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[https://www.100test.com/kao\\_ti2020/255/2021\\_2022\\_\\_E5\\_A4\\_A7\\_E5\\_AD\\_A6\\_E8\\_8B\\_B1\\_E8\\_c67\\_255148.htm](https://www.100test.com/kao_ti2020/255/2021_2022__E5_A4_A7_E5_AD_A6_E8_8B_B1_E8_c67_255148.htm) TEXT Oliver Barrett IV, a Harvard student from a wealthy WASP family, fell in love with Jennifer, a Radcliff music major, daughter of a pastry chef of Italian descent. Jennifer returned his love. The two of them started talking about marriage, thinking they were made for each other. A banker and a squeamish parent, Oliver Barrett III refused to give his blessing to the proposed alliance. Oliver and Jennifer thereupon went ahead on their own, contented with their "love in a cottage". We join the novel in Chapter 13, three years after Oliver married Jennifer regardless of his fathers fierce opposition. One day, they received an invitation from Olivers parents to the old mans sixtieth birthday party. Jennifer preferred accepting the invitation, regarding it as a good opportunity for a reconciliation between father and son. But Oliver wouldnt gibe it a thought. Thus the two of them had a violent quarrel... Love Story by Erich Segal CHAPTER 13 Mr. And Mrs. Oliver Barrett III request the pleasure of your company at a dinner in celebration of Mr. Barretts sixtieth birthday Saturday, the sixth of March at seven oclock Dover House, Ipswich, Massachusetts R. S. V. P. "Well?" asked Jennifer. "Do you even have to ask?" I replied. I was in the midst of abstracting The State v. Percival, a very important precedent in criminal law. Jenny was sort of waving the invitation to bug me. "I think its about time, Oliver," she said. "For what?" "For you know very well that," she answered. "Does he have to crawl here on

his hands and knees?" I kept working as she worked me over. "Ollie -- hes reaching out to you!" "Bullshit, Jenny. My mother addressed the envelope." "I thought you said you didnt look at it!" she sort of yelled. Okay, so I did glance at it earlier. Maybe it had slipped my mind. I was, after all, in the midst of abstracting *The State v. Percival*, and in the virtual shadow of exams. The point was she should have stopped haranguing me. "Ollie, think," she said, her tone kind of pleading now. "Sixty goddamn years old. Nothing says hell still be around when youre finally ready for the reconciliation." I informed Jenny in the simplest possible terms that there would never be a reconciliation and would she please let me continue my studying. She sat down quietly, squeezing herself onto a corner of the sofa where I had my feet. Although she didnt make a sound, I quickly became aware that she was looking at me very hard. I glanced up. "Someday," she said, "when youre being bugged by Oliver V --" "He wont be called Oliver, be sure of that!" I snapped at her. She didnt raise her voice, though she usually did when I did. "Listen, Ol, even if we name him Bozo the Clown that kids still going to resent you because you were a big Harvard athlete. And by the time hes a freshman, youll probably be in the Supreme Court!" I told her that our son would definitely not resent me. She then inquired how I could be so certain of that. I couldnt produce evidence. I mean, I simply knew our son would not resent me, I couldnt say precisely why. Jenny then remarked: "Your father loves you too, Oliver. Her loves you just the way youll love Bozo. But you Barretts are so damn proud and competitive, youll go through life thinking you hate each

other." "If it werent for you," I said jokingly. "Yes," she said. "The case is closed," I said, being, after all, the husband and head of household. My eyes returned to *The State v. Percival* and Jenny got up. But then she remembered. "Theres still the matter of the RSVP." I said that a Radcliffe music major could probably compose a nice little negative RSVP without professional guidance. "Listen, Oliver," she said, "Ive probably lied or cheated in my life. But Ive never deliberately hurt anyone. I dont think I could." Really, at that moment she was only hurting me, so I asked her politely to handle the RSVP in whatever manner she wished, as long as the essence of the message was that we wouldnt show unless hell froze over. I returned once again to *The State v. Percival*. "Whats the number?" I heard her say very softly. She was at the telephone. "Cant you just write a note?" "In a minute Ill lose my nerve. Whats the number?" I told her and was instantly immersed in Percivals appeal to the Supreme Court. I was not listening to Jenny. That is, I tried not to. She was in the same room, after all. "Oh -- good evening, sir," I heard her say. She had her hand over the mouthpiece. "Ollie, does it have to be negative?" The nod of my head indicated that it had to be, the wave of my hand indicated that she should hurry up. "Im terribly sorry," she said into the phone. "I mean, were terribly sorry, sir..." "Were! Did she have to involve me in this? And why cant she get to the point and hang up?" "Oliver!" She had her hand on the mouthpiece again and was talking very loud. "Hes wounded, Oliver! Can you just sit there and let you father bleed?" Had she not been in such an emotional state, I could have explained once again that stones do not bleed. But she was very

