高 等 学 校 教 材
（师范院校英语专业用）

English

黄源深　朱钟毅　主编

Book 7

华东师范大学出版社

(沪)新登字第 201 号

高等学校教材

(师范院校英语专业用)

English

Book 7

黄源深　朱钟毅　主编

虞苏美　夏志明　周国强　陈焕然

华东师范大学出版社出版

(上海中山北路 3663 号)

新华书店上海发行所发行　江苏句容排印厂印刷

开本：850×1168　1/32　印张：13　字数：400 千字

1993 年 5 月第一版　　1993 年 5 月第一次印刷

印数：001—3,000 本

ISBN 7-5617-0970-6/H·078　定价：7.55 元

高等学校教材

（师范院校英语专业用）

English

Book 7

黄源深　朱钟毅　主编

虞苏美　夏志明　周国强　陈焕然

华东师范大学出版社

编者的话

本书是高等学校英语专业高年级教材 *English*, Book 5 与 Book 6 的续编，供四年级上学期使用。它不仅适合高等师范院校，而且也适合其他高等院校。

《高等学校英语专业高年级英语教学大纲》(试行本)(以下简称《大纲》)，对阅读课提出了如下的要求："应将重点放在培养学生驾驭知识、独立工作的能力上，增大阅读量，加快阅读速度，加深理解，提高逻辑思维和判断评述的能力。引导学生抓住作品的要点，分析文章的结构布局，文体修辞以及语言技巧，既能运用正确的观点评价思想内容，又能借助语言学理论吸收语言知识，提高表达思想的能力。"《大纲》对于学生的写作也提出了如下的要求："要求文章能抓住问题实质，用正确与得体的语言传达信息。同时，应培养学生撰写课程论文及毕业论文的能力，要求学生对阅读的材料有一定的综合分析能力，并能用自己的语言表达个人观点与意见……"本册教材就是根据以上原则进行编写的。

本书共计 12 篇课文，分为四个部分：叙述文、描写文、说明文与议论文。为了让学生了解不同体裁文章的特点、结构及写作手法，我们在每一单元的第一篇课文之后对该种体裁的特点作了分析与说明。同时，为了便于学生掌握每篇课文的主题、结构布局、文体修辞、语言技巧与写作手法，每篇课文后都有对该篇课文的分析与评论。

为了达到《大纲》提出的"增大阅读量"的要求，本册中课文的

长度有所增加，每课平均为2,500词左右。课文都有一定的难度。篇目大多选自60年代之后具有时代气息的作品，涉及到文学、英美文化、当代西方社会、价值观念等多方面的题材。（其中文学作品约占三分之一左右），以贯彻《大纲》规定的进一步扩大知识面与充实文化知识的要求。

每篇课文后的练习包括6个项目（其中不少题型是参照《大纲》列举的题型编写的，以便使学生更好地熟悉《大纲》，贯彻《大纲》，达到《大纲》所规定的要求。）：

（1）内容：要求学生通过对课文细节的分析与探讨，了解通篇的结构布局和主题。

（2）文体：要求学生分析课文的文体修辞、语言技巧与写作手法等。

（3）阅读：为贯彻《大纲》所规定的增大阅读量、加快阅读速度、加深理解的要求，练习中安排了一篇难度与课文相当的阅读材料，根据《大纲》提出的事实性阅读、评判性阅读与鉴赏性阅读的要求，让学生在规定的时间内读完并完成相当的练习。

（4）写作：提供几组题目，要求学生在认真学习本课课文的写作特点与手法的基础上，写出类似体裁的文章。

（5）口头练习：提供几组口头讨论题，要求学生运用正确的观点，评价与分析课文的思想内容，以及与课文题材有关的内容，以深化对该方面内容的思考，通过口头讨论，提高学生的口头表达能力；

（6）综合练习：

a）成段的中译英练习：要求学生通过对与课文体裁类似的中文的翻译，培养自己把一段汉语连贯地翻成英文的综合运用英语的能力；

b）改错或完形填空：改错是一项训练教师基本技能的练习，通过该项练习培养学生判断与批改错误的能力；完形填空旨在训练学生综合运用语言能力。

c）词汇：为了达到《大纲》提出的词汇要求，弥补课内词汇量的不足，每课练习中列有20个词汇练习。

根据《大纲》提出的对学生撰写学士论文的要求，本书在课文的第10—12课中，分三课叙述写作毕业论文的要求、目的、意义以及如何写毕业论文与论文的常见格式，为四年级下学期写论文作准备，同时也为教师指导论文习作提供必要的知识。本书有两个附录，一是两篇学生论文范例，以供学生模仿与参考；二是列有若干可供学生选择的论文题目，以扩展学生的思路，有助于学生自己确定论文题目。

在编写过程中，宋孔尧同志编了词汇表，华东师范大学外语系资料室和打字室提供了不少方便。

本书由北京师范大学钱瑗教授和武汉大学袁锦翔教授审定，他们提出了不少宝贵意见。在此，我们一并表示感谢。

编　　者

1992年3月

于华东师范大学

CONTENTS

Lesson One

TEXT

The Geese

By E. B. White

To give a clear account of what took place in the barnyard early in the morning on that last Sunday in June, I will have to go back more than a year in time, but a year is nothing to me these days. Besides, I intend to be quick about it and not dawdle.

