

英语

晨读系列

流畅30分

(综合本)

青 闻



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西安交通大学出版社

内容简介

《流畅 30 分》是“英语晨读系列”的第四本。这里既有清新纯情、芬芳撩人的爱情故事,又有撼天动地、惊心动魄的警匪专列,还有轻松愉悦、感人肺腑的亲密友情以及浪漫神奇、生动逼真的电脑恐龙……她会让你一见钟情,堕入知识的爱河。

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编者的话

经过一段时间的充分酝酿和准备,我们的“英语晨读系列丛书”终于和大家见面了。这套丛书共有《轻松 30 分》、《超越 30 分》、《激情 30 分》和《流畅 30 分》四本。第一本浅显易懂,读起来轻松活泼,叫做《轻松 30 分》,适合于大学一、二年级的学生阅读。第二本较第一本无论是在词汇量和语言的难易度上都有一定的提高,读者需努力才能上一个台阶,因此,叫做《超越 30 分》,适合于大学二、三年级的学生阅读。读者在读完了第一、第二本后,词汇量已经扩大了许多,也积累了一定的语感,这时读者已经可以充满激情地朗读了,第三本我们称做《激情 30 分》。到第四本,读者已在英语学习上取得了长足的进步,其英语的听、说、读、写能力接近流畅自如的程度,所以第四本叫做《流畅 30 分》。在清晨 30 分钟里,您可晓畅自如地穿行在英语世界的广阔天地中,采撷芬芳,咀嚼英华,分享知识带给我们的快慰。

我们摒弃英语学习中的枯燥单调,寓教于乐,寓庄于谐,让同学们在轻松愉悦的语言氛围中耳濡目染,循序渐进,逐步提高,超越自我,达到潇洒自如、激情流畅的理想境界,以适应当今世界日益发展的社会、经济、科技和文化的迫切需要。

本丛书构思巧妙,设计新颖,选材广泛,语言地道,融知识性、趣味性于一炉,让你一见钟情,爱不释手。

那么,我们这套丛书有什么特色呢?

首先,在构思上我们设定了“导言”、“生词”、“正文”和“注解”

四个部分。“导言”画龙点睛,提纲挈领,就像一根无形的细线牵动着你的心弦,使你欲罢不能,一睹为快,一读难忘。“正文”精挑细选、择优拔萃,涵盖当今社会的上上下下、方方面面,恐龙、电脑、科幻、体育、罪案、政坛……无不囊括在内,让你足不出户,尽享其中。“生词”和“注解”相辅相成,互为比照,为你理解原文提供了可靠有力的保证。

其次,本丛书在选材方面难度过渡的合理性、节奏性和科学性,使四本书之间既相对独立,又互为关联,尽量避免大起大落、难易失衡的现象,不会让同学们有莫名其妙、如坠云雾的错位感。

其三,本丛书图文并茂,时代感强,使你有一种“会当凌绝顶,一览众山小”的投入感,我们相信你将会从中呼吸到课本之外的一丝清新、纯情和浪漫,增加一份学习英语的自信和勇气。

其四,本丛书除编印精美的文字材料外,还有相互配套的同步录音磁带。为此,我们专门聘请外籍专家朗读配音。

由于水平有限,其中肯定有不少难尽人意之处,因此我们恳请大家不吝赐教,以便我们再版时作进一步修订,使其更加完美,走进更多读者的心田。

编 者

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1. Appointment With Love

与情人约会

就在开战前几天,他收到了她的回信:“当然你会害怕……所有的勇士都会这样。下次你会怀疑自己,所以我想让你听到我给你朗诵的声音:是的,尽管我要走过死亡阴影的山谷,但我仍然无所畏惧,因为你与我同在。……”



New Words and Expressions:

