

一场名著阅读的风暴 一次英语学习的革命
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中英双语对照版

Wuthering Heights

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名著学习 的革命

◆ 最Easy最Funny

◆ 多媒体互动式英语学习书

◆ 书+CD ROM

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艾米莉·勃朗特 / 著 蓝 婷 / 译

新课标推荐
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的革命

- ◆ 最Easy最Funny
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薄冰推荐序

一次英语学习的革命，一场名著阅读的风暴

雨果说：一些不好的习惯，在每天阅读好书的影响下，仿佛在火上炙烤一样，渐渐会融化。人的一生中，最能积累学识和实现自我掌控的行为，应该算是阅读了。

走进书店，虽然关于英语名著双语学习的书籍挤满各个书架，然而，几乎都只是停留在传统的纸质媒介上。《名著学习的革命》这套系列丛书的出版，为国内的双语学习开创了新的模式。

传统纸媒图书对自学英语很有帮助，但书的缺点，就是没有反馈，没有双向的交流。回想自己读书已经读了一辈子，在英语学习和教学上，也有了几十年的历程，可总是觉得中国人在学习英语上花的时间很长，效果也较差。生活中，常常遭遇这样有趣的事：一个只有五、六千词汇的外企秘书、助理，能用英语同老外流利地交流；而一些号称掌握三、五万词汇量，手持六级、八级英语证书的硕士、博士，学了十年、二十几年的英语，面对英语为母语的人，除了最简单的几句所谓的对话，无法用流利的英语正确表达自己的思想。这种现象的存在，与英语学习者在学习过程中存在的一些误区密切相关。

如今，愈来愈多的语言学者或教育专家相信，互联网时代高科技的发展，正在改变传统的教学方式，英语教学面临着一场新的变革，多媒体交互式教学在英语学习中已成为一种重要的教学方法，它把文本、图形、声音、动画、录像及各种媒体软件的先进手段引入教学活动中，从而提高

教学效率,激发学生的兴趣。而激发学生的兴趣,在英语学习过程中是至关重要的,如果学生毫无学习兴趣,学生的英语学习效果一定甚微。

中国外语教学经历了三代,第一代采用的是语法翻译法,第二代是听说或视听法,第三代引进了情景法或交际法。但看来没有哪一种教学法是全能的、最好的。各种方法,各有千秋。多媒体交互式读物的出现,最大限度地调动了学生学习英语的积极性,大大地提高了英语教学质量。

想提高英语水平的朋友,除了需要有持之以恒的毅力和意志外,需要掌握正确的学习方法,更需要选择一种好的合适自己的学习工具。只顾一味地自己埋头学,永远是苦海无边,或是学到的永远只是哑巴英语或中国式英语(Chinglish)。

有效的英语学习,应该是一个交互的过程。多媒体环境下的英语教学,实现了这样开放的过程:学习过程是交互的,学习内容是可以选择的,形式是多样性的。

《名著学习的革命》将焦点集中在阅读的乐趣上,是迈向有效、趣味化的英语学习的绝佳途径,也是前所未有的出版尝试。《名著学习的革命》给读者的深远影响,我们热切期待着。

曹冲

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2006年秋天于北京

Preface

前言

与时下许多中英文对照读物不同,《名著学习的革命》是一套借助世界文学名著的阅读,针对中学生英语学习而研发的多媒体互动式学习工具书,是英语学习图书和英语学习软件的完美整合。

图书的编写紧密结合国家最新英语课程标准,借助西方经典文学名著,在帮助学生提高语言水平的同时,通过阅读与自己外语水平相当的简写本,一窥文学名著之全貌。语言浅显、生动、地道,适应中学生的阅读需求,帮助学生在词汇、阅读、听力、朗读等方面达成新课标的培养目标。让读者在感受名著魅力的同时,既可以练习听力,又可以模仿朗读背诵,在轻松的听读中学到地道的英语。

随书配套的多媒体光盘,由有 15 年发展历程的唯知科技策划,运用最新高科技技术精心制作而成,融文学名著、多媒体互动学习于一体,是迄今为止国内市场上提供名著最全、角度最新颖、最独特的多媒体英语学习工具书。

