

新世纪高等院校英语专业本科生系列教材(修订版)

总主编 戴炜栋

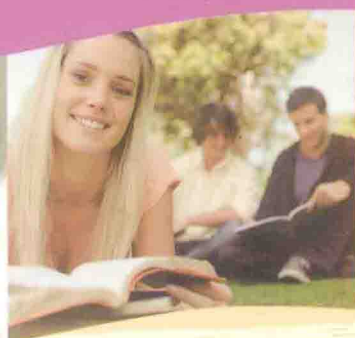
# 英语泛读新教程

## A New English Reading Course

学生用书

第2版

主 编 / 唐慧心



# 1

新世纪高等院校英语专业本科生系列

总

# 英语泛读新教程

A New English Reading Course

学生用书

第2版

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# “新世纪高等院校英语专业本科生系列教材”(修订版)

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# 总序

我国英语专业本科教学与学科建设，伴随着我国改革开放的步伐，得到了长足的发展和提升。回顾这30多年英语专业教学改革和发展的历程，无论是英语专业教学大纲的制订、颁布、实施和修订，还是四、八级考试的开发与推行，以及多项英语教学改革项目的开拓，无不是围绕英语专业的学科建设和人才培养而进行的，正如《高等学校英语专业英语教学大纲》提出的英语专业的培养目标，即培养“具有扎实的英语语言基础和广博的文化知识并能熟练地运用英语在外事、教育、经贸、文化、科技、军事等部门从事翻译、教学、管理、研究等工作的复合型英语人才。”为促进英语专业本科建设的发展和教学质量的提高，外语专业教学指导委员会还实施了“新世纪教育质量改革工程”，包括推行“十五”、“十一五”、“十二五”国家级教材规划和外语专业国家精品课程评审，从各个教学环节加强对外语教学质量的宏观监控，从而确保为我国的经济建设输送大量的优秀人才。

跨入新世纪，英语专业的建设面临新的形势和任务：经济全球化、科技一体化、文化多元化、信息网络化的发展趋势加快，世界各国之间的竞争日趋激烈，这对我国英语专业本科教学理念和培养目标提出了新的挑战；大学英语教学改革如火如荼；数字化、网络化等多媒体教学辅助手段在外语教学中广泛应用和不断发展；英语专业本科教育的改革和学科建设也呈现出多样化的趋势，翻译专业、商务英语专业相继诞生——这些变化和发展无疑对英语专业的学科定位、人才培养以及教材建设提出了新的、更高的要求。

上海外语教育出版社（简称外教社）在新世纪之初约请了全国30余所著名高校百余位英语教育专家，对面向新世纪的英语专业本科生教材建设进行了深入、全面、广泛和具有前瞻性的研讨，成功地推出了理念新颖、特色明显、体系完备的“新世纪高等院校英语专业本科生系列教材”，并被列入“十五”国家级规划教材，以其前瞻性、先进性和创新性等特点受到全国众多使用院校的广泛好评。

面对快速发展的英语专业本科教育，如何保证专业的教学质量，培养具有国际视野和创新能力的英语专业人才，是国家、社会、高校教师共同关注的问题，也是教材编撰者和教材出版者关心和重视的问题。

作为教学改革的一个重要组成部分，优质教材的编写和出版对学科建设的推动和人才培养的作用是有目共睹的。外教社为满足教学和学科发展的需要，与教材编写者们一起，力图全方位、大幅度修订并扩充原有的“新世纪高等院校英语专业本科生系列教材”，以打造英语专业教材建设完整的学科体系。为此，外教社邀请了全国几十所知名高校40余位著名英语教育专家，根据英语专业学科发展的新趋势，围绕梳理现

有课程、优化教材品种和结构、改进教学方法和手段、强化学生自主学习能力的培养、有效提高教学质量等问题开展了专题研究，并在教材编写与出版中予以体现。

修订后的教材仍保持原有的专业技能、专业知识和相关专业知识的三大板块，品种包括基础技能、语言学、文学、文化、人文科学、测试、教学法等，总数逾200种，几乎涵盖了当前我国高校英语专业所开设的全部课程，并充分考虑到我国英语教育的地区差异和不同院校英语专业的特点，提供更多的选择。教材编写深入浅出，内容反映了各个学科领域的最新研究成果；在编写宗旨上，除了帮助学生打下扎实的语言基本功外，着力培养学生分析问题、解决问题的能力，提高学生的思辨能力和人文、科学素养，培养健康向上的人生观，使学生真正成为我国新时代所需要的英语专门人才。

