

新英语故事丛书 2

千 门

Thousand Doors

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西安电子科技大学出版社

1 9 9 8

内 容 简 介

随军家属蹊跷的经历，跛腿青年躲都躲不开的霉运，陌生星球上生人的陌生经历，尝试吸毒而恶梦临头的少年，爆发户的丑恶嘴脸，管不住自己眼睛而招致的窘境，爱侣被杀的恐怖印象，无端噬人的悲剧，……⁴¹ 个闻所未闻的新奇故事，吸引您忘掉学英语的苦恼，而陶醉在使用英语的快乐之中。

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城市农庄

City Farm

By R. E. Fenton

在我们所读到的许多美国故事当中，绝大多数是冗长细致的描写到了最后，以寥寥数语道破机关。这种含而不露的故事写法是我最欣赏的。每当水落石出之后，你总觉得前面看似平淡的描述很值得重读和回味，仿佛它们突然又变得格外精彩。

With my husband being in the Coast Guard, I, like so many military spouses, have learned such vital skills as pre-packing before the packers come, house hunting in five days, and maintaining normal family life in temporary housing. I find, however, that the most challenging part of moving every two to four years is really getting to know the area as it were your hometown.

When our children were four and two, we moved to Newport News, Virginia. The Virginia Peninsula is chock full of museums, beaches, sports, theme parks, city parks, and historic sites. This was my fourth move as a military spouse. Being a veteran mover at this point, I already had received

pamphlets, booklets, maps and directories from the base housing office, local bureau of tourism, and my car club. I was ready to explore our new home.

One attractive site, in the next city over, was Bluebird Gap Farm. The literature boasted domestic and exotic animals, farm equipment and paraphernalia, playground, and no admission fee. While flipping through the telephone book one day, I came across the City Farm, right here in Newport News. Wonderful, I thought; something a little closer to home.

I called the listed number and a woman answered, “City Farm. May I help you?”

“Yes,” I said. “I’m new to the area and am looking for things to see and do with my children. What sort of facilities do you have; what are your hours of operation and fees?”

There was an uncomfortably long silence from the other end of the line. Finally, the woman spoke, “Ma’am, the City Farm is the Newport News minimum security prison.”

Notes

vital a. 重要的, 充满活力的, 生死攸关的

peninsula n. 半岛

chock ad. 满满地

pamphlet n. 小册子

boast n. 吹牛; v. 吹牛, 自夸

city n. 城市, 市

paraphernalia n. 行头; 工具

flip v. 翻动

minimum n. 最小量; a. 最小的, 最低的

小姑娘布兰蒂

A Girl Named Brandy

By Keri Myers

这是个太简单的小孩故事，语言和情节都简单。不知您留意过没有，许多英语读物中的材料都类似这样简单。孰不知绝大多数学英语的人都已不再是小孩了，他们的语言能力尽管不济，但理解力远远超出小孩了。因此为中国英语读者挑选适合的读物远非想象得那么简单，还有很多值得尝试的工作。

In the land of Bree there lived a girl who could not see. Her name was Brandy and she thought oranges on the tree were candy.

The problem was she thought she had no problem! “I can see everything clearly,” she said as she put socks on her head.

“Look”, said her friends, something must be done—“You can’t see right, walk right, dress right, you trip when you play and run!”

“I won’t, I won’t ever wear glasses. I’d rather walk through all the puddles and make huge splashes!”

My friends will all make fun of me. ‘Looks there goes

four-eyed Brandys Look outs now she can really see4 ”

“OF COURSE NOT!” they all replied, But Brandy wondered, could they have lied?

She continued on her clouded way until there came this scary day.

In the land of Bree grew the Great Forest of Trees. After school one day, Brandy being in a great rush, decided to take a short-cut through the thick under brush.

But a wrong turn here and a wrong turn there found Brandy wondering about bears. “Help” she cried as she fell over a log, “I’m scared I’ll fall into the bog!”

A faint sound caught her ear and she stopped a moment to hear “Brandy, is that you?” called her friend Stew.

“Yes, oh yes, ” Brandy called with relief. “What brings you to the Great Forest of Trees?”

