

阅读空间 · 新课标英语分级读物

英语课程标准第五级

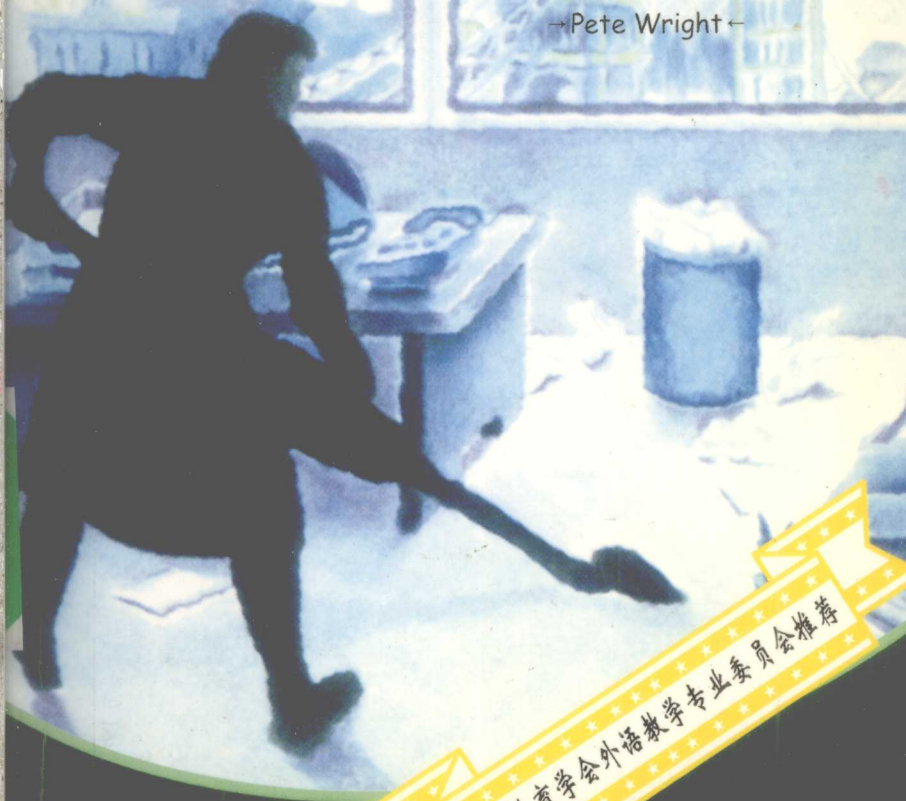
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英 汉 对 照 版

The Monster of London

伦敦怪物

→ Pete Wright ←



中国教育学会外语教学专业委员会推荐

中国电力出版社
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CENTURY ORIENTAL 世纪东方

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京权图字 01-2004-1803

图书在版编目 (CIP) 数据

伦敦怪物 = The Monster of London / (英) 赖特 (Wright, P.) 著; 史君译. —北京: 中国电力出版社, 2004

(阅读空间·新课标英语分级读物·5级)

ISBN 7-5083-2805-1

I. 伦… II. ①赖… ②史… III. 英语—阅读教学—中学—课外读物
IV. G634.413

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字 (2004) 第 105812 号

The Monster of London by Pete Wright

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伦敦怪物

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出版发行: 中国电力出版社

社 址: 北京市西城区三里河路 6 号 (100044)

网 址: <http://www.sjdf.com.cn>

印 刷: 北京地矿印刷厂

开本尺寸: 130 × 200

印 张: 3.25

字 数: 104 千字

版 次: 2005 年 2 月第 1 版 2005 年 2 月第 1 次印刷

书 号: ISBN 7-5083-2805-1

定 价: 4.00 元

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出版说明

这是一套针对英语为外语的学生而出版的世界文学名著分级读物。丛书的编写紧密结合新《英语课程标准》的要求,按难度分为6个级别,适合3至8级(即初一至高三)学生的阅读需求,帮助学生在语言技能、语言知识、学习策略和文化意识等方面达到新课标的培养目标。