系列教材修订版编写委员会仍由我国英语界的知名专家学者组成，其中多数是在各个领域颇有建树的专家，不少是高等学校外语专业教学指导委员会的委员，总体上代表了中国英语教育的发展方向和水平。

系列教材完整的学科体系、先进的编写理念、权威的编者队伍，再次得到教育部的认可，荣列“普通高等教育‘十一五’国家级规划教材”。其专业技能板块的70多种教材更于2012年首批被评为“‘十二五’普通高等教育本科国家级规划教材”。我深信，这套教材一定会促进学生语言技能、专业知识、学科素养和创新能力的培养，填补现行教材某些空白，为培养高素质的英语专业人才奠定坚实的基础。

**戴炜栋**

教育部高校外语专业教学指导委员会主任委员  
国务院学位委员会外语学科评议组组长

# 前言

中国人民解放军外国语学院英语系一贯重视基础阶段的泛读教学，数十年来，不仅在泛读教学上积累了丰富的经验，而且在泛读教材的编写上也取得了丰硕的成果。早在1989年，曾肯干等教授编写的《英语泛读教程》由上海外语教育出版社出版，在我国英语教学界受到好评，被众多英语院系选作泛读教材。

十余年过后，该系在前任系主任程工教授和现任系主任王岚教授的策划、组织和指导下，决定对原有教材进行更新，由长期从事英语专业泛读和英语报刊选读教学的资深教授唐慧心牵头，带领一批在泛读教学上已积累了丰富经验的教授、副教授、博士，自2003年9月开始，经过两年多的努力，编写出了这套《英语泛读新教程》。后来，本校英语系对本教材进行了一轮试用，受到师生的欢迎和好评。2007年年初，本教材被推荐给上海外语教育出版社，谢宇女士审阅后提出了宝贵的意见和建议，于是，教材编写组又用了几个月的时间，重新系统地调整了课文的难度，对练习也作了进一步的改进，使这套教材日臻完善。

本教程是根据《高等学校英语专业英语教学大纲》的要求而编写的英语基础阶段泛读教材，供英语专业一、二年级学生使用。《高等学校英语专业英语教学大纲》对阅读二级的要求是：能阅读难度相当于*Thirty-Nine Steps* (简写本)的材料以及*Reader's Digest*上的文章，本教程的第二册除了包含与*Thirty-Nine Steps*难度一致的浅显材料外，专门挑选了*Reader's Digest*的文章；同样，教程的第四册也根据大纲对阅读四级的要求选用了文学原著*Sons and Lovers*的章节，尽量做到贴近大纲的规定与要求。全套教程四册针对四个学期，本着循序渐进的精神，难度也逐渐加大。每册分成16个单元，足以满足一个学期的教学量。

就编写特色而言，本教材除继续延续《英语泛读教程》中一些行之有效的做法之外，还具有以下几个特点：

一、所选教材均出自当代英语刊物、英语小说及因特网，具有鲜明的时代感。文章题材广泛，语言流畅，文字规范，内容健康，融知识性与趣味性于一体，反映出当代西方社会的方方面面，如入学新生谈入学后的感受、孩提时代对父母的看法、体育明星的遭遇、美英两国的人文地理、西方人如何看中国、美国人的人生价值观、伟人们的成功之路等。另外，还有少量的评论性文字。

二、本教程的练习配备针对性更强，形式更多样化。每一单元都配有五六种类型的练习：选择题、正误判断、阅读理解、翻译、与课文相关的问答题，以及开放性的讨论题。前五种练习题旨在培养学生细微观察语言的能力，引导学生深入理解作者的思路与意图，提高学生综合理解和分析归纳的能力。第六种练习题不局限于课文范围，学生可

利用所掌握知识自由开展讨论，提高英语组织和口头表达的能力。

三、本教程还充分利用图书及网络资源，在每篇课文的后面推荐了与课文相关的文章、书目和网站，以激发学生广泛阅读的兴趣，不断拓展知识面，培养他们良好的课外阅读习惯和从因特网上获取知识的能力。