“I too wanted to hurry home but a great dark forest is no place to roam. Come with me, I’ll lead you out, an eye doctor visit is all you should be thinking about. ”

“Oh”, sighed Brandy thankful for her friend “I suppose you’re right. This walk through the forest gave me a fright. ”

“We’re right behind you”, encouraged Stew. “See, all your friends agree too. ” And as they came out the other sides there gathered her friends and how they cried4

“We are happy to see you and please know we will not laugh at the glasses you wear. ” Then Brandy knew that they really did carej

So that is how a girl named Brandy in the land of Bree came about to really see4

Notes

trip v. 跌倒

scary a. 提心吊胆的

… take a short-cut through the thick under brush. …… 抄
小路穿过浓密的林中灌木。

… found Brandy wondering about bears. …… 布兰蒂开始
担心遇到熊

美丽的她

She Was Beautiful

By Rachael



没有前因，没有后果，只有对一个美丽女人和她周围环境的描绘。然而，你可以想象出无数前因，你可以想象出无数后果，因为在不知不觉中，故事里那个意象深深地印在了你的脑海中。我喜欢有无穷联想余地的作品。

The Reflection in the mirror stared back at her with empty eyes. She was beautiful. With a fountain of gold curls flowing gracefully down her back, a hint of rose in cheeks and lips, ivory smooth skin, and blue eyes that could tear apart the heart of any man. Her brilliant form was completed by the long pale green dress that flattered her every curve. She stood there, facing herself for only a moment before she turned away, unable to bear that hollow gaze.

Not a sound was made when she walked to her bed. With ennobling movements she laid upon the floral coverlet. Her hands were clasped together and they rested on her breast like a corpse prepared for burial. She waited, without knowing why. Silent and alone her grieving heart beat loudly. Her

lachrymose eyes changed slowly from blue to gray like a sky preparing for rain. At last the first crystal tear fell, leaving a mark on her pillow, and allowing a flood of sorrow to escape.

Tear after tear stained her pillow. She cried a tear for her parentss who were working hard to support her siblingsj C tear for her best friend who somehow got lost in the busyness that was her life. A tear for her still born son, and a tear for the father he never would have known. On and on they came, drowning the last bit of life she could still call her own. She was tired. When the last tear fell it was for her, her lost dreams, and lost hopes. She found her solace.

Calmly she returned to the mirror. She hummed softly to herself as she did her best to remove the marks the tears had made. She brushed her hair, carefully counting the strokes. One hundred strokes for each side. She looked in the mirror, she was beautiful. She walked purposefully to the balcony of her 6th story apartment, it was her favorite place.

She breathed in deeply and slowly, she was enchanted by the smell of the roses on the ground far below. They were her roses. She grew them and took care of them much like a mother takes care of her child. She loved her roses, they were all she had. She stood on the thick railing enjoying the view and the crisp cool air across her face. She spread her arms wide and closed her eyes. She quoted revelations in a loud voice, "And God shall wipe away all tears form their eyes; and there shall be no more sorrows nor cryings neither shall there be any more painE for the former things are passed away." She opened her eyes and a delighted smile crossed her face. With her hands fastened in front of her once again, she looked almost angelicj It was then that she fellj

Her breath no longer came. Her grieving heart was still. Surrounded by her fragrant roses she stared with empty eyes. She was beautiful.