这套书的英文注释版出版后,引起社会广泛关注,被迅速选定为国家教育部专项任务项目——“中小学英语真实阅读教学推广实验”的推荐用书;经中国教育学会外语教学专业委员会推荐,各地中小学英语教研员和教师正积极参与课题实验。相信该英汉对照版同样会成为各层次读者英语学习的首选。

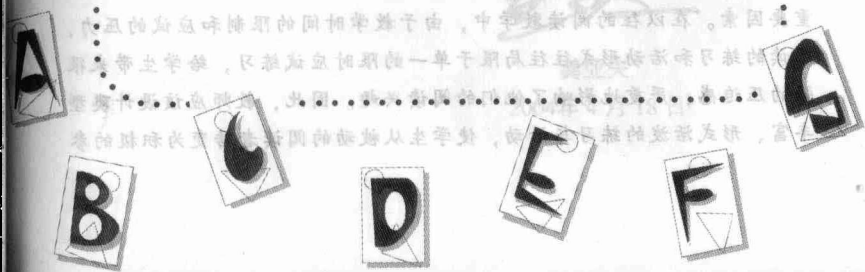
丛书主要有以下特点:

囊括西方经典文学名著,在帮助学生提高语言水平的同时,能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。

按新课标分级,英汉对照版的各册词汇量从700词到3500词,满足中学生的阅读需要。语言难度循序渐进,有助于教师拓展学生的语言知识和文化背景信息,提升学生的英语阅读技能。

语言浅显、生动、地道,以英汉对照的形式出版,既保留了英文的原汁原味,中英文双语又可为读者在阅读英文时扫除语言障碍,能够充分调动读者的阅读兴趣,使英语阅读更轻松。

希望本丛书能够高效地增强我国学生的英语阅读能力,提升他们的文学素养。



序

随着国家《英语课程标准》的颁布和实施，中小学英语教学进入了一个新的阶段。新课标对学生课外阅读量和阅读目标都提出了更高的要求。作为课堂阅读的继续和延伸，课外阅读是中学英语阅读教学中的一个重要环节。新课标对课外阅读的新要求需要广大英语教师更好地解决以下三个问题：

❶ 如何激发和持久地保持学生的阅读兴趣？

❷ 如何将课外阅读活动与课堂阅读活动有效地结合？

❸ 如何在有限的课堂教学指导下监控和评价学生的课外阅读效果？

要解决上述问题，可以从以下几个方面考虑：

阅读选材 阅读材料的题材和难度是影响学生阅读兴趣的主要因素，因此教师在选择和推荐课外阅读材料时，首先应注意阅读材料是否符合学生的认知水平和语言水平，并在两者间找到平衡点。许多材料容易读懂，但对该年龄段的学生可能内容太过浅显，引不起学生的兴趣；也许材料符合学生的心理和认知水平，但语言太难，使学生望而却步。另外，阅读材料还应给学生提供更多的英语国家文化背景知识。许多英语文学名著、寓言故事等在英语国家家喻户晓，人们在言谈、写作时往往予以引用，如同我们引用古诗词和成语一样。如果学生对此毫不了解，就会造成交流和理解上的困难。这套百本之巨的《阅读空间·新课标英语分级读物》（西方文学名著系列）是在《英语课程标准》推广以来出版规模最大的—套中小学生英语阅读丛书，选题的设计者严格按照新课标的各个级别遴选阅读材料，提倡让英语阅读更轻松、更系统、更高效，这样的主导思想和策划方案无疑是正确的。这套丛书分级明确，语言浅显、地道，且与《英语课程标准》的分级标准相匹配，教师可以根据学生的外语水平和兴趣爱好帮助学生选择。

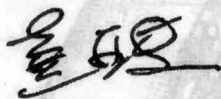
练习活动 阅读的练习和活动形式也是影响学生阅读兴趣的另一个重要因素。在以往的阅读教学中，由于教学时间的限制和应试的压力，阅读的练习和活动形式往往局限于单一的限时应试练习，给学生带来很强的压迫感，严重地影响了他们的阅读兴趣。因此，教师应该设计类型丰富、形式活泼的练习与活动，使学生从被动的阅读者转变为积极的参