最后，全套四册书及配套的教师用书都经外籍专家Christopher Samuel Smith仔细审阅过，我们对他的辛勤劳动表示衷心的感谢。不过，虽然我们的编者齐心协力，两年多来对教材几次修订，但是由于这样那样的原因——特别是因为我们自身水平有限等原因，教材中难免有疏漏谬误之处，希望广大读者和使用者不吝赐教，以便我们进一步修订。

编 者

于中国人民解放军外国语学院



2012年9月，我们收到外教社来函，说是他们计划将《英语泛读新教程》列入“新世纪高等院校英语专业本科生系列教材(修订版)”的“技能拓展子系列”，希望我们能对原教材进行修订，以便该教材能与时俱进。

于是，我们根据外教社的要求，对含有四册“学生用书”和两册“教师用书”的《英语泛读新教程》进行了修订。

修订主要包括以下内容：

一、教材每册原有16个单元，修订后都减少至14个单元。我们的具体做法是，除了每册删除两个单元外，还在每册里替换掉一到两个单元。当然，我们保留的都是教材使用者反映较好的篇目，删除的是效果相对欠佳的篇目，而新换上的则是内容较新、更容易为使用者所喜爱的篇目。

二、我们对“学生用书”的课文、注释及练习，以及“教师用书”的所有文字，做了全面的梳理和检查，纠正了所能发现的全部错误和疏漏之处。

尽管如此，教材难免还会有别的缺陷与谬误，恳请本书的使用者和读者继续批评指正。

编者

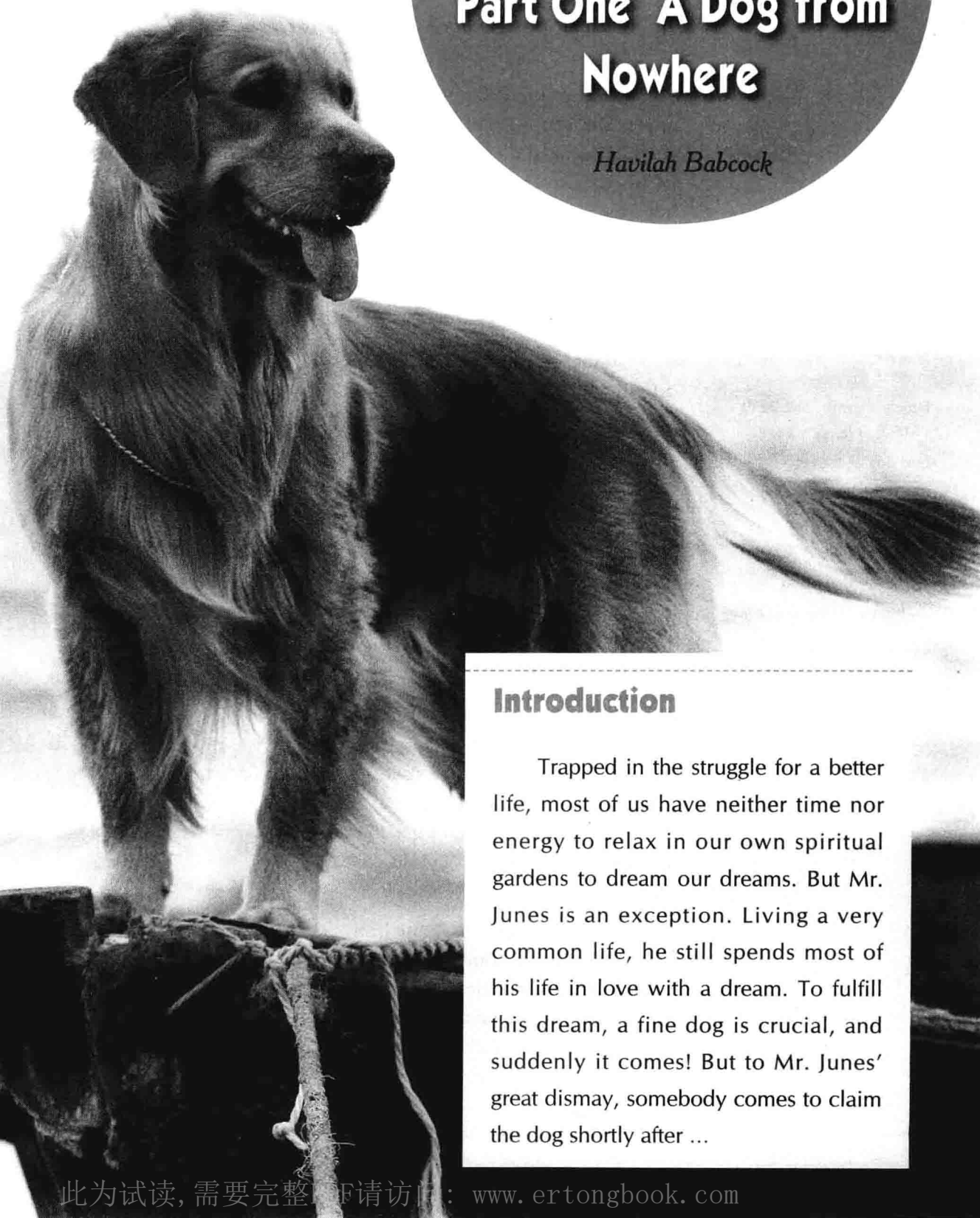
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# Unit 1

