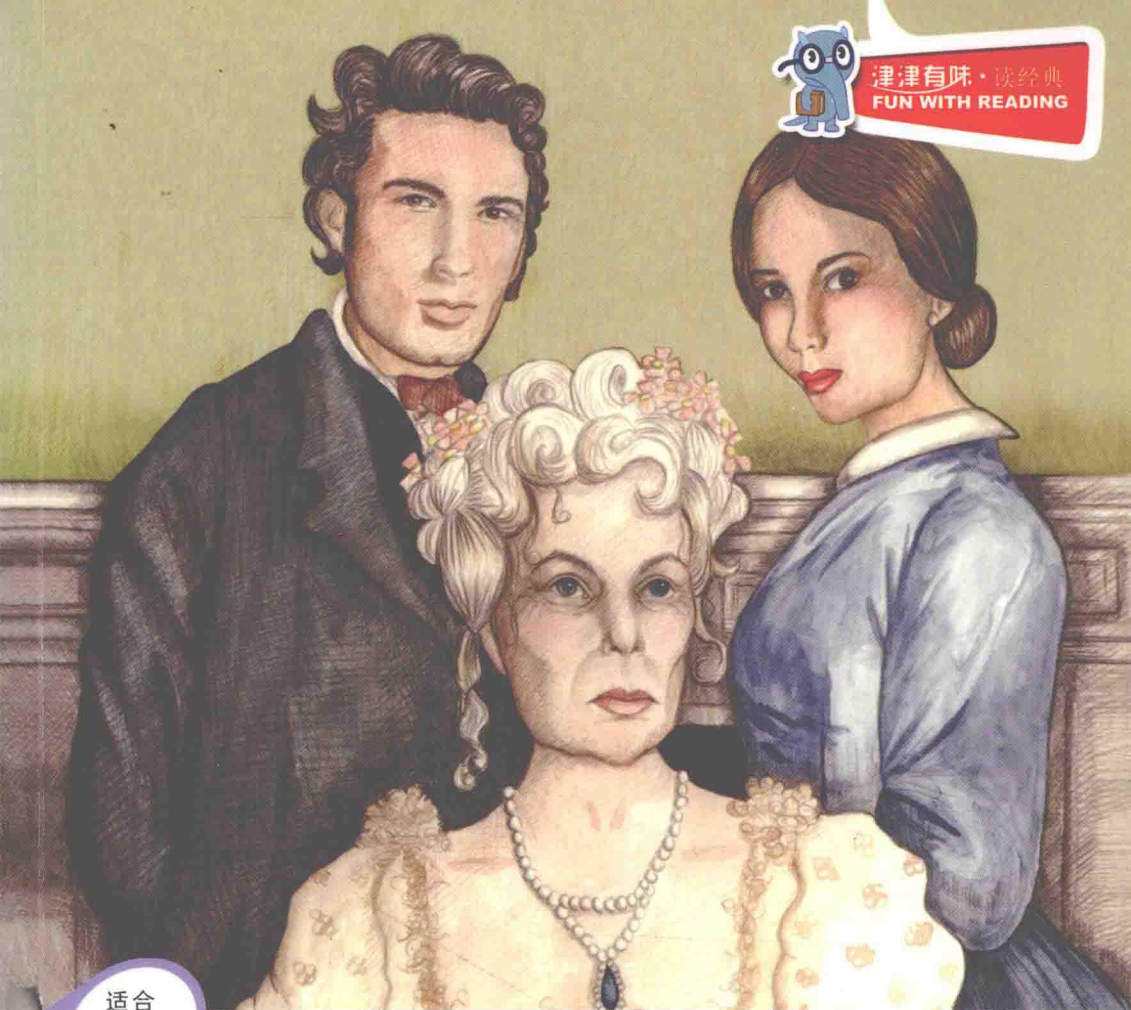




津津有味·读经典
FUN WITH READING



适合
高二、高三
年级

Great Expectations

远大前程

Charles Dickens (英国) 原著
Pieter Koster (澳大利亚) 改写

 译林出版社

英文分级阅读

互动表演剧本

全文美音朗读

配套评价手册

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英语阅读的津津三味

——《津津有味·读经典》推荐序

读书最美妙的境界是读得津津有味。

我想，对于中小學生，英語閱讀要讀出三味才算是津津有味。

津津第一味，是讀出好成績。國家《義務教育英語課程標準》（2011年版）和國家《普通高中英語課程標準》（實驗）都規定了中小學生的英語閱讀量，要求學生每年課外閱讀一定量的英文讀物。用課外的閱讀提高自己的英語成績，肯定是我們進行課外閱讀的一個基本願望。如何實現呢？這需要有相應的配套活動指導，因為這些活動可以把我們在閱讀中獲得的語感轉化為我們考試中可以表現出來的語言運用能力。

津津第二味，是讀出寬視野。我們通過閱讀認知我們無法靠自己生活的直接經驗認知的世界，我們可以通過閱讀穿越到任何時代，與大師為伍，與英雄比肩，入宮廷痛斥國王，到小村體恤貧民。我們不僅可以因此而曉知天下，更可因此與人廣泛交流。

津津第三味，是讀出高素養。閱讀是學習，學習知識，更學習做人的道理、做事的方法、分析的思路、明辨的條理、批評的路徑、建構的框架。閱讀是體驗，體驗如何淡泊明志、如何激揚文字，如此等等，豐富我們的人生理解，提高我們的綜合素養。

你肯定会问，如此三味，需要太多课外时间，我本无多少课外时间，是否可以聚合一体？

当然可以。

《津津有味·读经典》就是一套可以让你读出津津三味的读物。这套读物不仅符合国家《义务教育英语课程标准》（2011年版）和国家《普通高中英语课程标准》（实验）的要求，更是汇集了西方文学经典，更为难得的是，英语语言优美而又符合我国学生语言水平，同时附有表演短剧剧本、纯正地道MP3和自主评价手册。

如此，你可以开卷“悦读”了吧！

期待你读出津津三味！



教育部英语课程标准组专家 鲁子问

导 读

《远大前程》是十九世纪最有影响的经典小说之一，为英国现实主义文学大师、著名作家查尔斯·狄更斯所著。狄更斯有着丰富的人生经历，对人、对社会都有着深刻的认识，而他所有成熟的思想认识都汇集在《远大前程》一书中。该书以高超的艺术手法描绘了英国十九世纪的社会图景，塑造出了令人难忘的人物形象。