软件界面设计美观大方,功能配置强大,视听效果优良,工具栏图标设计全面、操作快捷方便。多方面多层次的选择,周到的多种功能菜单设置,能随心所欲进行操作,让英语学习更趣味化,达到快速学习英语的目的。

只要鼠标轻轻一点,学习英语就是这么简单!从句子朗读、单词及句子发音练习、句子中英语互译、单词词义测验、单词听力测验、造句练习及录音练习等,通过互动式光盘随点随听,可反复练习单词、朗诵、录音及自我测验,加强听读能力,真正做到学习无障碍,达到事半功倍的学习效果,即使不会使用电脑,也可利用本光盘轻松学习英语。

光盘适用系统:Windows98、ME、2000、XP,让中学生朋友看书学英语、玩电脑互动式光盘学英语,真正达到学习与阅读、聆听、朗诵并重,三合一学习英语!

本系列首辑推出十本精选的强力推荐书,包括《小王子》、《唐吉珂德》、《希腊神话故事》、《老人与海》、《安徒生童话精选》、《哈克贝利·芬历险记》、《天方夜谭》、《伊索寓言精选》、《简·爱》、《呼啸山庄》。

读者反馈

◆ 四川绵阳王蔚：我是一个边远地区的学生，用了《名著学习的革命》，我惊呆了；看到多媒体互动光盘上的自主学习，我傻了。请不要笑我，因为“她”是我见过的最好的老师！

◆ 河南洛阳姜晓萍：MAGIC 的编辑老师们，真的好感谢你们，通过《名著学习的革命》使我们相识，通过光盘的学习，我的英语成绩提高很多。我爱《名著学习的革命》，我爱 MAGIC，我爱你们！

◆ 湖北武汉宋吉祥：以前我参加过多次少儿剑桥英语还有新概念英语的面授班，由于上课地点离家非常远，上课时间在周末，好辛苦！在培训班，老师的上课速度也很快，总是跟不上，学习效果不是很好。当时，我想如果在家有老师上课该多好！现在我买了《名著学习的革命》，每天回到家中就可以享受名师授课，就像把老师请回家一样，很爽！

◆ 广东佛山李功成：通过《名著学习的革命》的学习，我今年的英语成绩提高可快啦！而且好几次英语考试成绩，排在了前五名。《名著学习的革命》真是太棒了，非常实用，非常有趣，现在学习英语一点也不乏味！



I have just returned from a visit to my landlord, the only neighbour I shall have for many miles. In all *England*, I do not believe that I could have fixed on a country-house more completely removed from society.

Mr. Heathcliff and I are a suitable pair to divide the emptiness between us. As I rode up, his black eyes drew suspiciously under his brows.

"*Mr. Heathcliff*?" I said.

A nod was the answer.

"I am *Mr. Lockwood*, your new tenant at *Thrushcross Grange*, sir. I do myself the honour of calling as soon as possible after my arrival."

His fingers remained in his waistcoat pocket.

"Walk in!"

He spoke with closed teeth, and continued to lean over the gate. When he saw my horse's chest pushing against it, he did take out his hand to unchain it, and then went before me up the stone path, calling, as we entered the courtyard,

"*Joseph*, take *Mr. Lockwood's* horse, and bring up some wine."

"There must be only one servant." I thought, "No wonder the grass grows up between the stones, and cattle are the only hedge-cutters."

Joseph seemed a disagreeable old man.

"The Lord help us!" he muttered in a displeased tone, as he took my horse.

Wuthering Heights is the name of *Mr. Heathcliff's* home. "*Wuthering*" is a local adjective, descriptive of the wildness of the weather in this lonely part of *Yorkshire* in time of storm. One may guess the power of the north wind blowing over the hillside, by the angle of a few poorly grown trees at the end of the house, and by a row of thorn bushes all stretching their limbs one way, as if begging the warmth of the sun.

The house is strongly built. The narrow windows are deeply set in the wall, and the corners defended with large stones outside.