并使 学生获得更多实践英语和使用英语的机会，如此才能激发和他们的阅读热情和兴趣。《阅读空间·新课标英语分级读物》丛书形式灵活，其多样化的阅读训练题型，对有意识地培养学生正确的阅读策略很有意义。这套丛书的检测训练层级清晰，从初级的看图配话、选词填空、拼字游戏、常识判断，到较深层的读前思考、推论归纳、背景知识，加上组对练习与互动讨论，明确地突出了学生语言应用能力的

系统性与连续性 阅读材料的系统性，是指根据《英语课程标准》，对语言知识、语言技能、文化意识和学习策略等几个方面，对阅读材料进行科学分级，使学生能够循序渐进，拾级而上。阅读材料的连续性，是指阅读材料的篇幅和内容的关联性能够让课堂阅读活动延续并拓展。阅读教学中经常采用的短篇限时阅读，虽然容易控制时间，提高阅读速度，但是因学生的阅读能力存在差异而不能“面向全体”，且阅读材料和单一的应试练习形式也很难将课堂阅读活动延伸到课外。市面上英文名著简写本版本虽多，但像《阅读空间·新课标英语分级读物》内容系统、分级明确，并配有大量形式多样、活泼的分项练习的，并不多。它弥补了短篇阅读理解内容相对独立，不具有连续性的缺陷，使阅读活动能够从课堂延伸到课外。学生可以自己选择他们喜欢的、适合自己的读本，教师可以通过诸如写故事梗概、预测故事情节、进行小组讨论等多样、互动的阅读练习与活动，将学生在课堂中的思维延伸到课外，并在下一次课堂教学中检验和评价学生上一次课外阅读活动成果。

希望有更多的一线教师积极总结自身的教学经验，广泛开展和参与英语教学的课题研究与探讨，总结出更好、更有效率的阅读教学方法。

中国教育学会外语教学专业委员会理事长
人民教育出版社外语分社社长



龚亚夫

2004年4月18日

Introduction

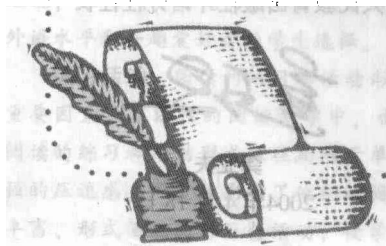
There is a "Monster" loose in London. One murder follows another with frightening regularity. Who is the killer? Will the killing ever stop?

The police don't know where to turn. They have no clues to the identity of the killer. Meanwhile, life goes on in the great city. People work, play and live their lives. The rich are still rich. The poor are still poor. The crowds come and go.

A small group of cleaning ladies work in the centre of the capital. They have their own problems. Death of a different, but equally sudden, kind is close among them. When suspicion falls on one of their number, they try to protect their friend. They join together and struggle with the blind machinery of Justice.

Finally, as one lonely woman wrestles with her sense of guilt, an unknown face, hidden in the crowds of London, makes an awful confession.

Without warning, the two paths have converged. Then...



简

介

一个“怪物”在伦敦游荡，凶杀案接连发生，而且手法残忍，很有规律。谁是杀手？杀人会停止吗？

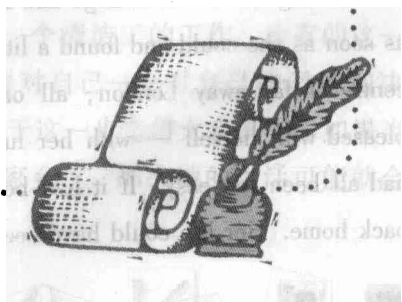
警察们不知道该从哪儿下手。他们没有杀手的任何线索。与此同时，在这个大都市里，生活还在继续。人们工作，娱乐，过日子。富人仍然富有，穷人依然贫穷。人群来来往往，忙忙碌碌。

在首都的中心一小群清洁女工在干活。她们有自己的苦恼，一起不同寻常而又突如其来的死亡事件牵连到了她们。当她们中的一个姐妹受到怀疑时，她们竭力去保护她。她们团结起来，一同与盲目的司法机制作斗争。

最后，当这个孤独的女工正在与自己的负罪感作斗争时，隐藏在伦敦汹涌的人群中的一张陌生面孔突然出现在她面前，他供认了可怕的罪行。

没有任何预兆，两条不同的道路交叉到了一起。

然后……





Life is What You Make It

Mary Muffet was a cleaner. It seemed to her that she had always been a cleaner. She had swept and scrubbed and polished her way through forty years. Where had all the time gone? Forty years of floors and toilets and dustbins. Forty years of working in a dream.