故事的主人公匹普是个孤儿，他从小就和姐姐、姐夫生活在一起。一个偶然的机，匹普得到了匿名捐赠，捐赠人资助匹普到伦敦接受上等教育，进入上流社会。匹普满心欢喜地来到伦敦，学习如何成为一名真正的绅士。环境改变了匹普，他变得热衷于追求财富与名利，并开始鄙视童年的家庭和朋友。为了追求自己所谓的“远大前程”，匹普慢慢地丧失了判断是非的能力。一番曲折之后，匹普失去了财富。人生的大起大落使匹普终于明白了应该怎样去寻求自己的幸福，懂得了友谊、爱情的意义，并最终成长为一个更加成熟的人。

该书自出版以来，一直畅销至今，被译成几十种文字。

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How I Met “My” Convict

Preview Questions

1. Do you or anyone you know have a nickname? What is it?
2. In what kind of situation might a person meet a convict?
3. Why would someone want to visit a graveyard?

My father’s family name was Pirrip, and my parents named me Philip. When I was very young, I couldn’t say my name properly. I said it was Pip, so that’s what people called me.

I don’t remember my father or my mother. They both died when I was a baby. They were buried in the churchyard, along with my five brothers, who all died before I knew them. The only one who lived was my sister, who was more than twenty years older than me. She married the **blacksmith**, Joe Gargery, and I lived with Mr. and Mrs. Joe Gargery near the **marshes** beside the river. There were not many trees, and it was always cold, wet, and windy.