## Part One A Dog from Nowhere

*Havilah Babcock*



### Introduction

Trapped in the struggle for a better life, most of us have neither time nor energy to relax in our own spiritual gardens to dream our dreams. But Mr. Junes is an exception. Living a very common life, he still spends most of his life in love with a dream. To fulfill this dream, a fine dog is crucial, and suddenly it comes! But to Mr. Junes' great dismay, somebody comes to claim the dog shortly after ...

chide /tʃaɪd/ *vi.* 责备

pamper /'pæmpə/ *vt.* 姑息, 娇养

rascal /'rɑːskəl/ *n.* 受宠的人

lost-and-found *n.* 失物招领处

lamely /'leɪmli/ *adv.* 理由不充分地

bird dog 捕鸟猎犬

eke out a living 竭力维持生计

covey /'kʌvi/ *n.* 一群

quail /kweɪl/ *n.* 鹌鹑

clamoring /'klæməɪŋ/ *adj.* 吵闹的

tremendous /tri'mendəs/ *adj.* 极大的, 巨大的

"It's been three weeks, hasn't it? Mr. Junes?" After forty years she still called her husband "mister." There are people like that. "Have you made any effort to find the owner?"

"Why, yes — of course. But he's probably not a neighborhood dog. Wouldn't have stayed here so contentedly."

"Not so sure about that!" She chided gently, laying aside the apples she had been peeling. "The way you've been pampering the big rascal, and stuffing him full of food." To bring him out of his daydream, she added, "Aren't you supposed to put an advertisement in the paper? Doesn't the law require —"

"Yes. Three times in the lost-and-found. I asked in Pittsfield this morning."

"But you didn't put in an ad?"

"Been sort of busy here lately," he defended lamely. He admired her ability at reading his thought. "One thing bothers me: if we advertise him, how can we be sure the person asking is the rightful owner? I'd hate to see a fine dog like that —"

"Make the person describe his dog before we let him see ours," she said wisely. "And make him call the dog by name. That's if you've hit on his name, yet?"

"No, I've tried every name a bird dog could be called by. Can you give me some more to try?"

Henry Junes had spent most of his life in love with a dream. Until fourteen he had lived a wonderful life in the country. But then his father had died and his mother lost the farm. They had moved to the city where they had been able to eke out a living. Henry did odd jobs after school and later he attended night classes. Finally he got a job in a downtown bank, where he saw a lot of money but didn't get touch of it. Thirty-five years in one office, over one desk, doing the same thing through endless days.

But, don't feel sorry for him, because Mr. Junes had his dream: he would someday go back to the country and pick up where he left off. Now at sixty-six, he had part of it anyway. He has gotten himself a farm. The land wasn't much good, but it was still a farm. And, of all surprises, it contained big coveys of quail, whose clamoring takeoff filled him with a tremendous thrill.

At first, it had not been quail, but the squirrels he and a fox terrier had hunted when he was a boy. Now the beautiful twenty-gauge shotgun he had gotten himself would have a purpose. But a dog? He had none, and the kind he wanted would have been hard to come by, even if he had the money. Now fate had sent him a dog from nowhere only a few weeks before the hunting season.