Before I entered, I paused to admire some curious old carving over the front. Above it I saw the date "1500", and the name "*Hareton Earnshaw*". I would have asked for a few details about the place, but the owner appeared impatient.

One step brought us into the family sitting-room. On a vast oak cupboard at one end



我刚拜访过我的房东回来，在这方圆几英里之内他是我唯一的邻居。在全英格兰，我不相信我可以再找到如此远离喧嚣的乡村屋舍了。

希刺克厉夫先生和我又是如此适于分享荒凉的一对。当我的马走上前去时，他那深邃眉头下的乌黑眼睛怀疑的看着我。

我说：“是希刺克厉夫先生吗？”

他点头代替回答。

“我是洛克伍德，你在画眉山庄葛兰兹的新房客。先生，我很荣幸我一到这里就能来拜访你。”

他的手仍放在他背心口袋里。

“进来吧！”

他紧抿着嘴不耐烦地吐出这一句话，但仍继续靠在大门上。当他看到我马的胸部几乎要碰触到栅栏时，他才伸手解开了门链，并且很不愉快的领我走上石路，我们刚走进院子里，他就叫道：

“约瑟夫，把洛克伍德先生的马牵走，顺便拿点酒来。”

“这里一定只有一个仆人，”我想，“难怪那些长在石头缝里的杂草没人理会，树篱也只有让牛群去修剪了。”

约瑟夫好像是个脾气暴躁的老人。

“上帝保佑！”当他牵着我的马时，不甚高兴地自言自语道。

“呼啸山庄”是希刺克厉夫先生家的名字。“呼啸”是当地特有的形容词，它描绘出了在约克郡这块荒凉的地方在暴风雨来袭时的恶劣情形。通过房子后面那几棵病态枞树生长的角度，以及那排朝同一方向伸出枝干好像是向太阳乞讨温暖的荆棘；我们不难猜想得到北风刮过山坡的力量是多么强大。

房子很结实。狭小的窗子深嵌在墙里，同时墙角也用突出的大石头保护着。

在走进屋里之前，我停下来看着那些在屋子前面稀奇古怪的旧石雕。在它的上面我看到“一五〇〇”的日期以及“哈莱顿·恩萧”的名字。我原本想问一些关于这个地方的事情，但主人却显得很不耐烦。

走过一个台阶我们就进了起居室。在屋子的一端，摆放了一个巨大的橡木

The room and furniture would have been nothing extraordinary if they had belonged to a simple northern farmer, but *Mr. Heathcliff* seems out of place in his home and style of living. He is a dark-skinned gypsy in appearance, in dress and manner a gentleman; that is, as much a gentleman as many a country landowner—rather careless of his person, perhaps, but upright and handsome, and certainly disagreeable.

"You'd better leave her alone," said *Heathcliff* roughly, pushing the animal away with his foot, as she showed me all her teeth. Then, crossing to a side door, he shouted again, "*Joseph!*"

Mr. *Heathcliff* and his man were slow to answer. Luckily, a stout woman from the kitchen, with bare arms and cheeks red from cooking, rushed into our midst and drove off the attack with a frying-pan. *Heathcliff* entered shortly after.

I told him what I thought of his dogs.

"No, thank you."

"Not bitten, are you?"

"If I had been, I would have left my mark on the biter!"

Heathcliff laughed.



碗橱，放着几排白铜碟子，而且银制的瓶罐顶到天花板。在巨大的壁炉上面，放着几支古式的旧枪和一对手枪。地是用平滑的白石铺成的，椅子是漆绿色的高背椅，而角落里躺着一条大狗和它的小狗。其它的狗则在另外的角落走着。

如果这个房子与家具属于一个纯朴的北方农家的话，那就都没有什么好奇怪的。但希刺克厉夫先生与他的住所和生活方式却是格格不入。他有一副如吉普赛人黝黑皮肤的外表，但在服装和风度上却又像个绅士；有点像普通乡绅那个样子的绅士，而且有几分不修边幅，懒散但长得并不难看，因为他体格挺直而俊秀，然而性格有些乖僻。