upset. And it was upsetting me too."Oliver," she pleaded, "could you just say a word?"To him? She must be going out of her mind!"I mean, like just maybe hello?"She was offering the phone to me. And trying not to cry."I will never talk to him. Ever," I said with perfect calm.And now she was crying. Nothing audible, but tears pouring down her face. And then she -- she begged."For me, Oliver. Ive never asked you for anything. Please."Three of us. There of us just standing (I somehow imagined my father being there as well) waiting for something. What? For me?I couldnt do it.Didnt Jenny understand she was asking the impossible? That I would have done absolutely anything else? As I looked at the floor, shaking my head in adamant refusal and extreme discomfort, Jenny addressed me with a kind of whispered fury I had never heard from her:"You are a heartless bastard, she said. And then she ended the telephone conversation with my father saying:"Mr. Barrett, Oliver does want you to know that in his own special way..."She paused for breath. She had been sobbing, so it wasnt easy. I was much too astonished to do anything but await the end of my alleged "message.""Oliver loves you very much," she said, and hung up very quickly. There is no rational explanation for my actions in the next split second. I must never be forgiven for what I did.I ripped the phone from her hand, then from the socket -- and hurled it across the room."God damn you, Jenny! Why dont you get the hell out of my life!"I stood still, panting like the animal I had suddenly become. Jesus Christ! What the hell had happened to me? I turned to look at Jen.But she was gone.I mean absolutely gone, because I didnt even hear footsteps on

the stairs. Christ, she must have dashed out the instant I grabbed the phone. Even her coat and scarf were still there. The pain of not knowing what to do was exceeded only by that of knowing what I had done. I searched everywhere. In the Law School library, I prowled the rows of grinding students, looking and looking. Up and back, at least half a dozen times. Though I didn't utter a sound, I knew my glance was so intense, my face so fierce, I was disturbing the whole place. Who cares? But Jenny wasn't there. Then all through Harkness Commons, the lounge, the cafeteria. Then a wild sprint to look around Agassiz Hall at Radcliffe. Not there, either. I was running everywhere now, my legs trying to catch up with the pace of my heart. Paine Hall? (Ironic goddamn name!) Downstairs are piano practice rooms. I know Jenny. When she's angry, she pounds the keyboard. Right? But how about when she's scared to death? It's crazy walling down the corridor, practice rooms on either side. The sounds of Mozart and Bartok, Bach and Brahms filter out from the doors and blend into this weird infernal sound. Jenny's got to be here! Instinct made me stop at a door where I heard the pounding (angry?) sound of a Chopin prelude. I paused for a second. The playing was lousy -- stops and starts and many mistakes. At one pause I heard a girl's voice mutter, "Shit!" It had to be Jenny. I flung open the door. A Radcliffe girl was at the piano. She looked up. An ugly, big-shouldered hippie Radcliffe girl, annoyed at my invasion. "What's the matter, man?" she asked. "Sorry," I replied, and closed the door again. Then I tried Harvard Square. Nothing. Where would Jenny have gone? I just stood there, lost in the darkness of

Harvard Square, not knowing where to go or what to do next. A colored guy approached me and inquired if I was in need of a fix. I kind of absently replied, "No, thank you sir." I wasn't running now. I mean, what was the rush to return to the empty house? It was very late -- almost 1 A. M. -- and I was numb -- more with fright than with the cold (although it wasn't warm, believe me). From several yards off, I thought I saw someone sitting on the top of the steps. This had to be my eyes playing tricks, because the figure was motionless. But it was Jenny. She was sitting on the top step. I was too tired to panic, too relieved to speak. Inwardly I hoped she had some blunt instrument with which to hit me. "Jen?" "Ollie?" We both spoke so quietly, it was impossible to take an emotional reading. "I forgot my key," Jenny said. I stood there at the bottom of the steps, afraid to ask how long she had been sitting, knowing only that I had wronged her terribly. "Jenny, I'm sorry --" "Stop!" she cut off my apology, then said very quietly, "Love means not ever having to say you're sorry." I climbed up the stairs to where she was sitting. "I'd like to go to sleep. Okay?" she said. "Okay." We walked up to our apartment. As we undressed, she looked at me reassuringly. "I meant what I said, Oliver." And that was all.

**NEW WORDS**  
Chapter n. a main division of a book 章, 回, 篇  
r. s. v. p / R. S. V. P [Fr.] please reply  
abstract vt. make a shortened form of (a statement, speech, etc.) by separating out what is important 摘录...要点  
versus prep. (Latin) against 对  
precedent n. a judicial decision, case, or proceeding that serves as a guide in future similar situations 前例. 判例  
invitation n. a spoken or written request to go or come somewhere or do sth.  
bug vt. annoy.

irritatebullshitint, n. (sl.) foolish talk. nonsensevirtuala. almost what is stated. in fact though not officiallyharanguevt. attack or try to persuade with a long, loud, and scolding speech 向...夸夸其谈地演讲.大声训斥goddamna. (sl.) (used to express annoyance or give force to an expression) 该死的,讨厌的reconciliationn. bring back of friendly relations 和解reconcilev. squeezev. fit by forcing, pressing or crowding 挤bozon. (sl.) a stupid personfreshmann. a student in the first year of high school or universitysupremea. highest in rank, power or authoritypreciselyad. exactly. accuratelyprecisea. damnad. (sl.) (used to give force to an expression, good or bad) very 非常

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