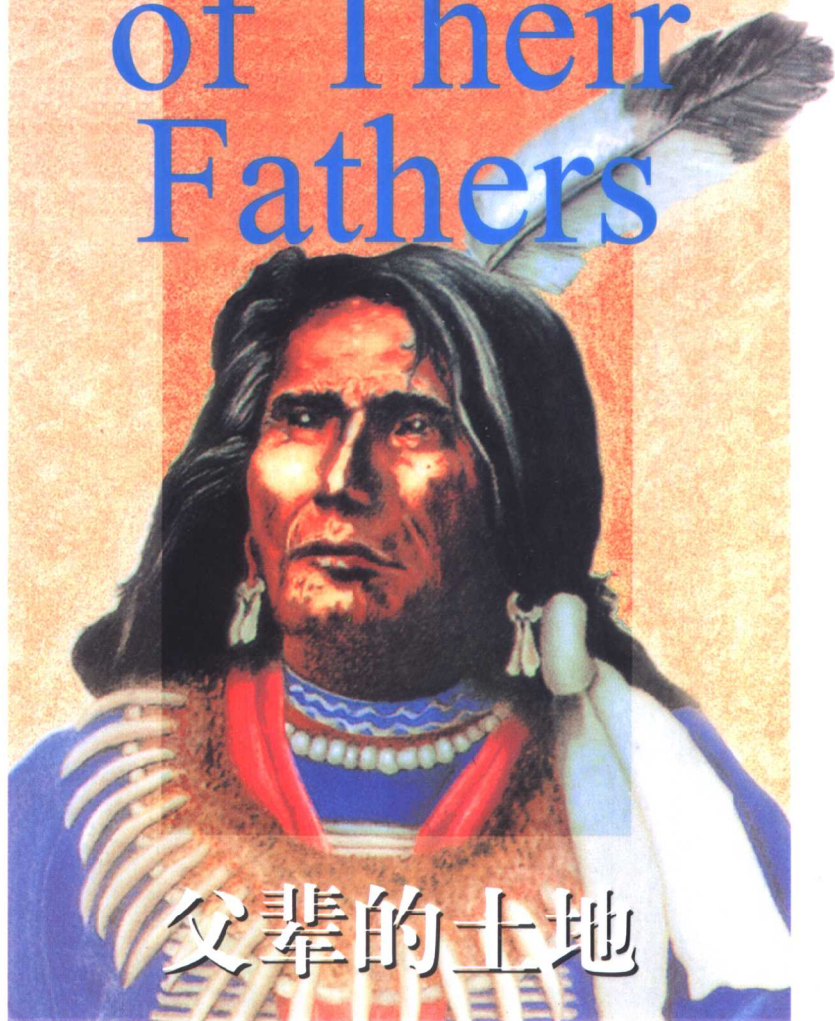


南师—康乃馨英语文库

Allen J. Woppert

The Land of Their Fathers



父辈的土地

Cornelsen

南京师范大学出版社

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by

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第一次看到这套书是在法兰克福书展上。在康乃馨出版集团偌大的红色展台上,这套书摆放在一个很不显眼的位置。可是它那清新典雅的封面还是令我驻足翻阅。文字简练,很适合初中级英语学习者阅读;内容贴近中学生的感情和生活。编英语图书十几年,常常为找不到真正适合国内中学生阅读的英文读物而犯愁,现在却得来全不费功夫。后来在康乃馨实习时,方了解到原来这套书是一些长期从事英语教学的英国专家为英语学习者特意量身定做的,十几年来已陆续推出了适合各种水平读者、内容形式多种多样的图书近百种,很受欧洲学生的欢迎。此次,我社对引进版权的这套书加注了相应的词汇和背景知识,旨在使学生的阅读更加轻松。但愿中国学生也会喜欢这套文库。

