

大学英语 泛读教程

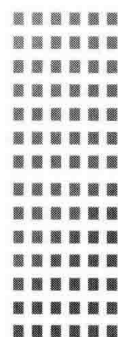


• 罗学锋 邵丽君 主编

*University English
Reading Course*

中国农业科学技术出版社

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序

有别于英语基础教育，大学英语专业教育不是泛泛地学习英语，而是在基础英语教育的基础上，进一步培养学生用英语汲取专业信息的阅读能力和交流科研成果的写作能力。

阅读是大学英语教育的灵魂，其影响是永恒的。

阅读中困扰学生的问题是：为什么读？读什么？如何读？

为什么读？因为无知，所读甚少。

读什么？读经典英文文章。

如何读？用良心来读，要细读。

古今中外，经典文章都是良心之作，经典文章阅读就是一个挖掘良知的过程。阅读中，读者会逐步认识自己。读经典文章会产生思虑，因为只有思虑才更深刻地触及良知。即震撼、怜悯和同情以及担心。阅读经典文章，是一个尝试着与大师对话的过程，是一个一点点开启读者心灵窗口和心智的过程，因为伟大的作品不会轻易为你打开心扉。

如何读？用良心来读。良心，是作家之所以伟大以及作品永恒的核心所在。阅读是一个良心活儿，尽管阅读并不一定能够让你成为一个有良知、良好的人。

基于此，对于大学生的英语阅读内容，编者选择了一些经典文章，这些文章既熟悉，又陌生。熟悉是因为来自美好的童年时光中妈妈曾经讲过的故事，陌生是因为我们没有充分洞悉其深刻的内涵。

让我们走进经典。

让阅读成为习惯。

编者

2016年10月于北京

前 言

根据中华人民共和国教育部《高等英语专业英语教学大纲》，笔者编写了《大学英语泛读教程——READING COURSE I》这本书，供高校英语专业以及其他专业英语阅读课程和自学使用。

有别于中学英语基础教学，大学英语教学的重点在于广泛地阅读，通过广泛地阅读英语国家的社会、文化、政治、经济、文学、历史、宗教、风土人情等风格各异的各种材料和文章，来积累丰富的知识，形成批判的思维和独特的视野。大学阶段，应该习惯用英语学习西方专业知识和提高写作能力。对于英语专业的学生来说，只有大量阅读原汁原味的英语经典文章，才能更好地开启心灵窗口和心智，在阅读过程中享受经典文章所带来的那份充实。

根据多年的英语教学经验以及学生在阅读课程中遇到的问题，笔者在选择阅读材料过程中，侧重培养学生的基本人文内涵，通过英文经典文章所突出的真、善、美主题而进一步激发学生的爱国、敬业、诚信、友善的社会主义核心价值观建设，通过吸收中西文化的优秀的东西，在中西文化沟通中加强交流和传播意识。

作为基础阶段的本书，全册共计 18 单元。各单元结构如下所述。

第一部分主要起引导作用。由于选择的材料主要是日常生活问题，先通过材料的共性引起学生在情感上的共鸣，列出与本单元主题相似的几个问题先对学生进行情感引入。

第二部分主要是相关材料、词汇背景简介。通过文章的时代背景以及对一些词汇的介绍，避免学生在阅读过程中因为文章背景、专有名词不明瞭，反复查阅单词，而造成阅读的不连续性，从而使部分学生失去进一步阅读兴趣。

第三部分主要是加强对阅读材料中出现的词汇，进行阅读训练。通过上下文判断、猜测词、短语的大致含义，在不影响阅读速度及理解力的前提下，掌握阅读技巧，而不是逢词必查。

第四部分是理解材料的内涵。通过翻译句子、段落来进一步加强理解。

第五部分是对阅读材料内涵的进一步认知。学生通过阅读材料的理解，进行讨论、

读后感写作，从而加强对材料意义的进一步感知。学生通过思考题来加强阅读的影响力，将阅读的影响力延伸到课下，从而激发学生课下阅读的兴趣。将阅读作为一种习惯，使学生能逐步培养终生阅读的良好习惯。

