

风起梧桐

深圳外国语学校校本教材系列

主编 罗来金

英语短篇小说赏析

and leaves you forever warmed by its afterglow'

主编 杨素宁

AMY TAN

Maybe it was a grandparent, a teacher or a colleague. Someone older, patient and wise, who understood you when you were young and impassioned, helped you to see a more profound place, gave you sound advice to guide your way. For Mitch Albom, it was Mr. Morshouse, the college professor who had mentored him nearly twenty years before.

Perhaps, like Mitch, you lost track of this mentor as the years passed, he inched faded, and the world seemed colder. Wouldn't you like to see that person again, to ask the bigger questions that still haunt



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序 言

外语,是深外的基因;教育,是深外的初心。

在“一带一路”建设发展的新形势下,深圳外国语学校作为特区多语种语言教育教基地,肩负着为国家和高校培养、输送外语类人才的责任与义务。深外要明确自身发展道路,不断凝练学科方向,完善学科建设,搭建起最具特色的外语学习体系,着力提升外语教学教研能力,注重学生从语言学习、语言应用到语言社交的学习过程,让外语学习成为每一个深外学子美好的人生体验。

作为外语教材的实验基地,深外有责任始终站在外语教学的最前沿,将时代的新需要和学生的学习结合起来,不断地开发更优质、更实用的外语教材及配套练习。作为外语教学的实验和实践基地、深圳市外语教学的领头羊,如何培养高质量的外语复合型人才是摆在我校面前的首要问题。为此,我校英语科组杨素宁老师,结合本学科的特点和学校的实际需要,在工作之余倾全力精心编写了这本《英语短篇小说赏析》。杨老师的教学理念——借助名著阅读,促进学生的英语学习向纵深发展,打破了以往以应试教育为主的英语教学模式,为学生的学科发展制定个性化的课程,符合新课标对学科素养的解读,符合教学改革的大方向。作为外语学校的领导,我希望英语科组的教师能够紧跟时代,不断钻研,共同努力,走出一条适合外语学校特色发展的新路,真正培养具有“中国灵魂,世界情怀”的社会主义事业接班人。



深圳外国语学校校长

前 言

随着全球化进程的加快,以及文化全球化和经济全球化的深度推进,英语教学在转型期的文化交融过程中担负着重大的历史使命,在促进大发展方面有着举足轻重的作用。

2017年国家教育部颁布的《普通高中课程方案和语文等学科课程标准》(简称《新课标》)明确指出,文化知识的教学应以促进文化意识的形成和发展为目标。对文化知识的学习不仅需要知识的积累,还需要深入理解其精神内涵,并将优秀文化进一步内化为个人的意识和品行。因而在英语教学过程中,文化学习最重要的载体就是阅读。

众所周知,读书不但能够丰富知识、启蒙思想,还能够提升人格、净化灵魂、点燃奋斗的热望。坚持阅读,对一个学生学科素养的培养和世界观、人生观、价值观的形成至关重要。长期以来,高中英语教学都停留在讲授语法、单词,传授应试技巧的层面,忽略了对学生课外阅读的培养和指导。殊不知作为语言知识的传授者,我们考虑的不应只是指导学生如何做试卷,而是要引导学生去关注英语学科本身的魅力,它内在的韵律和美感。语言教学的终极目标应该是让学生学会去欣赏语言,热爱语言,热爱文学,通过体验语言的多姿多彩,培养学生的语言运用能力、思辨能力和鉴赏能力。

那么读什么书就变得格外重要。就语言教学而言,阅读原著对提升语感、提高分数有很大的帮助。一代文豪托尔斯泰曾经说:“理想的书籍是智慧的钥匙。”经典名著是永恒的、无法磨灭的,通过阅读原著所获得的思考和洗礼,很可能会伴随人的一生。世界上任何一本经典都是沉淀下来的精华,作品里的用词最为考究,当一个人读多了经典,熟悉了经典中语言运用的方式,在做题时就能更快地找到正确的答案,在写作时行文就更为准确、流畅,因为他一直以来都在阅读着贴切、地道的语言,感受语言背后的文化。没有什么比读书更能培养语感,没有什么比语感更能保证语言考试获得高分,这就是阅读最为显性的益处。纵观世界文坛,可谓名家辈出,佳作无穷,而短篇佳作宛若这文坛上的朵朵奇葩,争奇斗艳,绽放着经久不衰的魅力。本书收录的国外经典英语短篇小说均出自大家之手,题材丰富,生词量适中,阅读用时不长,以提高学生的理解能力为目标,是对常规教学的很好的补充,适合高一年级英语程度好的学生或高二、高三年级学生使用。