——版权策划 白莉

本书描写了北美印第安部落的首长 Standing Bear 率领他的族员,不畏一切困难和阻挠,寻求自己的故土家园的故事,表现了性格朴实刚毅的土著印第安人对自由的渴望及对美好生活的向往和追求,从另一个侧面展现了北美统一后,华盛顿政府在对于如何处理与土著民族的关系上遇到的问题和暴露出的很多不足。

阅读这本书,对于了解美国历史和土著印第安人历史文明大有裨益。而且书里配了不少珍贵的历史照片,对于了解人物角色和历史是很有价值的。本书生词不是很多,阅读时不会有很大难度,适合初中三年级和高一年级学生在课外作为辅助阅读材料,并且对于美国历史的研究也有很多借鉴意义。

——中学英语教师 张佳地

本书详细描写了印第安一个部落的首长 Standing Bear 带领他的族员,不畏惧一切干扰,寻求自己的家园。作者通过生动的描写表现了坚强的印第安人对自由以及美好生活的渴望,具有很强的

历史性。中国的读者一定会从阅读本书中得到享受的。本书好，而且，不是很难懂，生词不是很多，且多数通过阅读上下文可知其意。

——一中学生

本书讲述了北美某印第安部落 Ponca 在被迫离乡背井，到印第安人保留地居住后，面对着庄稼歉收、疾病肆虐的困境，面对着饥饿和死亡的威胁，对故土的眷恋之情倍增，于是在其部落首领 Standing Bear 的带领下，克服千辛万苦，千里迢迢回归父辈土地的动人的故事。愿本书能为中国小读者打开了解印第安及北美文化的一扇新的大门。

——责任编辑 王迎春

TO THE READER

The main facts of the following story are true. Because the events of the story took place so long ago, nobody knows all the details. Therefore, I have taken certain liberties with a few of the facts. Many of the dialogues are of my own invention.

AJW

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❖❖❖ CHAPTER ONE ❖❖❖

All was quiet in the little village. Snow was falling, and the wind beat down on the poor **cabins** and tents. The night was dark; only a **dim** light shone in the window of one of the cabins.

The cabin was one large room. The people who lived there had hung blankets to make two rooms out of it. In the smaller of the rooms, two men sat and talked. They said little – there were long pauses between their talking. The men looked very old and tired. They had seen a lot of **suffering** in their times, and it showed in their dark faces. They were cold, as the wind blew through the cabin. They covered themselves with blankets and drank tea to keep warm.

“What more do the white men want, Standing Bear?” asked the older of the two men. “They have already killed all our **buffalo** and taken our land. Now they are taking our children.”

“Not all white men are bad, Buffalo Chip. And they are not killing us now. It is sickness that takes our people.”

“White men’s sickness takes our people,” said Buffalo Chip. “Before the white men came, we were happy and we were healthy. Now we know only sickness and death.”

After a minute of **silence**, Standing Bear answered. “The white men have taught us many things, Buffalo Chip. They have taught us about their God, who is a better God than ours. And that God tells us to **forgive**.”

“I have forgiven a lot of things, Standing Bear. But where will it end?”

Standing Bear lit his pipe and passed it to his friend. Buffalo Chip knew that Standing Bear did not want to talk any more, so he said nothing and smoked. There was a

cabin

[ˈkæbɪn]*n.*

小屋

dim[dim]*a.*

微弱的, 昏暗的, 模糊的

suffering

[ˈsʌfərɪŋ]*n.*

苦痛, 受难

buffalo

[ˈbʌfə.leɪu]

n. 北美野牛, North

American

bison 的别称

silence

[ˈsaɪləns]*n.*

沉寂, 安静

forgive

[fəˈgɪv]*v.* 原

谅, 饶恕

puff [pʌf]v.

吐(气), 喷

(烟雾)

crunching

['krʌntʃɪŋ]

α. 嘎吱嘎吱

作响的

nod [nɒd]v.

颌首, 点头

chief

['tʃi:f]n.

