

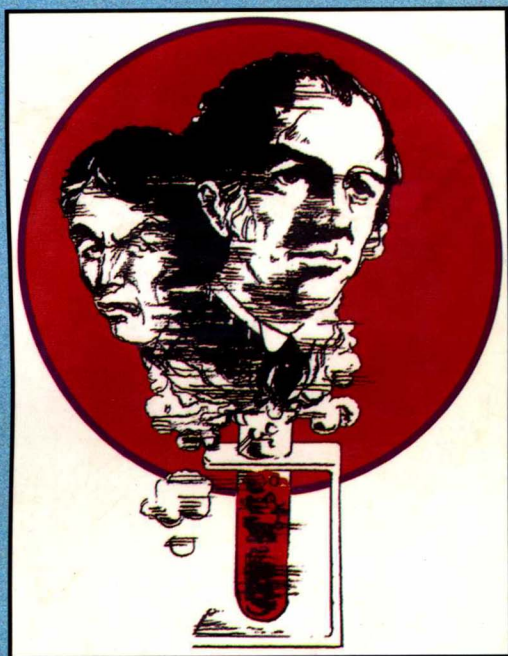
有声名著精选

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Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde

化身博士

Robert Louis Stevenson



西蒙与舒斯特国际出版公司

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江南大学图书馆



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A PACEMAKER CLASSIC: Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde

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序

世界图书出版公司北京公司出版的《有声名著精选》乃是很好的泛读及听说材料,适合高中及大学低年级学生学英语之用,对于自学英语的人也非常合适。其特点大致有四:

一、简写本出自西方语言学专家之手,文字流畅,语言规范,用词造句都是经过深思熟虑的,完全合乎现代英语习惯。改写者极为重视词汇、语法及修辞的基本用法,力求文字清新流畅,浅显易懂,准确而且实用。很多句子本身便是某一词汇、语法用法的很好的例句。

二、简写本多为欧美文学经典作品,这些作品在不同程度上反映欧美社会的各个方面。尤其是一些进步作家如:狄更斯、马克·吐温,他们在作品中深刻地剖析了他们自己所处的社会,读这些作品比读西方政治经济学还有益处。文化背景知识不是可有可无的,只有较广泛地了解欧美社会的各个方面,欧美人的生活、风俗、习惯,以及各种价值观念,才有可能在实际工作中得心应手地使用语言,应付裕如。

三、简写本的中文前言分别对原著作者、时代背景、内容梗概及作品特点作了介绍,并附有人物表,相信对读者进一步理解作品会有所帮助。

四、与简写本配套的朗读磁带,语音语调纯正,可以作为学习发音的楷模。

广泛阅读是学习英语的必由之径。精泛并举,“两条腿走路”,方能掌握语言。精读提供理性知识,泛读提供感性知识,二者不可或缺。通过泛读,许多语言现象会被自然而然地吸收、掌握。这些

词汇及语法现象在泛读中重复出现多次,读者不需强记便能正确地掌握他们,而且不会忘记。所以广泛阅读乃是学习外语的重要环节,不可忽视。简写本为泛读提供了方便。

这些简写本的出版非常及时,希望以后还有更多的简写本出版,以飨读者。

上海复旦大学外文系教授

索天章

1997年5月

前言

本书原著作者罗伯特·路易斯·斯蒂文森(Robert Louis Stevenson, 1850~1894)是19世纪后期新浪漫主义小说派的代表作家。斯蒂文森生于苏格兰爱丁堡,父亲是灯塔工程师,想让斯蒂文森继承父业。年轻的罗伯特虽为独子,却坚持要走自己的路。他17岁时求学于爱丁堡大学,先学习工程,后改学法律。然而当他通过律师考试时,发现自己对法律失去了兴趣,于是开始从事写作。

斯蒂文森23岁时身患肺结核,终身未愈。他被送往法国南部疗养。从那时起,他游历四方,寻找最适于身体休养的地方。他喜欢旅游,参观不同的地方,学习不同的文化。这种对旅游和探险的爱好反映在他著名的小说《金银岛》(Treasure Island, 1883)和《诱拐》(Kidnapped, 1886)中。