我在炉子旁边的一个位子上坐下来，想用手去抚摸母狗，以打发这短暂的静默。

“你最好不要理它，”希刺克厉夫粗鲁地说。就在它准备要咬我时，他就用他的脚把狗推开。然后，走到旁门叫道：“约瑟夫！”

约瑟夫在地窖里喃喃地应了几声，仍没有表示要上来的意思。于是他的主人亲自跑下去找他，留下我和这母狗以及另一对牧羊犬在一起，它们监视着我的一举一动。我静静地坐着不动，但却不得不表示我对它们的厌恶，最大的狗突然跳到我的膝上来。我把它推下去，同时拉了一张桌子横在我们中间。这动作激怒了三条所有在场的狗。因此它们也一齐冲过来，我投降了，不得不呼救。

希刺克厉夫和他的仆人慢条斯理地回应。幸运地是，一个壮硕高大的妇人从厨房里（她赤手空拳，脸孔因烹调而通红）冲到我们中间，用煎锅驱散它们的攻击。不久希刺克厉夫进来了。

“搞什么鬼？”他问道。

我告诉他，我对他的狗的看法。

“它们绝不会动一个什么都没有做的人，”他说着便把酒瓶放在我的前面，把桌子拉回到原位上，“狗应该是时时保持警戒的。要一杯酒吗？”

“不，谢谢你。”

“没有被咬到吧？”

“如果被咬到的话，我一定会如法炮制的回敬回去。”

希刺克厉夫苦笑着。

“来吧，来吧，”他说，“你受惊了，洛克伍德先生，喝一点酒。到这里来的客人很少。我承认，我和我的狗都不大懂得如何去招待客人。祝你健康，先生！”

I bowed, beginning to see that it was foolish to be annoyed with a lot of ill-behaved dogs, and feeling, too, unwilling to provide my host with further amusement by losing my temper.

He, probably realizing the foolishness of offending a good tenant, began to talk with greater politeness, and on a subject that he supposed might interest me. I found him very intelligent, and before I went home I was encouraged to offer another visit tomorrow. He showed no further wish for my company, but I shall go all the same.



我还礼，开始觉得因一群狗的失礼而生气是极愚蠢的事，而且我也不愿意再给谁当作笑料。

他也许意识到了得罪一个好房客是愚蠢的，也开始变得有礼貌了，并且谈论起我感到有趣的话题。我发现他见多识广，于是在告辞前，我鼓起勇气提出希望明天再来拜访。他显然不愿意我再来打扰的样子，但我还是想来。



Yesterday afternoon set in misty and cold. I had half a mind to spend it by my study fire, but on coming up from dinner I found the servant still trying to light it. I took my hat, and after a four miles' walk, arrived at *Heathcliff's* garden gate just in time to escape the first light feathers of a shower of snow.

On that cold hill-top the earth was hard with frost, and the air made me shiver. I knocked in vain on the front door and set the dogs barking.

I knocked a second time. The head of sour-faced *Joseph* appeared out of a round window of the storehouse.

"What do you want?" he shouted, "The master's down at the farm."

"Is there nobody to open the door?" I called.

"There's only the mistress, and she won't open, if you shout till nightfall."

"Why? Can't you tell her who I am?"

"It's not my business." His head disappeared.

The snow began to drive thickly. I was about to knock a third time, when a young man without a coat and carrying a spade came from the yard behind. He called me to follow him, and after marching through a washhouse, and a courtyard containing a coal-shed, a pump and a pigeon-house, we at length arrived in the huge, warm, cheerful room in which I was received before.

An immense fire was burning, and near the table laid for a plentiful evening meal, I was pleased to observe the "mistress".

I bowed and waited, thinking she would bid me take a seat. She looked at me, leaning back in her chair, and remained silent and unmoving.

"Rough weather," I remarked. "I had hard work, *Mrs. Heathcliff*, to make your servant hear me."

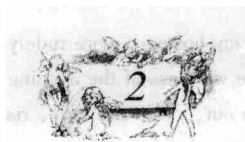
She never opened her mouth, but kept her eyes on me in a cool manner, exceedingly disagreeable.