酋长, 部落首领

pray

[preɪ]v.

祈祷

comfortable silence between the two men. They had known each other for a long time, and they had gone through many things together. They did not need words to know what the other was feeling.

After a few moments, a woman came into the room. Like the men, she looked old and weak, and she wore blankets to keep warm. Her eyes were sad as she spoke to her husband.

“Standing Bear, it is time.”

Standing Bear **puffed** on his pipe for a moment, then slowly got up. His bones made **crunching** sounds as he stood up, and his 50 years weighed on him heavily. He tried to look strong, but he, too, looked sad and frightened.

“He has asked for you, Standing Bear,” said the woman. And again, “It is time.”

The old man suddenly looked a hundred years old. But he **noded**, then walked into the next room, where a small fire burned on the dirt floor. It was a little warmer there, and Standing Bear dropped the blankets he had been holding around him to keep warm.

He stood as tall as he could and tried to look strong and brave. Then he walked toward the bed, where a young man was lying under five buffalo skins. The young man looked like he had once been very big and strong, but now his bones looked like they wanted to come out of his skin.

“Son,” said the **chief**, “you have asked for me.”

“Yes, father. It is time.”

“You have been a good son, and I **pray** to God that he will know that.”

“What God do you pray to, father? Ours or theirs?”

“There is only one God, son. He made the people, and He made the white men. He made some men good and some bad.”

“Father, I do not want to argue with you. I only wanted to

say goodbye.”

With tears in his eyes, Standing Bear took his son's cold hand. “You will get better, son. I know it.”

“No, father, this is the end. – Please, listen to me, father. When I am gone, I want you to take my bones back to the place where I was born. I want to be **buried** in the land of my fathers.”

“I understand, son. It will be done.”

But the boy did not hear his father's last words. He had died, just as over 150 of his **tribe** had done in the year since they had been forced to move to Indian **Territory**. It had been the same for all of them. They became sick and weak, could not eat any more. After a time, they could not even keep down the drinks the medicine man gave them. They suffered from fever, then **chills**. And then their suffering was over.

The old chief held his dead son in his arms for several minutes, then laid him out to look like he was sleeping. He sat on the side of his son's bed and thought about things. He thought about the three laws of his people for their chiefs. Be good to the old. Be good to the **orphans**. Be good to the **needy**.

But there were so many orphans now, so many needy people. How could he possibly be good to all of them? How could he go on as their chief?

He thought about *xí be*, the power men get as they get older. *Xí be* was a special power in all older men. It was there to help them when their **physical** powers began to fail. It was there to help them through situations like this. No, he was not going to give up, he decided. Life would go on better than before.

The chief tried to look **especially** brave before returning to his wife, but she saw in his face that their son was dead. But she was too weak from the many months of looking after the sick to cry. Standing Bear took his wife in his arms and

bury[ˈberi]

v. 埋葬

tribe

[ˈtraɪb]n.

部落, 种族

territory

[ˈterɪtəri]n.

领土, 版图,

地区

chill

[tʃɪl]n. 寒

栗, 恶寒

orphan

[ˈɔːfən]n.

孤儿

needy

[ˈniːdi]a. 穷

困的, 生活困

苦的

physical

[ˈfɪzɪkl]a. 身

体的

especially

[ɪsˈpeʃəli]

ad. 特别地,

尤其

bitterly

[ˈbɪtəli]