从入选作品的题材上来看,不仅有广为人知的普通叙事类故事、寓言故事,还有不同文学流派作家的上乘之作,建议学生将这些内容作为精读材料反复阅读,标注出好词好句,提高自身的表达能力和写作水平。就文中的生词和长难句,编者一一做出了标注,在每篇文章后附有单词表和参考译文,帮助学生更好地理解文章内容。一方面我们希望能保持学生的阅读兴趣,扩充词汇量;另一方面希望通过分析长难句,提高学生的阅读理解能力。在日常教学中,任课教师可以抽出一定时间,基于语篇所承载的文化知识、文学知识,引导学生挖掘其意义与内涵,让学生在提高文学素养的同时,轻松地学到更多的单词、短语和遣词造句的方法,体验生命的酸甜苦辣和尘世的人生百态。

作为英语教师,只有把课堂知识和课外阅读相结合,提高分数和培养兴趣相结合,才能做到《新课标》所要求的:“通过感知、比较、分析和鉴赏,加深对文化异同的理解,提高文化差异的敏感度和处理文化差异的灵活性,帮助学生坚定文化自信,增强国家意识”。

编者由衷地希望本书的出版能够促进高中英语阅读教学,使教师将学科素养的培养落在实处;也希望在这个快餐文化盛行的时代,能让每个学生能静下心来,仔细品味文学作品字里行间所传达的语言和意境之美,热爱英语、热爱文学。

编者

2018年3月

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名篇精读

A Day's Wait

Ernest Hemingway

Ernest Hemingway¹(July 21, 1899—July 2, 1961) was an American novelist, short-story writer, and journalist. His economical and understated style had a strong influence on 20th-century fiction, while his life of adventure and his public image influenced later generations. Hemingway produced most of his work between the mid-1920s and the mid-1950s, and won the **Nobel Prize in Literature** in 1954. He published seven novels, six short story collections, and two non-fiction works. Additional works, including three novels, four short story collections, and three non-fiction works, were published posthumously. Many of his works are considered classics of American literature. Some of his well-noted works are *The Sun Also Rises* (1926), *A Farewell to Arms* (1929), *For Whom the Bell Tolls* (1940), *The Old Man and the Sea* (1952). Shortly after the publication of *The Old Man and the Sea*, Hemingway went on safari to Africa, where he was almost killed in two successive plane crashes that left him in pain or ill health for much of his remaining life. Hemingway maintained permanent residences in Key West, Florida (1930s) and Cuba (1940s and 1950s), and in 1959, he bought a house in Ketchum, Idaho, where he killed himself in mid-1961.

借助作者的笔端，读者和一个九岁的男孩经历了跌宕起伏的一天。文章语言精炼但铿锵有力，情感充沛却含而不露，一代文豪所创造的意境美跃然纸上。

He came into the room to shut the windows while we were still in bed and I saw he looked ill. He was **shivering**, his face was white, and he walked slowly as though it ached to move.

“What’s the matter, Schatz?”

“I’ve got a headache.”

“You better go back to bed.”

“No. I’m all right.”

“You go to bed. I’ll see you when I’m dressed.”

1 欧内斯特·海明威，美国作家、记者，被认为是20世纪最著名的小说家之一。海明威一生之中曾荣获不少奖项。1953年，他以《老人与海》一书获得普利策奖；1954年《老人与海》又为海明威夺得诺贝尔文学奖。2001年，《太阳照样升起》与《永别了，武器》两部作品被美国现代图书馆列入“20世纪中的100部最佳英文小说”中。

But when I came downstairs he was dressed, sitting by the fire, looking a very sick and miserable boy of nine years. When I put my hand on his forehead I knew he had a fever.

“You go up to bed,” I said, “you’re sick.”

“I’m all right,” he said.

When the doctor came he took the boy’s temperature.

“What is it?” I asked him.

“One hundred and two.”

Downstairs, the doctor left three different medicines in different colored **capsules** with instructions for giving them. One was to bring down the fever, another a purgative (泻药), the third to overcome an acid condition. The **germs of influenza** can only exist in an acid condition, he explained. He seemed to know all about influenza and said there was nothing to worry about if the fever did not go above one hundred and four degrees. This was a light **epidemic** of flu and there was no danger if you avoided pneumonia (肺炎).