1. information booth 问事处
2. sustain 维持;持续;承受
3. unfailingly 经久不衰地;永恒地;无穷地
4. bookplate 贴在书封上的藏书者的印记
5. haunt 萦绕;缠住;逗留
6. disgust 厌恶;憎恶;令人作呕
7. provocative 挑逗的;刺激的
8. tuck 塞;掖
9. plump 丰满的;饱满的
10. rumple 弄皱;弄乱;压皱
11. uphold 支撑;支持;维持
12. companion 陪伴
13. sensible 感觉得到的;察觉的;明显的
14. twinkle 闪烁;闪耀;闪闪发光
15. square 抬平;调正

Six minutes to six, said the clock over the information booth in New York's Grand Central Station. The tall, young Army lieutenant lifted his sunburned face and narrowed his eyes to note the exact time. His heart was pounding with a beat that shocked him. In six minutes he would see the woman who had filled such a special place in his life for the past 13 months, the woman he had never seen, yet whose written words had sustained him unfailingly.

Lieutenant Blandford remembered one day in particular, during the worst of the fighting, when his plane had been caught in the midst of a pack of enemy planes.

In one of his letters he had confessed to her that he often felt fear, and only a few days before this battle he had received her an-

swer: "Of course you fear. . . all brave men do. Next time you doubt yourself, I want you to hear my voice reciting to you: 'Yea,¹ though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, I will fear no evil; for thou² art³ with me.' . . ." He had remembered, and it had renewed his strength.

Now he was going to hear her real voice. Four minutes to six.

A girl passed close to him, and Lieutenant Blandford started. She was wearing a flower, but it was not the little red rose they had agreed upon. Besides, this girl was only about 18, and Hollis Meynell had told him she was 30. "What of it?" he had answered. "I'm 32." He was 29.

His mind went back to that book he had read in the training camp. *Of Human Bondage* it was; and throughout the book were notes in a woman's handwriting.⁴ He had never believed that a woman could see into a man's heart so tenderly, so understandingly. Her name was on the book plate: Hollis Meynell. He had got hold of a New York City telephone book and found her address. He had written; she had answered. Next day he had been shipped out, but they had gone on writing.

For 13 months she had faithfully replied. When his letters did not arrive, she wrote anyway, and now he believed that he loved her and that she loved him.

But she had refused all his pleas to send him her photograph. She had explained: "If your feeling for me has any reality, what I look like won't matter. Suppose I'm beautiful. I'd always be haunted by the feeling that you had been taking a chance on just that, and that kind of love would disgust me. Suppose I'm plain (and you must admit that this is more likely), then I'd always fear that you were only going on writing because you were lonely and had

no one else. No, don't ask for my picture. When you come to New York, you shall see me and then you shall make your decision."

One minute to six. . . he pulled hard on a cigarette. Then Lieutenant Blandford's heart leaped.

A young woman was coming toward him. Her figure was long and slim; her blond hair lay back in curls over her delicate ears. Her eyes were as blue as flowers, her lips and chin had a gentle firmness. In her pale-green suit, she was like springtime come alive.

He started toward her, forgetting to notice that she was wearing no rose, and as he moved, a small, provocative smile curved her lips.

"Going my way, soldier?" she murmured. He made one step closer to her. Then he saw Hollis Meynell. She was standing almost directly behind the girl, a woman well past 40, her graying hair tucked under a worn hat. She was more than plump; her thick-ankled feet were thrust into low-heeled shoes. But she wore a red rose on her rumpled coat.

The girl in the green suit was walking quickly away.

Blandford felt as though he were being split into two, so keen was his desire to follow the girl, yet so deep was his longing for the woman whose spirit had truly companioned and upheld his own;⁵ and there she stood. He could see her pale, plump face was gentle and sensible; her gray eyes had a warm twinkle.

Lieutenant Blandford did not hesitate. His fingers gripped the worn copy of *Of Human Bondage* which was to identify him to her. This would not be love, but it would be something precious, a friendship for which he had been and must ever be grateful. . . .

He squared his shoulders, saluted, and held the book out toward the woman, although even while he spoke he felt the bitterness

of his disappointment.