I have had a pair of elderly gray geese—a goose and a gander—living on this place for a number of years, and they have been my friends. "Companions" would be a better word; geese are friends with no one, they badmouth everybody and everything. But they are companionable once you get used to their ingratitude and their false accusations. Early in the spring, a year ago, as soon as the ice went out of the pond, my goose started to lay. She laid three eggs in about a week's time and then died. I found her halfway down the lane that connects the barnyard with the pasture. There were no marks on her—she lay with wings partly outspread, and with her neck forward in the grass, pointing downhill. Geese are rarely sick, and I think this goose's time had come and she had simply died of old age. I had noticed that her step had slowed on her trips back from the pond to the barn where her nest was. I had never known her age, and so had nothing

else to go on. We buried her in our private graveyard, and I felt sad at losing an acquaintance of such long standing—long standing and loud shouting.

Her legacy, of course, was the three eggs. I knew they were good eggs and did not like to pitch them out. It seemed to me that the least I could do for my departed companion was to see that the eggs she had left in my care were hatched. I checked my hen pen to find out whether we had a broody, but there was none. During the next few days, I scoured the neighborhood for a broody hen, with no success. Years ago, if you needed a broody hen, almost any barn or henhouse would yield one. But today broodiness is considered unacceptable in a hen; the modern hen is an egg-laying machine, and her natural tendency to sit on eggs in springtime had been bred out of her. Besides, not many people keep hens anymore—when they want a dozen eggs, they don't go to the barn, they go to the First National.

Days went by. My gander, the widower, lived a solitary life—nobody to swap gossip with, nobody to protect. He seemed dazed. The three eggs were not getting any younger, and I myself felt dazed—restless and unfulfilled, I had stored the eggs down cellar in the arch where it is cool, and every time I went down there for something they seemed silently to reproach me. My plight had become known around town, and one day a friend phoned and said he would lend me an incubator designed for hatching the eggs of waterfowl. I brought the thing home, cleaned it up, plugged it in, and sat down to read the directions. After studying them, I realized that if I were to tend eggs in that incubator, I would have to withdraw

from the world for thirty days—give up everything, just as a broody goose does. Obsessed though I was with the notion of bringing life into the three eggs, I wasn't quite prepared to pay the price.

Instead, I abandoned the idea of incubation and decided to settle the matter by acquiring three ready-made goslings, as a memorial to the goose and a gift for the lonely gander. I drove up the road about five miles and dropped in on Irving Closson. I knew Irving had geese; he has everything—even a sawmill. I found him shoeing a very old horse in the doorway of his barn, and I stood and watched for a while. Hens and geese wandered about the yard, and a turkey tom circled me, wings adroop, strutting. The horse, with one forefoot between the man's knees, seemed to have difficulty balancing himself on three legs but was quiet and sober, almost asleep. When I asked Irving if he planned to put shoes on the horse's hind feet, too, he said, "No, it's hard work for me, and he doesn't use those hind legs much anyway." Then I brought up the question of goslings, and he took me into the barn and showed me a sitting goose. He said he thought she was covering more than twenty eggs and should bring off her goslings in a couple of weeks and I could buy a few if I wanted. I said I would like three.

I took to calling at Irving's every few days—it is about the pleasantest place to visit anywhere around. At last, I was rewarded: I pulled into the driveway one morning and saw a goose surrounded by green goslings. She had been staked out, like a cow. Irving had simply tied a piece of string to one leg and fastened the other end to a peg in the ground. She

was a pretty goose—not as large as my old one had been, and with a more slender neck. She appeared to be a cross-bred bird, two-toned gray, with white markings—a sort of parti-colored goose. The goslings had the cheerful, bright, and innocent look that all baby geese have. We scooped up three and tossed them into a box, and I paid Irving and carried them home.