Back in the room I wrote the boy’s temperature down and made a note of the time to give the various capsules.

“Do you want me to read to you?”

“All right. If you want to,” said the boy. His face was very white and there were dark areas under his eyes. He lay still in the bed and seemed very **detached** from what was going on.

I read aloud from Howard Pyle’s *Book of Pirates*; but I could see he was not following what I was reading.

“How do you feel, Schatz?” I asked him.

“Just the same, so far,” he said.

I sat at the foot of the bed and read to myself while I waited for it to be time to give another capsule. It would have been natural for him to go to sleep, but when I looked up he was looking at the foot of the bed, looking very strangely.

“Why don’t you try to go to sleep? I’ll wake you up for the medicine.”

“I’d rather stay awake.”

After a while he said to me, “You don’t have to stay in here with me, Papa, if it bothers you.”

“It doesn’t bother me.”

“No, I mean you don’t have to stay if it’s going to bother you.”

I thought perhaps he was a little lightheaded and after giving him the **prescribed** capsules at eleven o’clock I went out for a while.

It was a bright, cold day, the ground covered with a **sleet** that had frozen so that it seemed as if all the bare trees, the bushes, the cut brush and all the grass and the bare ground had been **varnished** with ice.① I took the young Irish setter (塞特猎犬) for a little walk up the road and along a frozen creek, but it was difficult to stand or walk on the glassy surface and the red dog slipped and **slithered** and I fell twice, hard, once dropping my gun and having it slide away over the ice.

We **flushed** a **covey** of quail (鹌鹑) under a high clay bank with overhanging brush and I killed two as they went out of sight over the top of the bank. Some of the covey lit in trees, but most of them **scattered** into brush piles and it was necessary to jump on the ice-coated mounds of brush several times before they would flush. Coming out while you were **poised** unsteadily on the icy, **springy** brush they made difficult shooting and I killed two, missed five, and started back pleased to have found a covey close to the house and happy there were so many left to find on another day. ②

At the house they said the boy had refused to let anyone come into the room.

"You can't come in," he said. "You mustn't get what I have."

I went up to him and found him in exactly the position I had left him, white-faced, but with the tops of his cheeks flushed by the fever, staring still, as he had stared, at the foot of the bed.

I took his temperature.

"What is it?"

"Something like a hundred," I said. It was one hundred and two and four tenths.

"It was a hundred and two," he said.

"Who said so?"

"The doctor."

"Your temperature is all right," I said. "It's nothing to worry about."

"I don't worry," he said, "but I can't keep from thinking."

"Don't think," I said. "Just take it easy."

"I'm taking it easy," he said and looked straight-ahead. He was evidently holding tight onto himself about something.

"Take this with water."

"Do you think it will do any good?"

"Of course it will."

I sat down and opened the Pirate book and **commenced** to read, but I could see he was not following, so I stopped.

"About what time do you think I'm going to die?" he asked.

"What?"

"About how long will it be before I die?"

"You aren't going to die. What's the matter with you?"

"Oh, yes, I am. I heard him say a hundred and two."

"People don't die with a fever of one hundred and two. That's a silly way to talk."

"I know they do. At school in France the boys told me you can't live with forty-four degrees. I've got a hundred and two."

He had been waiting to die all day, ever since nine o'clock in the morning.

"You poor Schatz," I said. "Poor old Schatz. It's like miles and kilometres. You aren't going

to die. That's a different **thermometer**. On that thermometer thirty-seven is normal. On this kind it's ninety-eight.”

“Are you sure?”

“Absolutely,” I said. “It's like miles and kilometers. You know, like how many kilometers we make when we do seventy miles in the car?”

“Oh,” he said.

But his gaze at the foot of the bed relaxed slowly. The hold over himself relaxed too, finally, and the next day it was very **slack** and he cried very easily at little things that were of no importance.

