I heard a voice.

“Say, kid,” it said, “do you know a boy named Lennie Steffens?”

I looked up. It was the man on the pony, back again.

Challenge

高中英语阅读教程

“Yes,” I spluttered through my tears. “That’s me.”

“Well,” he said, “then this is your horse. I’ve been looking all over for you and your house. Why don’t you put your number where it can be seen?”

“Get down,” I said, running out to him. I wanted to ride.

He went on saying something about “ought to have got here at seven o’ clock, but—”

I hardly heard, I could scarcely wait. I was so happy, to thrilled I rode off^④ up the street. Such a beautiful pony. And mine! After a while I turned and trotted back to the stable. There was the family, father, mother, sisters, all working for me, all happy. They had been putting in place the tools of my new business: currycomb, brush, pitchfork—everything, and there was hay in the loft.

But that Christmas, which my father had planned so carefully, was it the best or the worst I ever knew? He often asked me that; I never could answer as a boy. I think now that it was both. It covered the whole distance from broken – hearted misery to bursting happiness—too fast. A grown – up could hardly have stood it.

【注释】

limp [limp] *adj.* 松驰的; 无生气的

indignant [in'dignənt] *adj.* 愤怒的

lest [lest] *conj.* 以免; 恐怕

impatience [im'peɪjəns] *n.* 性急

saddle ['sædl] *n.* 马鞍

mane [meɪn] *n.* 鬃毛

splutter ['splʌtə] *vi.* 急促地乱说

thrill [θril] *vt.* 使兴奋; 使激动

trot [trɒt] *vi.* (指马或骑马者) 小跑

currycomb ['kʌrɪkəʊm] *n.* 马梳

pitchfork ['pɪtʃfɔ:k] *n.* 干草叉

Challenge

生活故事

hay [hei] *n.* 干草

loft [lɒft] *n.* 草料棚

【难点解析】

① kneel down: 单膝或双膝跪下; 屈膝

eg. *She knelt down on the grass to examine a flower.*

她在草地上跪下细看一朵花。

② catch sight of: 一眼瞥见

eg. *She caught sight of a car in the distance.*

她一眼瞥见远处的汽车。

③ break into:

(a) 强行进入

eg. *His house was broken into last week.*

上星期有人闯入他的屋里。

(b) 突然开始(大笑、唱歌、欢呼等)

eg. *As the President's car arrived, the crowd broke into loud applause.*

总统的汽车到达时,群众中爆发出热烈的掌声。

(c) 突然改变(由慢到快)

eg. *The man broke into a run when he saw the police.*

那人一见到警察,拔腿就跑。

(d) (指活动)用去(应做其他事情的时间)

eg. *All this extra work I'm doing is breaking into my leisure time.*

我目前的这一切额外工作用去了我的闲暇时间。

(e) 使用(大面值的钞票或硬币)购买低于该面值的某事物

eg. *I can't pay the 50p I owe you without breaking into a £5 note.*

我得把一张5英镑的钞票破开,才能把欠你的50便士付给你。

(f) 动用(应急储备物资)

eg. *Break into emergency supplies of food.*

Challenge

高中英语阅读教程

动用应急储备的食物。

④ride off: 骑马等

eg. *He rode off into the distance.*

他骑马奔向了远方。

4. A Small Boy

一位女作家带着她的爱犬来到一片宁静的土地上,浓雾笼罩着山中的这所房子,为她的房子中的壁炉劈柴的是一个从福利院请来的小男孩,一个正直而且心地善良的孩子,他告诉她,他有一个妈妈,这着实令她感到好奇和气愤,在临行前,她去探望这个孩子,却被告知他并没有妈妈……

I was living in the Smoky Mountains in Carolina. It was autumn. I needed quiet—to be away from people. My mind was troubled and the mountain air helped me write better. I also wanted to see the red autumn leaves, the pumpkins and to feel the excitement of living free and alone. I found them all in a small house which belonged to the Children's Home. The house is cut off from the village below and from the world by deep mountain snows. The heavy fog that surrounds the smoky Mountains hides the house from the eyes of the people.

When I moved into the house, I asked the lady at the Children's Home to send a boy to cut wood for the fireplace. About a week later, I looked up from my writing, a little surprised. There in front of me was a small boy. My dog, Pat, had not barked to warn me. The boy wore old torn pants and a shirt worn thin from too many washings. He wore no shoes on his feet.

"I can cut some wood today," he said.

"But I have a boy coming from the Children's Home."

Challenge

生活故事

"I'm the boy."

"You? But you're so small."

"I can carry milk to the babies' house, ma'am. Some days I carry it two times."

"In this bitter wind?"

"Yes. Stiff fingers don't feel bad once you get used to them. We get our faces bitten by the cold wind because we can't put our hands over them. But I have gloves. Some of the boys don't have any gloves."

"But cutting wood is a man's job."

He smiled at me.

"I know all kinds of wood ma'am. I've been cutting wood at the Children's Home for a long time."

"Very well. There's the axe. Go ahead and try cutting and see what you can do."

I began to work again. The first sounds of the axe cutting through the wood interfered with my thoughts^①. But soon the steady "chop, chop" stopped troubling me. I settled down and wrote for the rest of the afternoon.

The sun was slowly dropping behind the cold purple mountains when I heard the boy's footsteps coming toward my door.

"I have to go eat now. I can come again tomorrow afternoon."

"I'll pay you for what you've done."

We went together to see his work. Next to the house was a lot of cleanly-cut wood.

"But you've cut as much as a man. This is a wonderful pile of wood!"

I gave him some money.

"You may come again tomorrow, and thank you very much."

He looked at me and then at the money. He seemed as if he wanted to talk, but he could not. He turned away but over his thin shoulder, he shouted back to

Challenge

高中英语阅读教程

me.

"I'll cut some small pieces tomorrow. You'll need some small thin pieces and some heavier ones."

He came again the next day and worked until it was time to leave. His name was Jerry. He was 12 years old and had been at the Children's Home since he was only four. I thought of^② him as he must have looked when he was 4 years old. The same strong grey eyes with a small ring of blue around them. The same integrity and courage. Integrity is honesty, but it is more than just being honest. For example, the handle of the axe broke one day. Jerry said the Children's Home would repair it. I handed him some money to pay for it. He wouldn't take the money.

"I'll pay for it, ma'am. I broke it. I didn't hit the wood in the right place."

"But, Jerry, no one hits the wood in the right place all the time. It was a weak handle. I'll speak to the man who sold it to me."

It was only then that he would take the money.

Another thing about Jerry that was special—he would do those little helpful things that are not necessary, but make life so much easier, things only the heart can do, things that cannot be trained or taught for they are done quickly and without thought. He found a hole near the fireplace that I had not seen.

"I'll place some wood in the hole, ma'am. Then when a sudden storm comes up, you can stay warm."

On the day he found a loose stone in the walking place outside.

"Let me place a bigger stone there. I'll dig the hole deeper so it won't come loose again."

The days passed, and Jerry and my dog Pat became close friends. Perhaps it was because a boy and a dog have a common spirit—a wisdom that is closer than a grown person and a dog.

One cold day Jerry sat close by me near the fire. The dog lay close to him.