Originally, Mary had come from the North. It was colder there, colder and harder than the South, but she still missed it. Her few memories of her childhood were pleasant and comforting.

She remembered the small town nestled at the foot of the cold, high moors. She remembered fond parents and generous friends, full of mischief. Had it really been like that? Had her childhood really been so wonderful? Probably not. The mind plays tricks with the past.

One thing she was sure of; as a child she had felt she belonged and never since then had she felt the same.

Why had she come South? How had it happened? Was it really such a terrible disappointment when the boy she thought she loved married another girl? Had she even really loved him? She had never spoken directly to him of her feelings. Now, Mary could not even be certain of that. Youngsters are so strange and impetuous. She had left her home as soon as she could and found a little room and a cleaning job in the centre of far away London, all on the same day. She had been pleased with herself — with her luck and determination. Perhaps it had all been too easy. If it had been harder, she might have gone back home. Her life could have been different. Perhaps.



生活是由你自己创造的

玛丽·马弗是一个清洁工。对她来说，好像她总是清洁工。40年来，她清扫、擦洗。这所有过去的时间都到哪儿去了？40年的时间都花费在地板、厕所和垃圾箱上。40年都像在梦幻中干活。

最初，玛丽是从北方来的。北方很冷，要比南方寒冷艰苦得多，但是玛丽仍然很怀念那里。她对童年生活的那一丁点儿回忆是愉快和欣慰的。

她还记得位于寒冷的高原荒地脚下的小镇。她还记得宠爱她的父母和那些淘气的、慷慨大方的朋友们。真的是那样吗？她的童年生活真的这样美好吗？可能不是的。人的记忆总是和过去的事实开玩笑。

有一点玛丽是肯定的，那就是孩童时代她在那里感到了一种归属感，可是从那以后她再也没有过那种感觉。

她为什么要来到南方呢？怎么回事？真的是因为她看到自己爱的小伙子娶了另外一个女孩而感到伤心欲绝吗？她真的爱过他吗？她从来没有直接告诉他对他的感觉。现在，玛丽自己都不太确信自己是否真的爱过他了。年轻人就是这么奇怪，而且容易冲动。玛丽一见到机会就离开了自己的家乡，在遥远的伦敦市中心找到一间小屋子和一个清洁工的工作。所有的这一切都发生在同一天。当时玛丽对自己——对自己的运气和决心——都非常满意。可能是由于这一步走得太容易了，如果当时有些艰难，她可能已经重返家乡了，那么她的生活可能会完全不同了。也许吧。

The years — where had they all gone, dull and uneventful, steady, unremarkable?

5 A.M.

Mary Muffet stood at 5 a.m. in Charing Cross Road, in the heart of London. For a brief, terrifying moment, she had a sense of all the miles of dead brick, stone, concrete and tarmac stretching out in all directions. She felt like a tiny, dried out fly, trapped forever on an abandoned spider's web. Life was grey, carried forward by its own dreary momentum of loneliness, alarm clocks, darkness and poverty.

She shrugged her shoulders and pushed open the door of the café. The glass of the door ran on the inside with condensed water droplets. The hot smell of burnt bacon fat hit her in the face like a blow. For a second, she lost her balance. The door pushed back against her heavy stomach. She took a step backwards, regained her balance and pushed forward into the warm, heavy interior of the café.

"Hello, Mary! Over here. Charlie! Another bacon sandwich and a mug of tea for Mary. Three sugars."

Charlie, the café owner, gave no sign of hearing the order. Why should he give one? He had seen Mary enter. She had eaten the same breakfast, drunk the same strong, sweet, brown tea and sat at the same seat at the same table for as long as he could remember, summer and winter, rain and shine.