Late one afternoon, when it was colder, wetter, and windier than usual, I was at the churchyard looking at the **graves** of my family. There was Philip Pirrip and Georgiana, the wife of the above. There was also Alexander, Bartholomew, Abraham, Tobias, and Roger, **infant** children of the above. Weeds grew around the graves. I looked at the marshes and toward the river. The sea was twenty miles away, but the cold wind came from there. I **shivered**.

A terrible voice behind me said, “Come here! Don’t make a noise, or I will cut your throat!”

I didn’t make a noise as a frightening man dressed in grey

clothes came toward me from the graves near the church. He had an iron ring on his leg. His shoes were worn out. He had no hat. Instead, he wore a rag on his head. His clothes were wet and muddy, and there were scratches and cuts on his hands and face. He nodded and shivered. His eyes were red.

Coming close, he took hold of me by the **chin**.

“Please don’t cut my throat,” I cried. “Please don’t!”

He **growled**, “What’s your name?”

I replied, “Pip, sir.”

“Where do you live?”

I pointed to the village, about a mile away.

The man looked at me. Then he turned me upside down and shook me to empty my pockets. All I had was a small piece of old bread. He **snatched** it up and ate it. He seemed very hungry.

“I could eat you,” he growled, looking at me again, exactly as if he might.

I begged him not to eat me.

He asked, “Where’s your mother?”

“There, sir!” I pointed to the grave. “Georgiana. That’s my mother.”

“Is that your father next to her?”

I nodded.

“Who do you live with?”

“My sister, sir. Mrs. Joe Gargery, the blacksmith’s wife.”

He looked at the iron ring on his leg and **grunted**, “Blacksmith, eh?” He took hold of both my arms and put his face close to mine looking into my eyes.

“You get me a **file** and some food. Bring them to me here tomorrow, or I will cut your heart out! And don’t tell anyone that you saw me. I have a young friend hiding with me. He loves to cut open small boys and take their hearts. I am stopping him now,

but he would love to get your heart.”

I promised to get what he wanted. He let me go, and I went toward home. I looked back to see him **limping** into the marshes. I looked for the other young man he had mentioned, but I couldn't see him. I ran home without stopping.

My sister, Mrs. Joe Gargery, the blacksmith's wife, had strong hands, and she used them to hit me and her husband quite often. When I got home that afternoon, Joe warned me that Mrs. Joe was out looking for me.

“She has the tickler with her,” he added.

The tickler was a stick that she used to hit us if she thought her hand was not enough. I hid behind the door, but she found me there soon enough. She hit me and then threw me at her husband.

“Where have you been?” she shouted.

“Only at the churchyard,” I said, crying.

“The churchyard! If I hadn't looked after you, you would have stayed there for a long time. I don't know why I brought you up! It's bad enough being a blacksmith's wife without being your mother. I'll end up in the churchyard myself one day. Then what will you do?”

That evening, we had a piece of bread for tea. I put mine in my pocket. Joe thought that I had eaten it very quickly. Mrs. Joe complained that I should not eat so quickly. She gave me a long drink of tar-water to cure me. Tar-water tasted very bad and did no good, but she often made me drink it as if it was a punishment. She made Joe drink some, too.

It was Christmas Eve, and I had to do some small jobs in the kitchen. I hid my piece of bread in my room. Just before going to bed, I heard a gunshot. Joe explained that a **convict** had escaped, and the police fired the gun to warn everybody. I asked some

more questions, but Mrs. Joe was annoyed.

She yelled, "You ask too many questions, boy!"

Joe asked, "Didn't you hear the gunshot last night? One escaped then, and now another one has escaped."

I asked, "Where did they escape from?"

Mrs. Joe replied, "Did I bring you up just so that you could worry me to death with questions? They escaped from the Hulks."