在教材编写过程中，笔者得到许多同仁的大力支持及建议，在此深表感谢。由于编写组成员知识水平、对材料的理解度和感知力不同，因此书中存在的问题及差错在所难免，希望读者予以指正。

罗学锋

2016年10月

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Unit 1 Love

I. Starter (Key Words and Expressions)

Homeless hope imaginary happiness cold reality

II. Warm up questions

- 1) How many fairy tales have you read by Andersen?
- 2) Which ones leave a profound impression on you?

III. Text

The Little Match-Girl

It was dreadfully cold, it was snowing fast, and almost dark; the evening—the last evening of the old year was drawing in. But, cold and dark as it was, a poor little girl, with bare head and feet, was still wandering about the streets. When she left her home she had slippers on, but they were much too large for her, indeed, they belonged to her mother, and had dropped off her feet while she was running very fast across the road, to get out of the way of two carriages. One of the slippers was not to be found, the other had been snatched up by a little boy, who ran off with it thinking it might serve him as a doll's cradle.

So, the little girl now walked on, her bare feet quite red and blue with the cold. She carried a small bundle of matches in her hand, and a good many more in her tattered apron. No one had bought any of them the live long day, no one had given her a single penny. Trembling with cold and hunger crept she on, the picture of sorrow; poor little child! The snow flakes fell on her long, fair hair, which curled in such pretty ringlets over her shoulders; but she thought not of her own beauty, or of the cold. Lights were glimmering through every window, and the savor of roast goose reached her from several houses; it was New Year's eve, and it was of this that she thought. In a corner formed by two houses, one of which projected beyond the other. She sat down, drawing her little feet close under her, but in vain, she could not warm them.

She dared not go home, she had sold no matches, earned not a single penny, and per-

haps her father would beat her, besides her home was almost as cold as the street, it was an attic; and although the larger of the many chinks in the roof were stopped up with straw and rags. The wind and snow often penetrated through. Her hands were nearly dead with cold; one little match from her bundle would warm them. Perhaps, if she dared light it, she drew one out, and struck it against the wall, bravo! it was a bright, warm flame, and she held her hands over it. It was quite an illumination for that poor little girl; nay, I call it rather a magic taper, for it seemed to her as though she was sitting before a large iron-stove with brass ornaments, so beautifully blazed the fire within! The child stretched out her feet to warm them also; alas, in an instant the flame had died away, the stove vanished, the little girl sat cold and comfortless, with the burnt match in her hand. A second match was struck against the wall; it kindles and blazed, and wherever its light fell the wall became transparent as a veil.

The little girl could see into the room within. She saw the table spread with a snow-white damask cloth, whereon were ranged shining china-dishes; the roast goose stuffed with apples and dried plums stood at one end, smoking hot, and which was pleasantest of all to see; the goose, with knife and fork still in her breast, jumped down from the dish, and waddled along the floor right up to the poor child. The match was burnt out, and only the thick, hard wall was beside her. She kindled a third match. Again shot up the flame; and now she was sitting under a most beautiful Christmas tree, far larger, and far more prettily decked out, than the one she had seen last Christmas eve through the glass doors of the rich merchant's house. Hundreds of wax-tapers lighted up the green branches, and tiny painted figures, such as she had seen in the shop windows, looked down from the tree up on her.

The child stretched out her hands towards them in delight, and in that moment the lights of the match warm quenched; still, however, the Christmas candles burned higher and higher, she beheld them beaming like stars in heaven, one of them fell, the lights streaming behind it like a long, fiery tail. "Now someone is dying," said the little girl, softly, for she had been told by her old grandmother, the only person who had ever been kind to her, and who was now dead that whenever a star falls an immortal spirit returns to the God who gave it.