斯蒂文森的作品带有19世纪初浪漫主义文学的色彩。《化身博士》(Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, 1886)以其对心理和道德的关注使人们回想起18世纪末和19世纪初的哥特式恐怖小说。

律师G.J.阿特森(G.J. Utterson)曾为朋友亨利·杰克尔博士(Dr. Henry Jekyll)立过一个遗嘱,规定海得(Edward Hyde)为唯一继承人。后发现海得是一个作恶多端的人。阿特森对这件事感到困惑不解。他找到杰克尔的老友哈斯汀·兰杨博士(Dr. Hastie Lanyon),打听海得,后者却从未听说过这个人。

海得因涉嫌谋杀丹佛斯·卡鲁爵士(Sir Danvers Carew)被警方通缉。同时,哈斯汀·兰杨也因病去世。他临终时给阿特森写了封信,交代一定要在杰克尔死后或失踪后才能打开。

杰克尔博士失踪了。阿特森和杰克尔的管家波利(Poole)怀

疑海得杀了杰克尔后又假装他躲在书房里。他们破门而入发现了海得的尸体,却没找到杰克尔。他们发现了一张写给阿特森的条子,要阿特森去读兰杨临终时给他写的信,以及一封杰克尔的自白书。

兰杨在信中记述了一天晚上海得拜访了他,并当着他的面喝下了一种药,然后就变成了杰克尔!

杰克尔在自白书里写到:他从小就过着双面人的生活。他认为每个人都有双重性,有善良的一面,也有丑恶的一面。于是他发明了一种药,喝了药就变成了另外一个人——海德。他把自己恶的倾向都注入到了海得体内,作为杰克尔时则保留了善。这样,杰克尔因道德高尚、学识渊博而得到尊敬,海得却因作恶多端受到人们的厌恶。可是,杰克尔渐渐无法控制,他后悔不已,只有用自杀寻求解脱。

作品表现了善与恶的激烈搏斗,对其后的科幻小说产生了很大的影响。

北京外国语大学英语 苏琦

1997年4月

Cast of Characters

| | |
|---------------------|---|
| Dr. Henry Jekyll | A well-respected London physician |
| Mr. Edward Hyde | Dr. Jekyll's evil self |
| Mr. G. J. Utterson | Dr. Jekyll's lawyer and old friend |
| Mr. Richard Enfield | Mr. Utterson's cousin |
| Dr. Hastie Lanyon | An old and close friend of both Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Utterson |
| Poole | Dr. Jekyll's butler |
| Inspector Newcomen | A detective of Scotland Yard |
| Mr. Guest | A clerk who works for Mr. Utterson |
| Sir Danvers Carew | An elderly gentleman |
| Bradshaw | A footman who works for Dr. Jekyll |

Introduction

Almost a hundred years ago Robert Louis Stevenson wrote *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. It was popular then, as it is today. Plays and movies have been made of the story. Even TV has used the idea. Who has not seen it in one form or another? The picture of a good man who becomes evil when he takes a drug has been painted many times. Still, it stays in the minds of all who have seen it.

In the 1800s, we knew little about drugs. We knew even less about what drugs can do to the mind. How could Robert Louis Stevenson have seen so far ahead? It seems that the idea for *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* came to Stevenson in a dream. He wrote it down in a few weeks, even though he was very sick with tuberculosis at the time. His wife read it and thought it was the worst story he had ever written. Because she was so upset, Stevenson burned his only copy.

Not long after that he changed his mind. He decided to write it again. According to his wife, it took him all of six days to do it. It was accepted by a publisher in London. But it became more popular in the United States than in England.

To this day the story is a lesson to everyone. It is a lesson about drugs and how they can change anyone who uses them.

Introduction

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1

Story of the Door

Mr. Utterson, the lawyer, was a man who didn't smile often. Yet he had many good friends who liked him. He was a strict man, but he had a good nature. Really, he was more strict with himself than with other people. For he believed in the saying, "Live and let live."