"Sit down," said the young man roughly. "He'll be in soon."

I obeyed.

One of the dogs now came up in a more friendly manner than the first time.

"A beautiful animal," I began again. "Do you intend to keep the little ones, mad-



昨天下午，天气转冷并起雾了。我有点想在我书房的火炉边消磨时间，当我吃过饭后，一进门就看到仆人在那里引火。我拿了帽子，走了四英里路来到希刺克厉夫的花园门口时，恰好避开一阵像棉絮般的初雪。

在这荒凉的山顶，地面因霜冻变得坚硬，我被冷冽的空气刺得发抖。我徒劳地敲了好半天的门，引起一阵狗吠声。

我又敲了一阵子的门。约瑟夫不高兴的从马房的一个圆窗中探出头来。

“你有什么事吗？”他大声说道，“主人到田里去了。”

“屋里没有人开门吗？”我问道。

“只有女主人在家，你就是敲门敲到天黑，她也不会开门让你进来的。”

“为什么？你不能告诉她我是谁吗？”

“这不关我的事，”他的头又缩回去了。

雪下得更大了。我第三次敲门时，一个没有穿外套的青年，掬着一把铁铲，出现在后面的空地上。他叫我跟着他，越过洗衣间，经过一个有着煤库、抽水机与鸽笼的院子，最后到了一间宽大、温暖的房间，这是我上一次接受款待的地方。

一个大火炉正燃烧着，在摆着丰盛晚餐的桌子旁边，我很荣幸的看到了这位“太太”。

我鞠躬致意然后站着等，以为她会让我坐下来。她看着我，身子靠在椅背上，不动也不说话。

“天气很坏！”我说，“希刺克厉夫太太，我好不容易使你的仆人听到我的敲门声。”

她没有开口，只冷漠地看着我，使人感到坐立不安。

“坐下吧！”那青年粗鲁地说，“他马上就会回来的。”

我遵从他所说的。

那些狗当中的一条，现在以比第一次稍友好点的态度走过来。

“好漂亮的动物，”我接着说，“太太，你打算要饲养那些小狗吗？”

am?"

"They are not mine," said my hostess, more rudely than *Heathcliff* himself.

I repeated my remark on the wildness of the evening.

"You should not have come out," said the lady, rising and reaching for the shelf above the chimney, two painted tea tins.

Her position, before, had been sheltered from the light; now, I had a distinct view of her whole face and figure. She seemed scarcely past girlhood, with an admirable form, and the most delicate little face that I have never had the pleasure of seeing.

The tins were almost out of her reach. I made a movement for aid her. She turned on me.

"I don't want your help," she said sharply.

I hastily begged her pardon.

"Were you asked for tea?" she demanded, standing with a spoonful of tea held over the pot.

"No," I said, half smiling. "You are the proper person to ask me."

She threw the tea back, spoon and all and returned to her chair, her under-lip pushed out, like a child's, ready to cry.

Meanwhile the young man had put on some sort of a coat, and, standing before the fire, was looking down on me fiercely. I began to doubt his being a servant. Both his dress and speech were rough, his hair uncut and his hands brown as a labourer's; still, his manner was free, almost proud, and he showed no sign of waiting on the lady of the house.

Five minutes later, *Heathcliff* arrived.

"I wonder that you should choose the thick of a snowstorm to walk out in," he said, shaking the white powder from his clothes. "Do you know you run a risk of being lost? Even people familiar with these moors often miss their way on an evening like this."

"Perhaps I can get a guide from among your boys? Could you spare me one?"

"No, I could not."

"Are you going to make the tea?" asked the young man, looking at the lady.

"Is he to have any?" she asked, turning to *Heathcliff*.

"Get it ready, will you?" was the answer, so fiercely spoken that I started.

When the preparations were completed, he invited me with, "Now, sir, bring forward your chair." We all drew round the table, and the meal proceeded without further speech.

It seemed impossible that they should sit every day so unfriendly and silent. I thought, if I had caused the cloud, it was my duty to try to drive it away.

"Many could not imagine living in happiness so far from society," I began, "but