Mr. Junes had known from the start that he would have to advertise the dog. He felt honor-bound to do it, and he chided himself for not having done it sooner. Such a fine-looking dog would hardly go unclaimed, he reasoned uneasily.

The next day he placed the advertisement, but still he felt a small sense of guilt. A few days later the advertisement appeared in the paper: "Found: one dog. Owner may recover by identifying name." The advertisement had been the smallest possible, and hopefully would not go unnoticed.

It was not until a week later that a car bearing an out-of-state license pulled up in front of the house. A big car, Mr. Junes noted. He had been making apple cider, and his wife was just coming from the orchard with an apronful of purple plums. "Mercy me," she said. "We're such sights. Show him around to the front door."

But the stranger strode straight toward them. They noticed that he was tall, that a boyish grin lit up his face, and that one sleeve hung limp by his side.

"I hope you folks will forgive my barging in," he said. "I saw you were busy. What I've come to see you about — apple cider!" he let out a whistle. "Good fresh-run apple cider."

Mr. Junes found a glass and filled it to the brim from the still flowing cider trough. Glass after glass, the tall boy drunk.

"Since I've made such a glutton of myself, let me turn the next tubful," he said, shaking off his coat.

Noting the missing arm, Mr. Junes wanted to protest, but didn't know how.

"It's okay. Got to build up the old muscle!" the boy said. He made the cleated rollers hum and rock as the fresh-washed apples splattered into the hopper.

fox terrier /'terɪə(r)/ 猎狐犬

gauge /geɪdʒ/ *n.* (枪、炮的)口径

honor-bound /'ɒnə'baʊnd/  
*adj.* 荣誉攸关的, 为了荣誉必须做的

cider /'saɪdə/ *n.* 苹果汁

plum /plʌm/ *n.* 李, 洋李

limp /lɪmp/ *adj.* 松垮的, 柔软的

barge in /bɑːdʒ/ 闯入

fresh-run /'freʃrʌn/ *adj.* 鲜榨的

brim /brɪm/ *n.* 边, 缘

trough /traʊf/ *n.* 槽, 水槽

glutton /'glʌtən/ *n.* 贪食者

cleated roller /'kliːtɪd/ 用楔固定的滚压机

splatter /'splætə/ *vi.* 啪嗒作响地掉下

hopper /'hɒpə/ *n.* 送料斗, 漏斗

infantryman /'ɪnfəntri-  
mən/ *n.* 步兵

soberly /'səʊbəli/ *adv.*  
严肃地

jerk /dʒɜ:k/ *vi.* 猝然一  
动, 猛推

clipping /'klɪpɪŋ/ *n.* 剪  
报

leaden /'ledən/ *adj.* 沉  
闷的

pointer /'pɔɪntə/ *n.* 一  
种短毛大猎犬

drooping /'dru:pɪŋ/ *adj.*  
低垂的, 弯下的

gaunt /ɡɔ:nt/ *adj.* 憔悴  
的, 瘦削的

75

"How tall are you?" asked Mr. Junes, looking up.

"Six-two, but they say infantrymen get shorter!" he laughed.

"Jim was sixty-two," said Mr. Junes.

"Sixty-two and a half," gently corrected Mrs. Junes.

"Jim?"

80

"Our boy. He was on the Bunker Hill."

"A great crew, the Bunker Hill's," the boy said soberly. "I'm sure he left you proud memories." And his own mind jerked back to a shellhole in New Guinea. But it was not a thing on which to dwell. "Now that I've drunk you folks out of house and home, I'll explain why I'm here. The dog. The dog you advertised," he said, taking a clipping from a pocket a bit awkwardly, as if he hadn't yet learned to do two-handed things with one hand.

"Yes, the dog," repeated Mr. Junes. "Of course, the dog."

90

"Four weeks ago," the boy went on, "When driving through this country, I had a flat tire. While I was gone for help, someone broke into my car and removed my suitcase and my dog. The case I didn't mind, but the dog — I spent three days looking for him."

95

"What kind of dog was he?" Mr. Junes found himself saying in a leaden voice, a pounding in his heart.

"A big male pointer, white and tan, with a tan saddle and a tan tail. And when he lay down, he had a way of crossing his front feet. I would know him instantly, and of course, he would know me."