One day Utterson and his cousin Richard Enfield were taking a walk through London. It was sometime in the late 1800s. They came upon a bright, cheerful street, full of shops. All the houses and shops had been newly painted, but one. It was the one house that didn't face the street. All you could see was the back. The house had two floors, but no windows could be seen. In fact, you could only make out an unpainted wall and an old door that was very dirty.

"Have you ever noticed that door?" Enfield asked Mr. Utterson. "Something very strange once happened to me, right near this door."

"And what was that?" asked Mr. Utterson.

"Well, it was this way," Enfield began. "I was coming home from some place at the end of the world, one cold winter morning, about three o'clock. No one was on the street. It was dark, and

I would have felt better if there had been a policeman around.

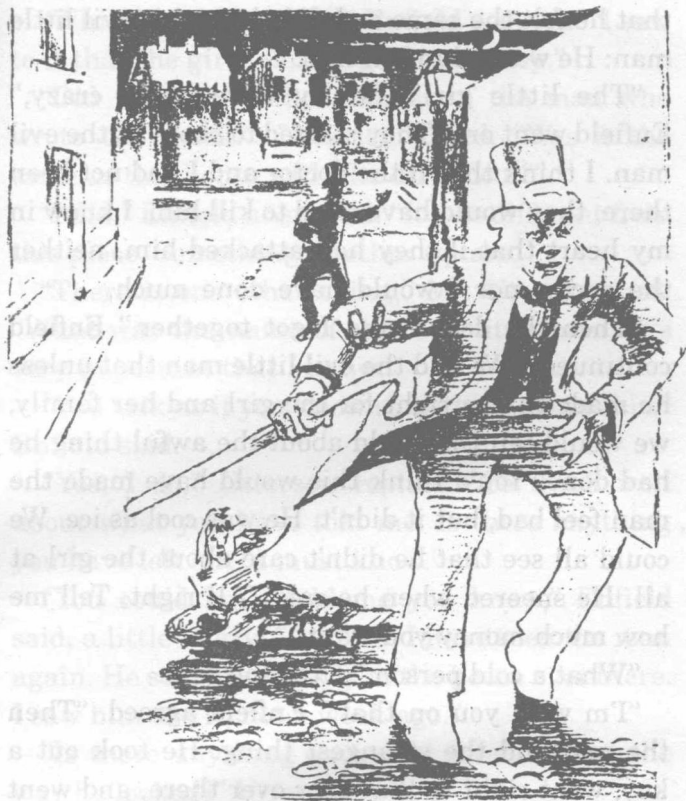
"Suddenly," Enfield went on, "from where I stood, I saw two people. They were both headed toward the corner, from either side. One was a little girl in shabby clothes. The other was a small man, well dressed. He was walking very fast. When they both came to the corner, they ran right into each other. I couldn't believe what happened then. The little man knocked the girl down and walked right over her!"

"By mistake?" asked Utterson.

"I think he wanted to do it," Enfield said. "He didn't even stop. He left her crying in the street. It was an ugly thing to do. It was even uglier to see. He was walking away, leaving the poor girl hurt and crying.

"I ran after him and grabbed him by the coat. I took him back to where some people had gathered around the little girl. These people were her family. They had sent her sister to get a doctor.

"Once we were near the streetlight," Enfield continued, "I got a good look at the man who ran the girl down. He was short and ugly. But there was more to it than that. There was something about him that could almost make you sick, just looking at him. It was as if something *evil* lived inside him.



"Just then the doctor arrived," Enfield added. "He looked at the hurt girl and said she would be all right. The doctor seemed to be one of those men who stay cool, no matter what kind of terrible sight he sees. He took one look at the ugly man I held by the coat. I could see by the doctor's face

that he felt the same as I did about this evil little man: He wanted to kill him.

"The little girl's family were going crazy," Enfield went on. "They started to shout at the evil man. I think that if the doctor and I had not been there, they would have tried to kill him. I knew in my heart that if they had attacked him, neither the doctor nor I would have done much.