She struck yet another match against the wall, it flamed up, and surrounded by its light, appeared before her that same dear grandmother, gentle and loving as always, but bright and happy as she had never looked during her lifetime. "Grandmother!" exclaimed the child, "oh, take me with you! I know thou will leave me as soon as the match goes out, thou wilt vanish like warm fire in the stove, like the splendid New Year's feast, like the beautiful large Christmas tree!" and she hastily lighted all the remaining matches in the bundle, lest her grandmother should disappear. And the matches burned with such ablaze of splendor, that noon day could scarcely have been brighter. Never had the good old grandmother looked so tall and stately, so beautiful and kind; she took the little girl in her arms, and they both flew together-higher, till they were in that place where neither cold, nor hunger, nor pain, is ever known, they were in paradise. But in the cold morning hour, crouching in the corner of the wall, the poor little

girl was found: her cheeks glowing, her lips smiling, frozen to death on the last night of the old Year.

The New Year's sun shone on the lifeless child; motionless she sat there with the matches in her lap, one bundle of them quite burnt out. "She has been trying to warm herself, poor thing!" the people said, but no one knew of the sweet visions she had beheld, or how gloriously she and her grandmother were celebrating their New Year's festival.

IV. Notes

1. Hans Christian Andersen (1805—1875), a famous writer of fairy tales in the 19th century of Denmark. He is also the founder of the world fairy tales literature. He wrote about 168 pieces of fairy tales in 40 years. *The Emperor's New Clothes*, *The Ugly Duckling*, *The Mermaid*, *The Snow Queen*, and so on.
2. tattered, 破烂的, 褴褛的。
3. apron, 围裙。
4. ringlet, 长卷发。
5. savor, 气味。
6. attic, 阁楼, 楼顶。
7. illumination, 照明。
8. ornament, 装饰。
9. vanish, 使消失。
10. transparent, 透明的。
11. stuffed with, 用……装满。
12. wax-taper, 小蜡烛。
13. quench, 熄灭。
14. immortal, 神仙, 不朽的。
15. gloriously, 辉煌地, 壮观地。

V. Comprehension

- 1) Her hands were nearly dead with cold; one little match from her bundle would warm them.
- 2) Whenever a star falls an immortal spirit returns to the God who gave it.

VI. Paraphrase the following words, phrases, terms and sentences

- 1) No one had bought any of them the live long day, no one had given her a single penny.
- 2) So, the little girl now walked on, her bare feet quite red and blue with the cold.
- 3) Trembling with cold and hunger crept she on, the picture of sorrow: poor little child!

- 4) her cheeks glowing, her lips smiling, frozen to death on the last night of the old Year.

VII. Translation

- 1) It was quite an illumination for that poor little girl; nay, I call it rather a magic taper, for it seemed to her as though she was sitting before a large iron-stove with brass ornaments, so beautifully blazed the fire within!
- 2) She saw the table spread with a snow-white damask cloth, whereon were ranged shining china-dishes; the roast goose stuffed with apples and dried plums stood at one end, smoking hot, and which was pleasantest of all to see; the goose, with knife and fork still in her breast, jumped down from the dish, and waddled along the floor right up to the poor child.
- 3) "Grandmother!" exclaimed the child, "oh, take me with you! I know thou will leave me as soon as the match goes out, thou wilt vanish like warm fire in the stove, like the splendid New Year's feast, like the beautiful large Christmas tree!"

VIII. Free Discussion

- 1) What had the little girl seen when she struck the matches?
- 2) With a smile on her face the little match girl dead, did she feel happy or not?

Unit 2 Kindness and Beauty

I. Starter (Key Words and Expressions)

kindness optimism beauty ugliness

II. Warm up questions

- 1) Do you like the tales of prince and princess, why or not?
- 2) What kind of girls do you think will get the prince's true love?

III. Text

Cinderella

Long ago, in a land far away, there lived a beautiful young girl. She was very sad. Her mother had died and her father had married again. His new wife had two ugly daughters, Esmerelda and Griselda.

Soon after, her father also died and life immediately changed for the girl.