My next concern was how to introduce these small creatures to their foster father, my old gander. I thought about this all the way home. I've had enough experience with domesticated animals and birds to know that they are a bundle of eccentricities and crotchets, and I was not at all sure what sort of reception three strange youngsters would get from a gander who was full of sorrows and suspicions. (I once saw a gander, taken by surprise, seize a newly hatched gosling and hurl it the length of the barn floor.) I had an uneasy feeling that my three little charges might be dead within the hour, victims of a grief-crazed old fool. I decided to go slow. I fixed the makeshift pen for the goslings in the barn, arranged so that they would be separated from the gander but visible to him, and he would be visible to them. The old fellow, when he heard youthful voices, hustled right in to find out what was going on. He studied the scene in silence and with the greatest attention. I could not tell whether the look in his eye was one of malice or affection—a goose's eye is a small round enigma. After observing this introductory scene for a while, I left and went into the house.

Half an hour later, I heard a commotion in the barnyard: the gander was in full cry. I hustled out. The goslings, impatient with life indoors, had escaped from their hastily con-

structed enclosure in the barn and had joined their foster father in the barnyard. The cries I had heard were screams of welcome—the old bird was delighted with the turn that events had taken. His period of mourning was over, he now had interesting and useful work to do, and he threw himself into the role of father with immense satisfaction and zeal, hissing at me with renewed malevolence, shepherding the three children here and there, and running interference against real and imaginary enemies. My fears were laid to rest. In the rush of emotion that seized him at finding himself the head of a family, his thoughts turned immediately to the pond, and I watched admiringly as he guided the goslings down the long, tortuous course through the weedy land and on down across the rough pasture between blueberry knolls and granite boulders. It was a sight to see him hold the heifers at bay so the procession could pass safely. Summer was upon us, the pond was alive again. I brought the three eggs up from the cellar and dispatched them to the town dump.

At first, I did not know the sex of my three goslings. But nothing on two legs grows any faster than a young goose, and by early fall it was obvious that I had drawn one male and two females. You tell sex of a goose by its demeanor and its stance—the way it holds itself, its general approach to life. A gander carries his head high and affects a threatening attitude. Females go about with necks in a graceful arch and are less aggressive. My two young females looked like their mother, particolored. The young male was quite different. He feathered out white all over except for his wings, which were a very light, pearly gray. Afloat on the pond, he looked almost like a

swan, with his tall, thin white neck and his cooked-up white tail—a real dandy, full of pompous thoughts and surly gestures.

Winter is a time of waiting, for man and goose. Last winter was a long wait, the pasture deep in drifts, the lane barricaded, the pond inaccessible and frozen. Life centered in the barn and the barnyard. When the time for mating came, conditions were unfavorable, and this was upsetting to the old gander. Geese like a body of water for their coupling; it doesn't have to be a large body of water—just any wet place in which a goose can become partly submerged. My old gander, studying the calendar, inflamed by passion, unable to get to the pond, showed signs of desperation. On several occasions, he tried to manage with a ten-quart pail of water that stood in the barnyard. He would chivvy one of his young foster daughters over to the pail, seize her by the nape of the neck, and hold her head under water while he made his attempt. Anyway, I noticed two things: the old fellow confined his attentions to one of the two young geese and let the other alone, and he never allowed his foster son to approach either of the girls—he was very strict about that, and the handsome young male lived all spring in a state of ostracism.

Eventually, the pond opened up, the happy band wended its way down across the melting snows, and the breeding season was officially opened. My pond is visible from the house, but it is at quite a distance. I try to keep reasonably well posted on all the creatures around the place, and it was apparent that the young gander was not allowed by his foster father to enjoy the privileges of the pond and that the old gander's attentions continued to be directed to just one of the young geese. I shall

call her Liz to make this tale easier to tell.

Both geese were soon laying. Liz made her nest in the barn cellar; her sister, Apathy, made hers in the tie-up on the main floor of the barn. It was the end of April or the beginning of May. Still awfully cold—a reluctant spring.

Apathy laid three eggs, then quit. I marked them with a pencil and left them for the time being in the nest she had constructed. I made a mental note that they were infertile. Liz, unlike her sister, went right on laying, and became a laying fool. She dallied each morning at the pond with her foster father, and she laid and laid, like a commercial hen. I dutifully marked the eggs as they arrived—1, 2, 3, and so on. When she had accumulated a clutch of fifteen, I decided she had all she could cover. From then on, I took to removing the oldest egg from the nest each time a new egg was deposited. I also removed Apathy's three eggs from her nest, discarded them, and began substituting the purloined eggs from the barn cellar—the ones that rightfully belonged to Liz. Thus I gradually contrived to assemble a nest of fertile eggs for each bird, all of them laid by the fanatical Liz.

During the last week in May, Apathy, having produced three eggs of her own but having acquired ten through the kind offices of her sister and me, became broody and began to sit. Liz, with a tally of twenty-five eggs, ten of them stolen, showed not the slightest desire to sit. Laying was her thing. She laid and laid, while the other goose sat and sat. The old gander marvelling at what he had wrought, showed a great deal of interest in both nests. The young gander was impressed but subdued. I continued to remove the early eggs from Liz's nest,