"What's up, Mary? Is your knee bad again?"

Mary Muffet put her shapeless plastic shopping bag on the floor

这么多年的时间——沉闷而平凡，一成不变且毫不起眼——都到哪儿去了？

凌晨 5 点

凌晨 5 点，玛丽·马弗站在伦敦中心的查灵十字路口。在恐怖的一瞬间，她感觉到了那些向四处延伸的死寂的砖瓦、石块、混凝土以及柏油渣。她觉得自己像是一只永远困陷在一张被废弃的蜘蛛网里逐渐干枯的苍蝇。生活是阴郁的，伴随着孤寂、闹钟、黑暗和贫穷的苦闷节奏往前熬。

她耸了耸肩，推开了一家小餐馆的门。布满水汽凝成的水滴的门玻璃随着门转向里面，一股熏肉油的热气迎面扑来，像给了她一击。刹那间她有些失去平衡了。那扇门反弹回来，打在了她的胖肚子上。她向后退了一步，重新平衡了一下身体，然后推开门走进了温暖却阴沉的小餐馆。

“早上好，玛丽！到这边来。查理，给玛丽拿一个熏肉三明治和一大杯茶，放三块糖。”

可是餐馆的主人查理好像根本没有听到这些似的。他为什么要给玛丽这些呢？他看见玛丽进来了。在他的记忆里，玛丽总是吃同样的早餐，喝同样的、又浓又甜的红茶，坐在同一张桌子旁的同一个座位上，不管是夏天还是冬天，雨天还是晴天。

“怎么了，玛丽？膝盖又不好了吗？”

玛丽·马弗把她那个不成形的塑料购物袋放到座位旁边的地



beside her seat and sank down with a sigh. She rearranged the cutlery with quick, deft movements of her surprisingly delicate hands.

The Cleaners

At this time of day, the customers in the café were mainly regulars — taxi drivers, cleaners, street sweepers, homeless alcoholics who had survived another night out in the cold, party-goers looking for something to soak up the excess alcohol. Charlie didn't mind who came in off the street, provided he couldn't smell the customer over the frying bacon and spitting eggs. He would fill another hundred plates before the greasy breakfasts became greasy midday meals.

"Cold again," said Susie, the cleaner from the nearby pet shop.

All the other cleaners sitting in the group had jobs in better places than hers — smart offices like Mary, the Old Bailey courthouse like Charlotte, the police station in Tottenham Court Road like Daisy, the bank on the corner like Ethel — but Susie liked her job. She didn't mind cleaning out the cages. The animals always looked happier in their fresh bedding.

Often, she would take one of the animals home with her to keep her company overnight. The pet shop owner probably knew, but if the animals appeared back in their cages the next day, he didn't seem to mind.

Charlie was used to the sudden screams of laughter or fright from the other cleaners, when Susie produced a snake from under her cardigan or a large spider from her sleeve. He amused himself,



板上，然后坐下，叹了口气。她用她非常灵巧的双手熟练快捷地重新摆放着面前的餐具。

清洁工

每天这个时候，餐馆里都是一些老顾客——出租车司机、清洁工、扫大街的、在外面苟延残喘了又一个寒夜的无家可归的酗酒者，还有参加完宴会来找醒酒物的食客。只要查理不能透过煎熏肉和打蛋花的味道里面闻出是哪个顾客的话，他也并不在意谁从街上进来了。在油腻的早餐变成油腻的午餐之前，他还要添满百余个盘子。

“天气又冷了。”附近一家宠物店的清洁工苏茜说道。

其他在比较好的地方干活的清洁工们坐在一起——在高档办公室干活的玛丽，在老贝利法院干活的夏洛特，在托腾哈姆法院路的警察局干活的黛茜，在拐弯处的银行干活的艾赛尔——但是苏茜喜欢她干活的地方。她并不介意打扫宠物的笼子。那些小动物们在新鲜干净的草垫上总是看起来更快乐。