"You will be our servant," said her stepmother. "You will do everything we say."

"You must sleep in the kitchens, by the fire," said the stepsisters.

After tending the fire, and cooking and leaning, the girl's clothes were very dirty. She was called to clear away dishes.

"There are cinders all over your clothes!" exclaimed the stepmother. "Cinders for Cinderella. That's your new name. Clear these things away, Cinderella."

"Cinderella! Cinderella!" sang Esmerelda and Griselda. "Oh, how clever you are, Mama!"

Cinderella had to work very hard, as all the other servants were dismissed.

One day, an invitation arrived from the palace.

"Girls, listen to this," said the stepmother. Cinderella was serving the breakfast. She listened as her stepmother read the invitation.

"The King is having a ball," she said, excitedly. "He is looking for a wife for the Prince! Oh, my dears, this is wonderful. He will probably choose one of you, but it will be such a

hard choice to make.

"Am I invited too, stepmother?" asked Cinderella.

"You! Certainly not!" exclaimed her stepmother. "The thought of such a thing. A scruffy servant going to a ball, when only beautiful ladies are invited!"

"Hah! Hah!" laughed the stepsisters. "Beautiful! That doesn't include you, Cinderella!"

"You may help my two lovely girls to get ready," said her stepmother.

"Oh," said Cinderella, sadly.

"We shall all have new dresses, girls, and we shall go shopping today. Clear away these things, Cinderella."

'Oh, I wish I could go to the ball,' thought Cinderella.

The day of the ball arrived and the whole day was spent preparing Esmerelda and Griselda. Cinderella did her best to make the sisters look pretty, but it was an impossible task.

Finally, the coach arrived to collect the girls and their mother.

Cinderella was very tired and she wandered back to the kitchens.

"Oh, I did so want to go," she sighed as she sat down by the fire.

"What's to stop you?" asked a voice.

"Who's that?" asked Cinderella, looking around.

"I'm here by the door." A strange woman walked up to Cinderella. "I heard you the other day, wishing you could go to the ball. Well, the ball is this evening, and you're going."

"But how?" asked Cinderella. "What can you do?"

"Anything I want to," said the woman. "I'm your fairy godmother, and I'm here to send you to the ball.

She sat down.

"Come now," she said. "Dry those tears. We have work to do. I need a large pumpkin, two rats, two mice and a frog. Can you find these?"

"Yes," said Cinderella, mystified by the request.

"Off you go, then."

When Cinderella found all the things, her fairy godmother took them all outside.

"Now for the magic," she said. She waved her hands and the air began to twinkle and sparkle. The pumpkin began to grow and change, until standing there was a glittering coach.

The mice changed into two fine footmen, the frog into the driver, and the rats into two beautiful horses to pull the coach.

Cinderella clapped her hands. "It's beautiful!" she cried.

"In you get," said her fairy godmother.

"But I can't go like this," said Cinderella.

"Like what?" asked the fairy godmother. "You look lovely to me."

Cinderella looked at herself. While the magic had been working on the pumpkin, it had

also been working on her. Instead of her ragged dress she wore a beautiful ball gown, with glass slippers on her feet.

"Oh, fairy godmother," said Cinderella. "It's lovely. How can I thank you?"

"By going to the ball," said the fairy godmother. "Off you go, but remember, the magic stops working at midnight. Everything will change back then. Now go and enjoy yourself."

"Good-bye, fairy godmother," called Cinderella, as the coach swept off.

Cinderella arrived at the palace and walked into the ballroom. Everyone stopped and stared.

"Who is she?" people asked, including her stepmother and stepsisters.

The Prince saw her, and had eyes for no one else for the rest of the evening. Cinderella danced only with the Prince, and as the evening passed, he fell in love with her.

A clock chiming reminded Cinderella of her fairy godmother's warning. 'It must be eleven o'clock,' she thought, but she asked the Prince. "What time is it?"

"Almost midnight," he answered.