参考词汇

shiver ['ʃɪvə] *vi.* 颤抖; 哆嗦; 打碎

capsule ['kæpsju:l] *n.* 胶囊; 太空舱; 小容器

germ [dʒə:m] *n.* [植] 胚芽, 萌芽; 细菌

influenza [ɪnflu'enzə] *n.* 流行性感冒(简写 flu)

epidemic [epi'demɪk] *n.* 传染病; 流行病; *adj.* 流行的; 传染性的

detach [drɪ'tætʃ] *vt.* 离; 派遣; 使超然

prescribe [prɪ'skraɪb] *vt. & vi.* 规定; 开处方

sleet [sli:t] *n.* 雨夹雪; 雨淞

varnish ['vɑ:nɪʃ] *n.* 亮光漆, 清漆; *vt.* 在……上涂清漆; 使……有光泽

slither ['slɪðə] *vi.* 蜿蜒地滑行; *vt.* 使滑动; *n.* 滑动; 滑行

flush [flʌʃ] *vt.* 使齐平; 发红, 使发亮; 用水冲洗

covey ['kʌvi] *n.* 一队; 一群

scatter ['skætə] *vt. & vi.* 使散射; 散开, 分散

poise [pɔɪz] *n.* 平衡; 姿势; 镇静; *vt.* 使平衡; 保持……姿势

springy ['sprɪŋɪ] *adj.* 有弹力的(比较级 springier; 最高级 springiest)

commence [kə'mens] *v.* 开始; 着手

thermometer [θə'mɒmɪtə] *n.* 温度计; 体温计

slack [slæk] *adj.* 松弛的; 疏忽的; 不流畅的

参考译文

① 那天天气晴朗但寒冷,地上覆盖着一层雨夹雪后冻成的冰,以至于所有光秃秃的树木、灌木丛、修剪过的灌木、草地和空地看起来都像涂了一层冰似的。

② 当你还在冰雪覆盖、富有弹性的灌木丛中踉跄,试图保持身体重心时,鹤鹑们就飞出来了,这时要击中它们实属不易,我打中了两只,跑了五只。

After Twenty Years

O. Henry



O. Henry¹ was the pen name of the American writer **William Sydney Porter** (September 11, 1862—June 5, 1910). O. Henry's short stories are well-known for their clever twist endings. His tales romanticized the commonplace—in particular the life of ordinary people in New York City. His stories expressed the effect of coincidence on character through humour, grim or ironic, and often had surprise endings, a device that became identified with his name and cost him critical favour when its vogue had passed. His trademark style is called “O. Henry Twist”. He was called Prose Laureate of Manhattan and Father of short stories. He is one of three short story masters in the world.

生活中充满了各种各样的抉择。一个冬日的雨夜，警官吉米在巡逻中遇到他二十年前的朋友鲍勃。在情与法面前警官做出了怎样的抉择？

The policeman on the beat moved up the avenue impressively. The impressiveness was habitual and not for show, for spectators were few. The time was barely 10 o'clock at night, but chilly gusts of wind with a taste of rain in them had well **nigh depeopled** the streets.

Trying doors as he went, **twirling** his club with many **intricate** and artful movements, turning now and then to cast his watchful eye down the pacific thoroughfare, the officer, with his **stalwart** form and slight **swagger**, made a fine picture of a guardian of the peace. The **vicinity** was one that kept early hours. Now and then you might see the lights of a cigar store or of an all-night lunch counter; but the majority of the doors belonged to business places that had long since been closed.

When about midway of a certain block the policeman suddenly slowed his walk. In the

1 欧·亨利，美国短篇小说家、美国现代短篇小说创始人，其主要作品有《麦琪的礼物》《警察与赞美诗》《最后一片叶子》《二十年后》等。欧·亨利与契诃夫和莫泊桑并称为世界三大短篇小说巨匠，曾被评论界誉为曼哈顿桂冠散文作家和美国现代短篇小说之父，他的作品有“美国生活的百科全书”之誉。

doorway of a darkened hardware store a man leaned, with an unlighted cigar in his mouth. As the policeman walked up to him the man spoke up quickly.

“It’s all right, officer,” he said, reassuringly. “I’m just waiting for a friend. It’s an appointment made twenty years ago. Sounds a little funny to you, doesn’t it? Well, I’ll explain if you’d like to make certain it’s all straight. About that long ago there used to be a restaurant where this store stands—‘Big Joe’ Brady’s restaurant.”

“Until five years ago,” said the policeman. “It was torn down then.”

The man in the doorway struck a match and lit his cigar. The light showed a pale, square-jawed face with keen eyes, and a little white scar near his right eyebrow. His **scarfpin** was a large diamond, oddly set.

