

书虫 • 牛津英汉双语读物(美绘光盘版) 二级 《海底两万里》 选段

In 1866, everyone was excited about one thing. There was a strange monster in the sea, people said. Different ships saw it at different times in the Atlantic and in the Pacific. It was very big, very long, and it moved very fast. It threw water up into the sky, too. Perhaps it was a whale? Of course, some people did not believe in the monster. But then, in 1867, some important ships had bad accidents. The worst of these accidents happened to a famous ship, the *Scotia*. After it hit something at the sea, the *Scotia* had a hole in it of two and a half metres! People said, ‘The monster did this! We must find it and kill it.’

书虫 • 牛津英汉双语读物 2 级 《欧·亨利短篇小说集》 选段

Soapy was really angry now. He threw the umbrella away and said many bad things about policemen. Just because he wanted to go to prison, they did not want to send him there. He could do nothing wrong!

He began to walk back to Madison Square and home – his seat.

But on a quiet corner, Soapy suddenly stopped. Here, in the middle of the city, was a beautiful old church. Through one purple window he could see a soft light, and sweet music was coming from inside the church. The moon was high in the sky and everything was quiet. For a few seconds it was like a country church and Soapy remembered other, happier days. He thought of the days when he had a mother, and friends, and beautiful things in his life.

Then he thought about his life now – the empty days, the dead plans. And then a wonderful thing happened. Soapy decided to change his life and be a new man.

‘Tomorrow,’ he said to himself, ‘I’ll go into town and find work. My life will be good again...’

书虫 • 牛津英汉双语读物 2 级 《爱丽丝漫游奇境记》 选段

It looked like a large animal to Alice, but it was only a mouse.

‘Shall I speak to it?’ thought Alice. ‘Everything’s very strange down here, so perhaps a mouse can talk.’

So she began: 'Oh Mouse, do you know the way out of this pool? I am very tired of swimming, oh Mouse!'

The mouse looked at her with its little eyes, but it said nothing.

'Perhaps it doesn't understand English,' thought Alice. 'Perhaps it's a French mouse.'

So she began again, and said in French: 'Where is my cat?'

The mouse jumped half out of the water and looked at her angrily.

'Oh, I'm so sorry!' cried Alice quickly. 'Of course, you don't like cats, do you?'

'Like cats?' cried the mouse in a high, angry voice. 'Does any mouse like cats?'

'Well, perhaps not,' Alice began kindly.

But the mouse was now swimming quickly away, and soon Alice was alone again. At last she found her way out of the pool and sat down on the ground. She felt very lonely and unhappy.

书虫 • 牛津英汉双语读物 2 级 《鲁宾孙漂流记》 选段

I went back twelve times, but soon after my twelfth visit there was another terrible storm. The next morning, when I looked out to sea, there was no ship.

When I saw that, I was very unhappy. 'Why am I alive, and why are all my friends dead?' I asked myself. 'What will happen to me now, alone on this island without friends? How can I ever escape from it?'

Then I told myself that I was lucky – lucky to be alive, lucky to have food and tools, lucky to be young and strong. But I knew that my island was somewhere off the coast of South America. Ships did not often come down this coast, and I said to myself, 'I'm going to be on this island for a long time.' So, on a long piece of wood, I cut these words :

I CAME HERE ON 30TH SEPTEMBER 1659

After that, I decided to make a cut for each day.

书虫 • 牛津英汉双语读物 2 级 《哈姆雷特》 选段

I don't know, my friends. Look at the world! How beautiful it is, the sun, the sky, the stars! But to me, it is empty and dead. What a piece of work is a man! How strong and

clever, the greatest of God's animals! But to me, man is uninteresting – and so is woman.

...

To be or not to be, that is the question: to go on living, fighting against this sea of troubles, or to die and end everything? Why be afraid of death? To die is to sleep, no more. Perhaps to dream? Yes, that's the problem: in that sleep of death, what dreams will come?

书虫 • 牛津英汉双语读物 2 级 《山怪的故事》 选段

The soldier walked on alone, taking his own road home. He did not think about the other soldiers, or about the war. He thought only about the long road back to his home.

'Home,' thought the soldier. 'I know my home is at the end of this road. I just need to go on walking.'

The road felt hard under his boots, and the only sound was the noise of his boots on the road – tramp, tramp, tramp. He was tired and thirsty, and his mouth was dry as dust.

'There's no water,' he thought. 'Just dust. Dust in my mouth. Dust everywhere.'

Tramp, tramp, tramp went his boots.

'Don't stop walking,' he told himself. 'I can't stop. I mustn't stop. I'll rest when I get home. Mother will make tea, and then I can rest.'

书虫 • 牛津英汉双语读物 2 级 《陷坑与钟摆》 选段

She was a young woman of great beauty, and even more beautiful when she was smiling and laughing.

It was a dark day when she saw, and loved, and married the painter. He was already famous for his art, and was always studying and working. The great love of his life was his work, his painting.

His beautiful young wife was playful, full of life and light and smiles, as happy and as loving as a child. But she learned to fear and then to hate everything about painting.

Her husband's work was her enemy, because it kept him away from her, hour after hour.

So it was a terrible thing for her when he said he wanted to paint her portrait. But she agreed because she loved him and wanted to please him.

For many weeks she sat in a dark high room where the light from above fell onto the painting and onto her. Day after day, she sat still and silent, not moving, not speaking.

书虫 • 牛津英汉双语读物 3 级 《铁路少年》 选段

They were not railway children at the beginning. They lived with their father and mother in London. There were three of them. Roberta – she was always called Bobbie, and was the oldest. Next came Peter, who wanted to be an engineer when he grew up. And the youngest was Phyllis, who was always trying to be good.

Mother was almost always at home, ready to play with the children, or to read to them. And she wrote stories, then read them to the children after tea.

These three lucky children had everything that they needed. Pretty clothes, a warm house, and lots of toys. They also had a wonderful father who was never angry, and always ready to play a game.

They were very happy. But they did not know *how* happy until their life in London was over, and they had to live a very different life indeed.

The awful change came suddenly.