

世界名著缩写（插图）· 英汉对照读物

雾都孤儿

OLIVER TWIST

Charles Dickens



- 世界知识出版社
- 英国格迪斯—格罗塞出版公司

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查尔斯·狄更斯1812年出生在朴次茅斯，他大概是最著名而且是最受欢迎的英国小说家。童年时代，他饱尝苦难，这或许是他成为一名一生都极其勤奋的作家的原因。在19世纪，他发表过许多篇涉及成年人使孩子们遭受不公平待遇的小说。

小说《雾都孤儿》生动地塑造了那个寻求更好生活的男孩奥利弗·特威斯特，以及费金、比尔·赛克斯、插翅神偷及其他鲜活的人物形象，深刻地揭示出那个时代及社会问题。

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Oliver Twist

Charles Dickens

John Kennett 缩写

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晓风 丹宁 译

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致 读 者

在你看过并欣赏一部由名著改编的电影或电视剧后,你或许想读一读这本名著。

那么会是一种什么情景呢?你找到这本书,并且极有可能为之一振。你翻了一二十页,却好像什么也没“发生”。那些可爱的人物和动人的故事都哪儿去了?哎呀,作者什么时候才真正开始讲故事呢?最后你很可能把书丢在一边,不读了。这到底是怎么回事?

其实,可能作者是针对成年人而不是青少年写的这本书。也许这本书是好多年前写的,当时人们有充裕的时间读书,并且没有任何一种别的东西能像书那样让他们享受好几周。

但是,今天我们的想法不同了。这就是要为你们改编这些好书的原因。如果你喜欢这个简明读本所写的作品的话,你在年龄大些时会再找来原著去欣赏和品评她的原汁原味。

这儿的每本书分英文、中译文两部分,分别独立成篇,但又相互对应,便于读者在阅读时对照查看。

作者简介

查尔斯·狄更斯于 1812 年生于英国的朴次茅斯，1870 年在盖德席尔去世。他的童年历经苦难。1824 年查尔斯·狄更斯的父亲因债务被投入监狱，因而他很小时就不得不进工厂谋生。这些早期的经历在他的小说中都有所反映

狄更斯的小说主要描写当时英国社会中发生的一些骇人听闻的事情。他在自己的小说中创造了诸多生动形象的人物，至今脍炙人口。

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Chapter One

In the Workhouse

Oliver Twist was born in a workhouse; and on the day that he was born his poor young mother died.

"She was a good-looking girl," said the doctor, pausing by the bedside. "Where did she come from?"

But nobody knew.

"She was brought here last night," said the pauper woman who had acted as nurse. "She was found lying in the street."

The parish authorities sent him to a branch workhouse, three miles off—a baby farm, where an old woman named Mrs. Mann took charge of him, for sevenpence-halfpenny a week.

But despite the meagre food and scant clothing, Oliver lived to be nine years old; and he was spending his ninth birthday in the coal cellar with two other boys, who had been locked up there with him, after a sound thrashing from Mrs. Mann, because they had actually complained that they were hungry.

Mrs. Mann had just drawn the bolt of the cellar door when she was startled to see Mr. Bumble—the beadle of the workhouse where Oliver was born—trying to undo the latch of the garden gate.

"Goodness gracious! Is that you, Mr. Bumble, sir?" said Mrs. Mann, thrusting her head out of the window. And then she whispered to the girl who helped her, "Susan, take Oliver and them two other brats upstairs, and wash 'em directly. My heart alive! Mr. Bumble, how glad I am to see you, surely."

"I am sure, Mr. Bumble, I was only a-telling the dear children, as is so fond of you, that it was you a-coming," said Mrs. Mann.

Well, well, Mrs. Mann," replied the beadle. "Lead the way, Mrs. Mann, for I have come on business."

Mrs. Mann ushered him into a small parlour with a brick floor, and officiously put his cocked hat and cane on the table before him.

"Now," said Mr. Bumble, "The child that was baptized Oliver Twist is nine years old today. And notwithstanding an offered reward, we have never been able to discover who his father is, or what was his mother's name."

"How comes he to have any name at all, then?" asked Mrs. Mann. The beadle drew himself up with great pride, and said, "I invented it."

"You, Mr. Bumble?"

"I, Mrs. Mann. We name our foundlings in reg'lar alphabet order. The last was S,—Swubble, I named him. This was a T,—Twist, I named *him*. The next one that comes will be Unwin, and the next Vilkins and so on."

"Why, you're quite a lit'rary character, sir!" said Mrs. Mann.

"Well, well," said the beadle, "perhaps I may be. Perhaps I may be, Mrs. Mann." He added that Oliver being now too old to remain at the baby farm, the managers had determined to have him back into the House. "I have come out myself to take him there," said Mr. Bumble.

Mr. Bumble took him away to the old workhouse where he was born, and into a large whitewashed room, where eight or ten fat gentlemen were sitting round a table.

They were the managers of the workhouse, and after having asked Oliver his name, they told him that as he had no father or mother or anybody belonging to him, he was to be educated there, and taught a useful trade.



Life at the workhouse was not any better than at Mrs. Mann's, and there was not much more to eat; one boy, indeed, got so ravenous at last that he hinted darkly to his companions that unless he had something more to eat he was afraid he would wake up so hungry some night that he would eat the boy that slept next him.

So a council was held, and lots were cast as to who should walk up to the master after supper that evening, and ask for more; and the lot fell on Oliver Twist.

The boys were fed in a large stone hall, with a large pot at the end in which the gruel was cooked. The evening arrived; and the boys took their places. The master took his station at the pot and ladled out the gruel into basins. Each boy was allowed one basin, and no more.

The boys swallowed it ravenously; it soon disappeared, and then they whispered and winked at Oliver.

Oliver rose from his seat. It was a bold thing to do; but he was desperate with hunger, and, advancing to the master with his basin in his hand, he said, trembling: "Please, sir, I want some more."

"What?" said the master.

"Please, sir, I want some more."

The master aimed a blow at Oliver's head with the ladle; then he held him by the arms, and shouted for the beadle.

Mr. Bumble came rushing in.

"Oliver Twist has asked for more!"

Then there was a tremendous fuss. Oliver was confined in a dark and solitary room, and the next morning a notice was hung on the outside of the gate, offering a reward of five pounds to anybody who would take him off the hands of the parish and apprentice him to a trade.