“I’m John Blandford, and you — you are Miss Meynell. May — may I take you to dinner?”

The woman smiled. “I don’t know what this is all about, son,” she answered. “That young lady in the green suit, she begged me to wear this rose on my coat. And she said that if you asked me to go out with you, I should tell you she’s waiting for you in that restaurant across the street. She said it was some kind of a test.”

Notes:

1. Yea = yes
2. thou, 古英语, 等于 you。
3. art, 古英语, 等于 are。
4. *Of Human Bondage* ... in a woman’s handwriting. 这两句均为倒装结构。*Of Human Bondage* 《人性的枷锁》(或译为《人性的桎梏》), 作者是英国作家毛姆。
5. ..., so keen was his desire ... and upheld his own; 这是两个并列的倒装句。so keen ... so deep ... 读起来既有节奏感又加强句子语气。

2. Point of No Return

无路可退

“并不是我想要这样，”托尼·伯顿摇了摇头。“只是因为我最近一直为他的事儿感到内疚。我想他辞职以后再找一个地方是不会有太大麻烦的。”



New Words and Expressions:

1. Massachusetts 马萨诸塞州, 旧译为麻省
2. commuter 长期车票使用者, 可简称为上班族
3. adolescent adj. 青春期的
4. practically = almost
5. score 现实情况; 真相
6. edgy 紧张不安的; 急躁的
7. sit it out 坐等晋升的机会
8. premonition 预先的警告; 预感
9. anthropologist 人类学家
10. head hunter 物色人才的人
11. collateral 并行的; 附属的
12. cordage 船上索具; 绳索
13. v. p. = vice-president
14. neck-and-neck with 并驾齐驱
15. jockey 常和 for position 连用, 意为利用欺诈手段图谋利益
16. pretentious 自负的; 狂妄的; 做作的
17. snooty (口语) 自大的; 势利的
18. Persepolis 古波斯首都, 借指任一城市
19. Spruce Street 住在该街的居民, 社会地位低下
20. skyrocket 飞涨
21. compulsive 强迫的
22. Johnson Street 系名门望族所住的地区
23. Dartmouth 美国东北部名牌私立大学, 在新汉普夏州
24. mortgage 抵押
25. quilted-silk wrapper 女丝棉晨衣
26. chum 好友, 等于 buddy, pal
27. Episcopal Church 美国的主教派教会
28. Rotary = Rotary International, 扶轮社, 加入该社表明有了一定的社会地位
29. point blank 直截了当地; 开门见山地
30. impertinently 傲慢地; 鲁莽地

Charles Gray had not thought for a long time about his home town, Clyde, Massachusetts, until one morning in mid-April of 1947. It was the bathroom there that came into his mind while he was shaving. Before his father had added others in 1928, there had been only one and everybody had used it. It was just like Grand Central Station... to which he would never get on time if he didn't hurry and catch 8:30.

Charley was a commuter who lived in a fashionable suburb of New York with his wife and two adolescent children. He went into the city every morning to sit at his desk in the Stuyvesant Bank, where he was an assistant vice-president, and wait for Burton, the president, to tap him on the shoulder and say, "You're the new vice-president, move up one." Or at least that was the way Nancy made him feel practically every morning when he left home.

"Darling," she would say as she drove him to the station, "Why don't you ask Burton what the score is? Aren't you tired of waiting?"

The question made him edgy the first thing. Of course he was tired of waiting, but he just had to sit it out. "That would be stupid," he said. "Naturally he knows I want to know."

Maybe thinking about Clyde that morning was a premonition because, that very day, someone he had known in Clyde long ago came in to see him at the bank. Malcolm Bryant, anthropologist — or was he a sociologist? — who had made some kind of a study of the little old home town before the war. Now he had come into the bank to get a draft cashed and he needed to be identified. He was off to New Guinea, he explained, on another of his expeditions among the head hunters. Then Clyde came up again in the afternoon. One of the bank's clients wanted a loan and was offering as collateral a