Notes

fountain n. 泉水; 喷泉

hint n. 暗示, 提示; v. 暗示, 示意; [计算机] 暗示

ivory n. 象牙, 乳白色; a. 象牙制的, 乳白色的

curve n. 曲线, 弯曲, 曲球

hollow a. 空的, 虚伪的

ennoble v. 授与爵位, 使高贵

floral a. 花似的, 花的, 植物的

coverlet n. 被单; 床单

clasp n. 扣子, 钩, 紧握; v. 扣紧, 紧握, 密切合作

corpse n. 尸体

grieve v. 使……悲伤

lachrymose a. 悲伤的; 爱哭的

sibling n. 兄弟, 同胞; a. 见第的

drowning n. 溺死

solace n. 慰藉, 安慰, 安慰之物; v. 安慰, 抚慰, 给以安慰
使轻松

hum n. 嗡嗡声, 哼声, 杂声; v. 发低哼声, 闭口哼歌, 嗡嗡叫; int. 哼, 嗯

stroke n. 笔划, 打

balcony n. 阳台, 包厢

railing n. 扶手, 栏杆, 垣墙; 栅栏

crisp a. 脆的, 新鲜的, 活泼的

quote v. 引述

revelation n. 揭露, 发现

fragrant a. 芬香的，馥郁的，愉快的

一片落叶

A Falling Leaf

By Jason R Bleckly

它并没有写出女主人公的死因，而只是在文章即将结束的时候写道：“她身骨粉碎的声音充斥他的耳际，血溅满地，……”，这个故事的风格与“美丽的她”何其相似。他有意把这两篇故事放在一起，感觉就像是同一个故事的两个角度。一个是从女主人公的角度写，另一个是写女主人公死后的男主人公L

《千门》中的确有一些故事给人感觉一般，但当你把 40 几个故事全部读过之后，便觉得每个故事都别具特点。无论是从文学手法上，还是从认识社会上，所有的故事似乎都能相互烘托，相互辉映。

A light rain falls from the slate grey sky. Richard stands silent, his hands clasped in front of him. The rain means nothing to him as it soaks his black suit. It runs in trickles down his face masking the tears.

A priest stands nearby beneath the shelter of a white umbrella. “Ashes to ashes,” says the priest lifting a clump of damp earth from the excavated pile, “Dust to dust.” He

throws the earth into the grave. It splatters on the coffin, a dark stain on the brass plate. The rain eats at the earth. Small dark rivers flow across the brass plate, tracing the engraved letters.

The priest hands Richard a bible. He takes it numbly barely registering the priest's presence. The priest's hand rest on Richards shoulder as he offers platitudes. Richard isn't listening. He watches as the rain slowly washes all trace of earth from the coffin.

The mourners offer words off support as they begin to depart. Richard doesn't hear them. He hears nothing but Sarah's voice as they sit, arms around each other. Her laughter as he surprises her with a bouquet of roses.

The mourners embraces bring nothing but memories. Memories of Sarah's silken skin on long summer nights. Her warm cheek resting against his chest. The soft caress of her lips.

The rain stops and the sun breaks through the clouds. Richard looks up at the sky at the patch of blue. A blue the same colour as Sarah's eyes. Everywhere he looks Richard is reminded of her. The very air he breathes stirs memories of the scent of her hair as the dance.

A light breeze rustles the leaves of nearby tree. A leaf detaches and falls towards the ground. Richard's eyes focus on it. A leaf the same colour as Sarah's hair. He tries to turn his head before the vision can start again. The leaf floats toward the ground he can't take his eyes from it. It falls. She falls. Arms outspread to catch the wind. She smiles as she falls. No fear. Her auburn hair streams out behind her.

The leaf touches the groundj Richard shuts his eyess but

can't stop the vision. Sarah's body strikes the ground. The sound of bones breaking assaults his ears. Blood, blood everywhere. A dark pool encircling her body. Streaks of red on her pale cheek. Her blue eyes are open, their spark gone. Richard collapses to his knees, the bible dropping to the ground. He clamps his hands to his ears trying to block out the scream. His scream. Why?

Notes

slate n. 石板

clasp n. 扣子, 钩, 紧握; v. 扣紧, 紧握, 密切合作

trickle n. 滴, 细流; v. 滴流, 细细地流

clump n. 丛, 块, 笨

excavate v. 挖, 挖开, 凿通

splatter v. 使水等飞溅, 叽叽喳喳地讲个不停; n. 飞溅

numbly ad. 失去知觉, 麻木

platitude n. 单调, 平凡, 陈腐

mourner n. 悲伤者, 哀悼者, 送葬者

bouquet n. 花束

patch 修补

rustle n. 沙沙声, 瑟瑟声, 飒飒声; v. 发出沙沙声, 飒飒作响

detach v. 分离

auburn n. 赤褐色; a. 赤褐色的

assault n. 攻击, 突袭; v. 袭击, 突袭

streak n. 条理, 斑纹, 倾向; v. 加条纹, 变成条纹

clamp n. 螺丝钳; v. 加固, 夹紧