Mrs. Joe was very annoyed, so I had to ask carefully, but I found out that Hulks were prison ships and that people were put there for murdering and stealing. Then she sent me to bed.

Lying in bed, I thought about the Hulks. That's where I would be one day, I thought. I was asking too many questions, and in the morning, I was going to rob Mrs. Joe. I was very frightened, and I did not sleep very well that night. I got up very early the next morning and went to the **pantry** while Joe and Mrs. Joe were still sleeping. It was still dark. I stole some bread, a piece of cheese, and some cooked meat. I poured some brandy from the stone bottle into a smaller bottle and then replaced the brandy with some water from a **jug** in the kitchen. I found a pork pie and took that, too. Then I got a file from Joe's box of tools. I took them all with me and ran to the churchyard.

It was wet and cold that morning. It was difficult to see anything in the mist that lay on the ground. Suddenly, I saw a man sitting near the river and thought it was the man I had seen the day before. It wasn't, but he was very similar to him. He had the same clothes and the same iron ring on his leg, but he had a different face. The man by the river saw me and tried to hit me before he ran away. I thought it must be the young man who liked cutting boys open and taking their hearts.

At the churchyard, the man whom I had met the day before was waiting for me. He looked very sick and ate the food quickly.

Then he drank the brandy. He ate and drank like a dog, looking around him all the time.

I asked him, "Aren't you leaving any for your friend?"

"Who? No, he doesn't need any food."

"He looked as if he did."

When I told him about the other man I saw, he was very surprised.

He asked, "Did he have a mark on the left side of his face?"

He did, and I told him so.

Excitedly, he said, "Where is he? I'll catch him!"

I showed him which way the man by the river had run, and he began to file at the iron ring on his leg.

I said goodbye to him, but he didn't notice, and I went back home.

Review Questions

1. Where did Pip's nickname come from?
2. Who does Pip live with?
3. Why did Pip steal food from his own house?

Christmas Dinner at the Blacksmith's Home

Preview Questions

1. What is a typical Christmas dinner like?
2. What will happen when Pip's sister discovers some food is missing?
3. What is your opinion of Joe?

I expected to find a police officer in the kitchen, waiting to take me to the Hulks. However, Mrs. Joe was very busy preparing for the Christmas dinner, and my crime had not been detected yet.

“Where have you been?” asked Mrs. Joe.

I said I had been to hear the **carols**.

“I wish I could go to hear the carols,” she said angrily. She told me to clean the floor. My sister had the rare talent of making a clean house feel more uncomfortable than a dirty house!

She sent Joe and me to church for the Christmas service. My clothes were very uncomfortable, but I was even more uncomfortable in my soul. I was terrified of the young man who might still find me and cut out my heart, and I was terrified that my crime would be detected and that the police would send me to the Hulks.

We had some guests to **dine** with us for Christmas. They were Mr. Wopsle, the church clerk; Mr. Hubble, the **wheelwright**, and his wife; and Uncle Pumblechook, who had a shop in the town. Uncle Pumblechook brought two bottles of wine and gave them to Mrs. Joe, as he did every Christmas.

I never enjoyed the Christmas dinner. Every Christmas, it was the same. This year it was even worse. I had to sit at a corner of the

table and was not allowed to speak, and I was only given all the worst bits of food. Worse than all of this, however, was the fact that everyone at the table always talked about me or constantly reminded me to be thankful. Everyone at the table complained about children and their bad behavior, and they told me how lucky I was to have a sister like Mrs. Joe. Mrs. Joe told them about all my illnesses that caused her so much trouble.

“He’d have been dead and buried long ago if I had not looked after him,” she **boasted**.

“I hope he is thankful,” said Uncle Pumblechook.

Mrs. Joe offered him some brandy. The terror inside me suddenly swelled. I was sure that he would discover that I had put water in the brandy. I held onto the leg of the table as I watched him. Uncle Pumblechook picked up the glass and looked at the brandy. Then he threw his head back and drank all the brandy at once.