ad. 痛苦地

lodge

[lɒdʒ]n. 原

指北美印第

安人的住房,

式样较多,有

圆锥形、六角

形、八角形

等;此处指居

住在这种房

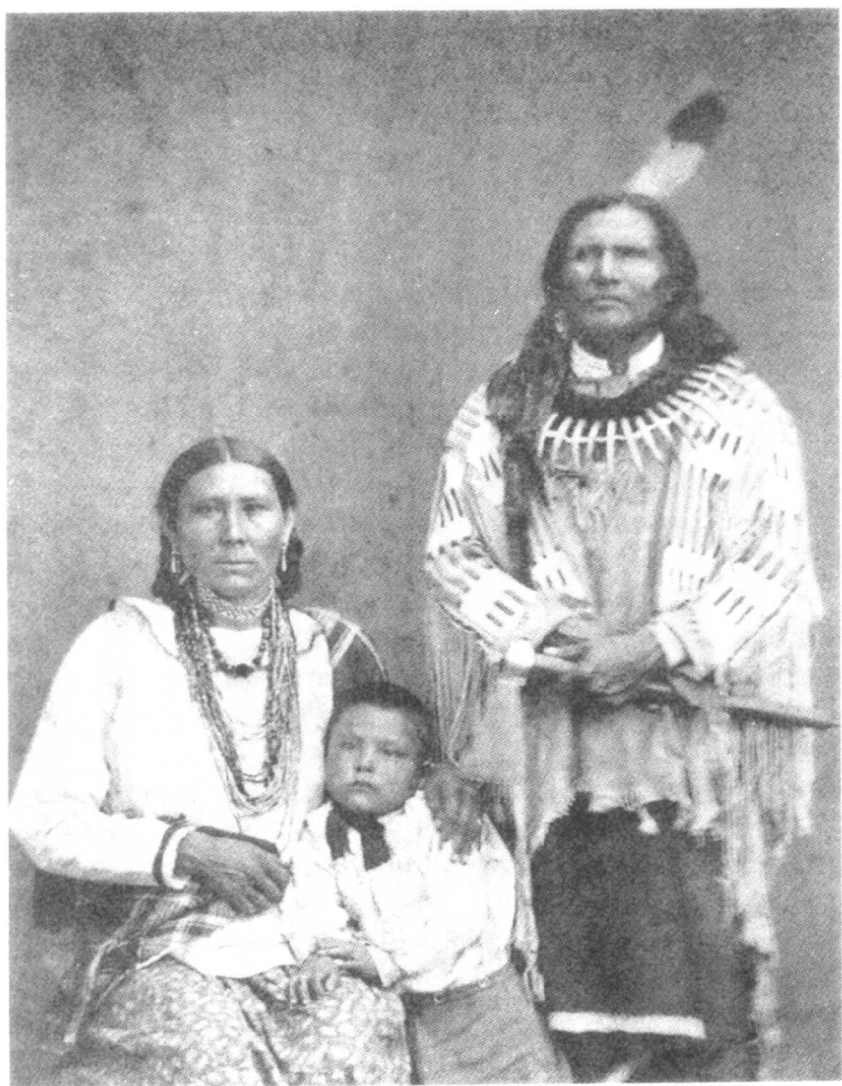
屋里的一群

人

cried for both of them.

After he had stopped crying, his wife said **bitterly**, “We have already lost a daughter here, and now our son. Are we going to wait for our last child to die, too?”

“No,” answered Standing Bear loudly. “We will wait no longer. Buffalo Chip, I will have a meeting of my **lodge**. We will meet in the main cabin in a few minutes. If you want, bring the people from your lodge, too. I have something important to say.”



*Standing Bear with his wife, Suzette, and his grandson,
Walk in the Wind*

67



CHAPTER TWO



excitement

[ik'sait
mənt]

n. 兴奋, 激动, 令人兴奋的事

announce

[ə'nauns]

v. 宣布, 发表

fairly

[fɛəli] *ad.*

公正地, 公平地

warrior

[wɔəriə] *n.*

武士, 勇士, 壮士

agency

[eidʒənsi]

n. 机构, 行政部门

dying

['daiɪŋ] *a.*

垂死的

There was much **excitement** in the village the next day. Standing Bear had **announced** at the meeting the night before that he and his family were returning to the land of their fathers. Anyone who wanted to go with them could do so.

“The white men will try to stop us, my friends,” he said.