100

It was then that hope died in the heart of Mr. Junes. Weakly he got to his feet, his drooping shoulders and gaunt face for the first time in weeks showing his sixty-six years. Even when you know a thing is going to happen, you hope it won't.

105

But he was an honest man and he said: "I wouldn't think of charging you for keeping him. He is your dog, I'm sure, but I wonder if you'd mind calling him by his name and letting him recognize you. He went with the neighbor's boy for the cow and will be coming through the field about now."

110

At the edge of the field, near a sad-looking patch of beggar's lice, the two men stepped into a covey of quail that went

whirring away to the alder thicket.

“Did you see that? Did you see that?” said Mr. Junes excitedly. “That is where he found them the other day. There are a good many coveys around, but I don’t think I could ever learn to hit them. You see, I haven’t had a chance to hunt since I was fourteen, and now —”

“Wait,” said the boy. “You say the dog found them here a few days ago. How did it act? Tell me that.”

“It was a thing to see!” said Mr. Junes, reliving the moment. “For the longest time he stood there with head high and tail aloft. He was a tan-and-white statue. It was something, I can tell you. But I’m afraid I couldn’t ever learn to hit them. Do you think I could?” he asked eagerly, the words tumbling out. “Reckon I’m too — old?”

“Sure you can learn,” answered the boy. “With a good dog and a little practice you could handle them just fine. Sure you could.”

Carried away by the feeling of the moment and the thrill of a big covey rise, the boy was driven to ask a question of his own. “Do you think I could learn —” But quickly he lowered his head and turned away.

“Here he comes now,” said Mr. Junes as the big pointer strode forward. “I’m just about sure he’s yours and that he will be glad to see you.”

The dog turned quickly toward the boy, then stopped and looked over his shoulder at Mr. Junes. Standing halfway between the two, he looked from one to the other, a baffled expression on his face. Then having worked out whatever problem lay on his mind, he strode straight to Mr. Junes and licked his hand.

“There is a likeness,” said the boy. “A remarkable likeness. But dogs often look alike. The name alone will tell. Here, Chief! Here, Chief!” he called softly.

The dog’s only answer was to whimper and jam his big muzzle against the outstretched hand of Mr. Junes.

“That is not my dog,” said the boy. “I hope you will find his right name. Bad luck to change a dog’s name.”

Back at the house, the boy hurriedly thanked them for

alder /ˈɔːldə/ *n.* 桤木

thicket /ˈθɪkɪt/ *n.* 灌木丛

re-live /riːˈlɪv/ *vt.* 重温, 再体验

tumble /ˈtʌmbəl/ *vi.* 滚下, 坠落

carry away 使失去自制力, 吸引住

baffled /ˈbæflɪd/ *adj.* 困惑的

whimper /ˈhwɪmpə/ *vi.* 呜咽

jam /dʒæm/ *vt.* 挤进, 塞进

muzzle /ˈmʌzl/ *n.* (狗等四足动物的) 鼻口部

outstretched /ˈaʊtstretʃt/ *adj.* 伸出的; 展开的

roar /rɔ:(r)/ vi. (雷、  
炮、马达等) 轰鸣

grin /grɪn/ vi. 露齿而笑

their hospitality and was gone. Mr. and Mrs. Junes heard the car roaring away. "Fine young fellow," said Mr. Junes. "Wonder why  
150 he was in such a hurry. When he described the dog, I was sure it was his. Scared me out of six months' growth," he grinned, remembering the expression from long ago.

When, after a week, no one else had asked about the dog, Mr. Junes' fears were quieted. "Trouble now," he said, "is to  
155 find his name. Just can't name a dog any old thing. I'll make up another list —"

But there was a telegram in his mailbox. It had come from a distant city, and was unsigned. Half-fearfully his eyes dropped onto the body of the message, which was quite short. It said, "TRY  
160 TENNESSEE."



A black and white photograph of a man in a dark suit, white shirt, and tie. He is looking upwards with his mouth open and his arms raised in a gesture of surprise or excitement. Numerous banknotes are falling around him, some caught in the air and others near his hands. The background is a plain, light color.

## Part Two Welcome to Our Bank

*Henry Slesar*

### Introduction

If you love the property, seek it properly. George Picken doesn't think so. For almost six years, he has been waiting for a good opportunity to seek it stealthily, and finally he thinks he has made it! But to his great surprise, it proves that he just outsmarts himself in fact.