“Twenty years ago to-night,” said the man, “I dined here at ‘Big Joe’ Brady’s with Jimmy Wells, my best **chum**, and the finest chap in the world. He and I were raised here in New York, just like two brothers, together. I was eighteen and Jimmy was twenty. The next morning I was to start for the West to make my fortune. You couldn’t have dragged Jimmy out of New York; he thought it was the only place on earth. Well, we agreed that night that we would meet here again exactly twenty years from that date and time, no matter what our conditions might be or from what distance we might have to come. We figured that in twenty years each of us ought to have our destiny worked out and our fortunes made, whatever they were going to be.”

“It sounds pretty interesting,” said the policeman. “Rather a long time between meets, though, it seems to me. Haven’t you heard from your friend since you left?”

“Well, yes, for a time we **corresponded**,” said the other. “But after a year or two we lost track of each other. You see, the West is a pretty big **proposition**, and I kept hustling around over it pretty lively. But I know Jimmy will meet me here if he’s alive, for he always was the truest, **stanchest** old chap in the world. He’ll never forget. I came a thousand miles to stand in this door to-night, and it’s worth it if my old partner turns up.”

The waiting man pulled out a handsome watch, the lids of it set with small diamonds.

“Three minutes to ten,” he announced. “It was exactly ten o’clock when we parted here at the restaurant door.”

“Did pretty well out West, didn’t you?” asked the policeman.

“You bet! I hope Jimmy has done half as well. He was a kind of **plodder**, though, good fellow as he was. I’ve had to compete with some of the sharpest wits going to get my pile. A man gets in a **groove** in New York. It takes the West to put a razor-edge on him.”^①

The policeman twirled his club and took a step or two.

“I’ll be on my way. Hope your friend comes around all right. Going to call time on him sharp?”^②

“I should say not!” said the other. “I’ll give him half an hour at least. If Jimmy is alive on earth he’ll be here by that time. So long, officer.”

“Good-night, sir,” said the policeman, passing on along his beat, trying doors as he went.

There was now a fine, cold drizzle falling, and the wind had risen from its uncertain **puffs** into a steady blow. The few foot passengers **astir** in that quarter hurried **dismally** and silently along with coat collars turned high and pocketed hands. And in the door of the hardware store the man who had come a thousand miles to fill an appointment, uncertain almost to **absurdity**, with the friend of his youth, smoked his cigar and waited. ③

About twenty minutes he waited, and then a tall man in a long overcoat, with collar turned up to his ears, hurried across from the opposite side of the street. He went directly to the waiting man.

“Is that you, Bob?” he asked, doubtfully.

“Is that you, Jimmy Wells?” cried the man in the door.

“Bless my heart!” **exclaimed** the new arrival, grasping both the other’s hands with his own. “It’s Bob, sure as fate. I was certain I’d find you here if you were still in existence. Well, well, well!—twenty years is a long time. The old gone, Bob; I wish it had lasted, so we could have had another dinner there. How has the West treated you, old man?”

“Bully; it has given me everything I asked it for. You’ve changed lots, Jimmy. I never thought you were so tall by two or three inches.”

“Oh, I grew a bit after I was twenty.”

“Doing well in New York, Jimmy?”

“Moderately. I have a position in one of the city departments. Come on, Bob; we’ll go around to a place I know of, and have a good long talk about old times.”

The two men started up the street, arm in arm. The man from the West, his **egotism** enlarged by success, was beginning to outline the history of his career. The other, **submerged** in his overcoat, listened with interest.

At the corner stood a drug store, brilliant with electric lights. When they came into this glare each of them turned **simultaneously** to gaze upon the other’s face.

The man from the West stopped suddenly and released his arm.

“You’re not Jimmy Wells,” he snapped. “Twenty years is a long time, but not long enough to change a man’s nose from a Roman to a pug (狮子鼻).”

“It sometimes changes a good man into a bad one, said the tall man. “You’ve been under arrest for ten minutes, ‘Silky’ Bob. Chicago thinks you may have dropped over our way and wires us she wants to have a chat with you. ④ Going quietly, are you? That’s sensible. Now, before we go on to the station here’s a note I was asked to hand you. You may read it here at the window. It’s from Patrolman Wells.”

The man from the West unfolded the little piece of paper handed him. His hand was steady when he began to read, but it trembled a little by the time he had finished. The note was rather short.

“Bob: I was at the appointed place on time. When you struck the match to light your cigar I saw it was the face of the man wanted in Chicago. Somehow I couldn’t do it myself, so I went