"Then the doctor and I got together," Enfield continued. "We told the evil little man that unless he made things right for the girl and her family, we would tell the world about the awful thing he had done. You'd think this would have made the man feel bad, but it didn't. He was cool as ice. We could all see that he didn't care about the girl at all. He sneered when he said, 'All right. Tell me how much money you want.'"

"What a cold person," Utterson said.

"I'm with you on that," Enfield agreed. "Then the man did the strangest thing. He took out a key, went right to that door over there, and went inside. He came out in a few minutes with a check for a lot of money. But it wasn't signed by him. The name on the check was that of a well liked, very good man. A man all of London knows. I told him I didn't think a man so good could have a friend so evil. I also said that the check might be a fake. He sneered again and said, 'Don't worry. I will stay with you until the banks open.'"

"Which is what he did," Enfield went on. "I saw to it that the girl's family got the money."

"Did you notice the address of the man who wrote the check?" Utterson asked. "Was it the same as this house with the dirty door?"

"I did," Enfield answered. "It was different from this place. Something or other square."

"There is one other thing," Mr. Utterson said. "What was the name of this evil little man? It's very important that I know."

"You talk as if you know something about this," Enfield said.

"Yes, I do," Utterson replied. "So think well about what you have told me. Is there anything you have left out? I must know."

"You could have told me you knew," Enfield said, a little angry. "But yes. I have seen the man again. He still has the key to the house over there. I saw him use it, not a week ago."

"Is there anything you want to add about the way he looked?" Utterson asked.

"Only that he is so evil that he makes you think there is something wrong with the whole form of his body. Yet I can't tell you just what he looks like, even though I can still see his face—that evil, evil face."

"And his name?" Utterson asked.

"Hyde," Enfield said, "Mr. Edward Hyde!"

2

Search for Mr. Hyde

That night Mr. Utterson came home feeling very low. He ate his dinner without tasting it. Most Sundays, when his meal was over, he would sit in his chair by the fire and read a good book. He would read until he heard the church bells at midnight, then go to bed. But this Sunday, as soon as his meal was over, he took a candle and went to his office in the house. There, he opened his safe and, from its most secret part, took out a paper. It was Dr. Jekyll's will.

The will was only a copy. When Dr. Jekyll had made it, Mr. Utterson had said he would have no part of it. He had said this once he knew what was in it. The will stated that in case Dr. Jekyll died, everything he had would go to his "good friend, Mr. Edward Hyde." The will went on to say that in case Dr. Jekyll, for any reason, "should be missing for more than three months," Mr. Hyde would step right into Dr. Jekyll's shoes. All Mr. Hyde had to do was to give some money to the people who worked for Dr. Jekyll.

Mr. Utterson had never liked this will. He hardly ever looked at it. Up until now, he was

angry at this Mr. Hyde, though he had never seen him. But now that Enfield had told him how evil Hyde was, Utterson was even more angry. Why would a good man like Dr. Jekyll leave all he had to such a wicked man?

"At first I thought Jekyll was going mad," Mr. Utterson said to himself. "Now I think it's worse. I think this Mr. Hyde has something on Dr. Jekyll."

Saying this, Mr. Utterson put out his candle. He put on his hat and coat and went to Cavendish Street, a very rich part of town. It was on Cavendish Street that the great Dr. Lanyon lived. "If anyone knows about this, it will be Lanyon," Mr. Utterson muttered to himself. "After all, Lanyon is one of Jekyll's closest friends."

Dr. Lanyon's butler brought Mr. Utterson right to Dr. Lanyon. The doctor was having dinner. He was sitting alone at a table, drinking wine.

Dr. Lanyon was a big man, a bit fat, with a healthy red face. He talked loudly and liked to make jokes. He was always great fun to be with. His hair was white, even though he wasn't very old. As soon as Lanyon saw Mr. Utterson, he smiled happily and rose from the table. The two men shook hands warmly. The doctor and Mr. Utterson were very old friends.

"I suppose, Lanyon," the lawyer said, "you and I must be the two oldest friends of Henry Jekyll's."