"Oh, no!" cried Cinderella. "I must go!"

"You can't. Not now," said the Prince.

"I must." And Cinderella swept out of the room, and ran out of the palace. As she ran, the clock finished chiming. Cinderella's clothes changed back into rags, and the coach and horses were nowhere to be seen.

The Prince tried to follow, but he couldn't catch up. When he reached the door, all he found was one glass slipper. He ran to the main gate.

"Was a beautiful girl just driven out of here?" he asked the guard.

"No, your Highness. I've only seen a scruffy servant girl," the guard answered.

"I've lost her," said the Prince, and he returned sadly to the palace.

The next morning, Cinderella's stepmother and stepsisters were talking about the ball.

"Did you see the Prince, once that girl arrived." said Esmerelda. "He wouldn't look at anybody else. And it was my turn to dance with him."

"Never mind, my dear," said her mother. "She disappeared, so there will probably be another ball, and then you will be chosen."

The Prince meanwhile decided to look for the mysterious girl he had fallen in love with. He issued a proclamation. "Whoever the glass shoe fits, shall be wife to the Prince."

The Prince and his footman went from house to house of all the ladies invited to the ball.

First to the princesses, and then to the duchesses, and finally to all the ladies.

He finally arrived at the stepmother's house.

"It's my shoe!" cried Esmerelda, trying desperately to pull the shoe on.

"Please, miss!" said the footman. "Your foot is too big, you will break the slipper."

Griselda tried the shoe, but her toes were far too long.

"Is there anyone else?" asked the Prince.

"There's only Cinderella, the maid," said the stepmother. "But she wasn't even at the ball."

"All the ladies in the kingdom must try the slipper," said the footman.

Cinderella was called from the kitchen. Esmerelda and Griselda laughed when they saw how dirty she was. But their laughter turned to tears when they saw Cinderella's foot slide easily into the slipper.

"Oh!" they cried. "It fits!"

The Prince looked at Cinderella and realized that she was the girl that he had fallen in love with.

Cinderella took the other slipper from her pocket and put it on.

The Prince was delighted to have found her, and on a bright sunny day, he and Cinderella were married. They lived happily ever after.

IV. Notes

1. There are many different versions of the tale of Cinderella, the most popular one was written by French writer Charles Perrault, and the other famous one was written by Brothers Grimm.
2. stepsister, 异父(母)姊妹。
3. dismiss, 解散, 解雇。
4. scruffy, 肮脏的。
5. pumpkin, 南瓜。
6. mystify, 使困惑, 使神秘化。
7. twinkle, 闪耀, 闪烁。
8. sparkle, 闪光。
9. glittering, 闪闪发光的。
10. footman, 男仆。
11. glass slippers, 水晶鞋。
12. chiming, 钟鸣。
13. duchess, 女公爵。

V. Comprehension of the text

- 1) He will probably choose one of you, but it will be such a hard choice to make.
- 2) The thought of such a thing.
- 3) Cinderella did her best to make the sisters look pretty, but it was an impossible task.

VI. Paraphrase the following words, phrases, terms and sentences

- 1) Off you go, but remember, the magic stops working at midnight.

- 2) Cinderella had to work very hard, as all the other servants were dismissed.
- 3) A scruffy servant going to a ball, when only beautiful ladies are invited!
- 4) The Prince saw her, and had eyes for no one else for the rest of the evening.
- 5) Griselda tried the shoe, but her toes were far too long.

VII. Translation

- 1) "Now for the magic," she said. She waved her hands and the air began to twinkle and sparkle. The pumpkin began to grow and change, until standing there was a glittering coach.
- 2) Cinderella looked at herself. While the magic had been working on the pumpkin, it had also been working on her. Instead of her ragged dress she wore a beautiful ball gown, with glass slippers on her feet.

VIII. Free Discussion

- 1) Is Cinderella the real name of this poor girl?
- 2) Why did the fairy godmother help Cinderella to go to the party?
- 3) Why did Cinderella leave the party at midnight?