苏茜经常会把一只小动物带回家，让它陪自己过夜。宠物店主很可能知道这件事，但只要他看到那些小动物第二天出现在它们的笼子里，他似乎并不介意。

查理已经习惯了这些清洁工们突然发出的笑闹或者恐惧的尖叫声，因为苏茜经常会突然从开襟毛衣里掏出一条蛇，或者从袖子里掏出一只大蜘蛛。查理一边做饭，穿肉串，招呼



as he cooked and prodded, turned and served, poured and stirred, by imagining how the different creatures would fry up. He pictured snakes and kittens, sliced, crisply fried and waiting on the thick, white plates along with chips and baked beans and soft white bread spread with cheap, yellow margarine.

Charlie was a strange man. It was rumoured among the customers that his wife was stunningly beautiful. Perhaps it was an exaggeration. How could any woman bear to stay with a man whose skin stank of overheated fat? Perhaps she had no sense of smell! Perhaps she was short-sighted too — or mad!

The cleaning women often debated the question in outrageously loud voices. Charlie ignored them. He knew the truth. No one else would ever know.

“Did you hear about the ‘Monster’?”

Daisy savoured the word as it rolled over her tongue and crept out past her full lips. The other women leant forward expectantly.

“He’s killed another! No one survives a meeting with this particular beast!”

“What does he do?” asked Ethel, eyes wide, mouth wet and pointed, as if she was still holding the round “o” of the last vowel.

“They won’t say...” Charlotte had followed the story day by day as it headed towards the front page of the early editions of her newspaper, “...they’re not releasing any details in case people start copying his style.”

“What sort of perverted people do they think we are?” said Mary indignantly.



顾客，侍弄饮食，一边自娱自乐，想象着如何去煎苏茜拿出的这些动物。他想象着把蛇和小猫切片油煎，然后和薯片、烤豆以及抹着一层廉价人造黄油的白面包片一起放在厚厚的白盘子里，等着顾客来享用。

查理是一个很怪异的人。餐馆的顾客传言说他的妻子非常美丽。也许这样说有些夸张。哪一个女人能忍受和一个浑身散发出油烟恶臭的男人呆在一起？要不然就是她没有嗅觉吧！也许她还近视——或者疯了！

这些清洁女工经常大声讨论这个问题。查理根本不理她们。他知道事情的真相，但其他人就知道了。

“听说那个‘怪物’的事情了吗？”

黛茜在慢慢品尝着“怪物”这个词，让它从她的舌头上卷过，然后爬出厚嘴唇。其他女人的身体都向前倾，期待她说下去。

“他又杀死了一个！遇到这个怪物的人没有一个能活下来！”

“他是做什么的？”艾赛尔瞪大眼睛问道，湿嘴巴端得圆圆的突向前，好像仍在发最后一个元音。

“他们不肯说……”由于这个事件逐渐上升到了晨报的头版，夏洛特也开始天天关注起来，“……他们不肯透露任何细节，以防人们开始模仿那个怪物的杀人方法。”

“他们以为我们都变态啊？”玛丽气愤地说。



"Who was the victim this time?" interrupted Charlie from behind the counter. He moved the giant enamelled teapot to one side, so he could lean forward and hear the conversation above the sizzle of the food on the hot plate.

"Another banker!" said Ethel. "It's not often that bankers get killed. It's normally some poor old pensioner robbed and murdered for the few pence in her purse. No, the rich don't usually get themselves killed." Ethel was knowledgeable about such matters. She read her paper carefully every weekday morning on the bus from Stratford in East London.

The conversation went on, but by the time she had to hurry away to start work, Mary was not much the wiser about "The Monster of London".

Monster of London.

Victims: 3

Witnesses: 0

Clues: 0

Prediction: more victims to come!

The Offices

"Come here, Muffet. You'll have to work late today. The manager is having a breakfast conference of his top staff at 10 a. m.," said the office organiser. His voice had its usual hard, nasal edge, as if he was daring the listener to disagree with him.

"Breakfast? Breakfast at ten o'clock?" thought Mary, puzzled.

The man continued, "We need someone to clear up after them. Is that OK — yes, good?" He walked away without waiting for an answer to