“They have forced us to move here, and they will not want us to go back. They will send soldiers. The soldiers have always treated us **fairly**, but they will kill us if they are told to do so.”

“Everyone here is sick. Every family has lost someone to sickness since we came here. I have lost most of my children. I have only one little girl left. In a few weeks, she, too, will be dead.”

“I am returning to the land of our fathers, and I will take anyone with me who wants to go. Yes, the soldiers will come after us. I will not fight them. My **warriors** are too sick and weak to fight. And the soldiers have always been good to us. I could not kill them. Let them do anything they want to us. It cannot be worse than staying here.”

“I will leave as soon as it gets dark again tomorrow. The white men here at the **agency** will not miss us until the next day. Then they will tell the soldiers to look for us. If God thinks we are doing the right thing, he will protect us, and we will find our way home.”

Some of the younger members of the lodge were very angry.

“Before the white men made us come here, we asked you to fight. You did not, and our people are **dying**. Even now, you say you will not fight. You call yourself chief?”

“I do not call myself chief any more,” answered Standing Bear. “I am not better than any of you. We are all here, we are

all poor and many of us are dying. My children are dead or dying. No, I am not better than any of you. I am no longer chief."

"And I do not *tell* anyone to go with me. I say only that I am going back to the land of our fathers. If anyone wants to come with me, they can. But they must promise me that they will not fight the soldiers if they come. That is all. The meeting is over."

After Standing Bear left the meeting, the people of his lodge sat in silence. No one moved. Had they heard correctly? Had Standing Bear, who had always done what the white men asked, really said he was going to go against the orders of the white men? And had he really said he was no longer their chief? Who would look after them if they no longer had a chief?

All these questions and more rested heavily on the minds of the **Poncas** who had come to the meeting that January 1, 1879. Most left the meeting room without saying a word. They went to their cold cabins or tents and talked about what had happened.

In their tent, Du-ba-mo-ni asked her husband, "Do you want me to start **packing** our things?"

"Don't be a fool, woman," her husband answered.

"Standing Bear will have us all killed. Or the soldiers will send us back here to die. No, we are not going."

"You stay here if you want to. If I am going to die, I want to do it in the land where my mother and her mother before her are buried."

"I will not try to stop you, Do-ba-mo-ni. Go if you must. I will stay."

Similar scenes took place in many tents and cabins that night, and the next day there was more of the same. There was much loud discussion in the Ponca camp. The white men at the

Ponca

[ˈpɒŋkə]n.

篷卡人，一支美洲土著人，原居于内布拉斯加东北、奈厄布拉勒河附近，现居于俄克拉荷马州和内布拉斯加州。

pack

[pæk]

v. 打包，装箱

protest

[prəʊtest]

v. 抗议, 反对

Nebraska

[ˈneɪbrəskə]

n. 内布拉斯

加州, 美国中

央的一个州,

于 1867 年成

为美国的第

三十七个州。

首府是林肯,

奥马哈是其

最大城市。

wagon

[ˈwæɡən]

n. 四轮运货

马车

trunk

[trʌŋk] n. 大

箱, 行李箱

Indian agency knew something was happening, but no one would tell them what. The Poncas were quiet when the white men were around, although there were no white men there who could understand their language.

When the sun had set and Standing Bear was ready to go, 30 Poncas, 20 from his lodge and ten others, stood outside his cabin. Seven of the group were very ill.

Someone said, "We must leave the sick here; they will slow us down." But Standing Bear disagreed.

"I said I would take everyone who wanted to go, and I will. The sick are Poncas, too, and they wish to go to the land of their fathers."

"But they will be in the way if we have to run from the soldiers," **protested** Long Runner.

The wise old chief smiled. "If you wish, Long Runner, we will leave you to die if you become sick during the journey." There was no more discussion.

Under the cover of darkness, Standing Bear and his 30 followers said goodbye to the others. Many had tears in their eyes; they did not know whether they would ever see each other again.

Many of those who decided to stay behind had little presents for their friends: food, blankets, money. No one knew how long it would take them to reach the land of their fathers in **Nebraska**, over 600 miles away. The food they had would last about two weeks. The group also had \$20 with them, so they would be able to buy a few things during their journey.

So, with two old, tired horses to pull the **wagon** that held the **trunk** with the body of Standing Bear's son, the 31 Poncas started on their journey into the winter night. It was January 2, 1879.

❖❖❖ CHAPTER THREE ❖❖❖

The first few days of the **march**, the weather was fairly mild. There was some snow on the ground in places, but most of the time they had to walk through mud. Walking was not easy because the Poncas could not use roads. They stayed away from towns, where white men might see them and tell the soldiers. But everyone was feeling happy – happier than they had felt during the months they had stayed in Indian Territory. Once again, the Poncas were free and out in the **wilderness**.

Standing Bear and Buffalo Chip walked ahead of the rest. They both felt years younger. “It is almost like old times, Standing Bear,” said Buffalo Chip.

“Yes, Buffalo Chip, almost. Remember the great hunts we had? For days at a time, the men left camp to hunt buffaloes. I’ll never forget the **feasts** we had when we came back, the songs of the women and children.”

“But now the buffaloes are gone...”

“Yes, but we have learned to become good farmers. The white men showed us these things, and we have done well at them.”

“That is true, Standing Bear. But the white men could not stop the **Sioux** from **attacking** us and **destroying** our crops. And then they gave our land away and sent us to Indian Territory like **prisoners**.”

Standing Bear had nothing to say about this because he knew it was true. Although the Poncas and the whites had lived in peace for many years, the whites were now treating them like **criminals**.

Buffalo Chip stopped walking, and the two men waited for the others. “When we make camp tonight, Standing Bear will tell us a story from the history of the people.”

march

[mɑ:tʃ] *n.*

长途徒步旅行

wilderness

[ˈwɪldənɪs]

n. 荒野

feast [fi:st]

n. 盛会, 宴会

Sioux [su:]

n. 苏人, 美洲

土著印第安人的一支, 也

被称作达科

他人

他人

attack

[əˈtæk]

n. & v. 进攻,

攻击

destroy

[disˈtrɔɪ]

v. 毁坏, 损坏

prisoner

[ˈprɪznə]

n. 囚犯, 犯人,

俘虏

criminal

[ˈkrɪmɪnəl]

n. 罪犯

The children in the group were very excited. They remembered how Standing Bear told them stories when they still lived in Nebraska. The old chief was a good storyteller with a beautiful voice. He knew how to make the children laugh. Most of them hadn't been able to laugh for months.

Yes, everything was going to be the way it was again.

That night, when the group made their camp under the huge sky, the stars seemed to be smiling at them. The moon looked down at them and made them feel very much at home, although they did not know this strange land so far from the land of their fathers.

All 31 Poncas sat close around the small fire they had used to warm the fried bread and dried meat that they had with them. They did not want to make a large fire because white men might see it and tell the soldiers they were there. They ate very little because their journey might last a long time. They did not know if they would see any animals to hunt, and they did not know if they would be strong enough to hunt them if they did.

As the fire began to **die down**, Standing Bear lit his pipe. The children could not sit still because they were waiting for Standing Bear to start his story. He liked to make the children wait. He knew that they would like his story better if they had to wait a little. After a few **puffs** of his pipe he began his story.

"When He was very young, Wakanda felt very alone. He walked from one end of the earth to the other, but there was no one there for him to talk to or play with. One day, while He was walking, He found a **spot** that He had never seen before, although He Himself had made it.

"He was very surprised that even He could have made such a beautiful place. The sky seemed bluer there. There were wonderful hills there with lots of animals, and there was lots of

die down

逐渐变弱

puff[ʌf]n.

吐(烟)

spot[spɒt]

n.地点, 场所