The next instant, he jumped up, turned around several times, gave a shout and began coughing. He ran to the door and went outside. I was sure that I had murdered him somehow. When he finally came back into the house alive, I was very pleased.

He announced in a very unpleasant tone, “Tar!” His face was red, and tears came from his eyes.

I realized that I had **accidentally** put tar-water in the brandy.

My sister **exclaimed** with surprise, “How could there be tar in the brandy?”

Uncle Pumblechook wanted some **gin**, so Mrs. Joe hurried to the kitchen to get some. Then Mrs. Joe ordered clean plates for the pork pie. I knew that my crime would be discovered now as Mrs. Joe went out to get the pie from the pantry.

Joe whispered to me, “You shall have some, Pip!”

Joe’s kind offer was lost on me. I was too busy imagining how

Mrs. Joe would kill me for taking the pie.

When I couldn't take it another moment, I jumped off my chair and ran for the door. I opened it and found to my surprise a group of soldiers there. One of them held out a pair of **handcuffs** to me.

I ran back to the kitchen, forgetting to close the door behind me. At that moment, Mrs. Joe was coming back from the pantry.

"What's happened to the pie?" she asked. Before anyone could answer, the soldiers came in and everybody stood up. The **sergeant** spoke.

"I am **chasing** some convicts," he said. "I need the blacksmith to fix these handcuffs!"

The sergeant held them out in front of him. Joe looked at the handcuffs and told him it would take about two hours to fix them. I began to feel better when I realized that the handcuffs were not for me.

"We are looking for two convicts," repeated the sergeant. "Has anyone here seen them?"

All of the guests said they hadn't. I didn't say anything, but nobody noticed.

While we all watched Joe working on the handcuffs, the soldiers and the other guests drank two bottles of wine. They even gave some to me.

When Joe had finished with the handcuffs, he suggested that some of us should go with the soldiers to see if we could be of any help. Uncle Pumblechook and Mr. Hubble decided to stay in the house, but Mr. Wopsle said he would go with Joe and the soldiers, and Mrs. Joe agreed that I could go, too.

She told Joe, "If he gets his head blown off by a gun, don't ask me to fix him!"

As we set out for the marshes, the sergeant told us to stay

behind the soldiers.

"I hope they don't catch them," I whispered to Joe.

"So do I," he whispered back to me.

I realized that if we found them, my "friend" might think I helped the soldiers to find him. Then the young man would take my heart for sure.

The wind was very cold that Christmas afternoon, and to make matters worse, it began to rain. Joe picked me up and carried me on his shoulders. We walked through the marshes, but we could not see any convicts.

Then we heard a long, loud shout. As the soldiers moved toward the noise, there was more shouting.

A voice cried, "Murder!"

Another voice cried, "Escaped convicts!"

We found the two convicts rolling on the wet ground, shouting and fighting. The soldiers pulled them apart. Both of them were bleeding.

"Remember," said the convict whom I had helped, "I caught him. Remember that!"

"It won't do you any good," said the sergeant.

He laughed and told the sergeant, "It is doing me good already! I caught him. He knows it. That is enough for me."

The other convict **protested**, "He tried to murder me!"

"I don't want to murder you," said my convict. "I can make you suffer much more by putting you back in the Hulks! Why should I murder you?"

"He tried to murder me," repeated the other convict.

"He's a **liar**," said the first convict. "He was a liar when we were tried together, and he is still a liar now."

The two men tried to hit each other again, but the soldiers held them apart. Then the convict who had eaten the food I had

stolen saw me. I shook my head and moved my hands trying to tell him that I had not brought the soldiers to find him.

The soldiers put handcuffs on both convicts and made them walk to the river. We went with them. When we reached a small wooden hut with a jetty into the river and a boat tied up, the soldiers put the second convict on the boat and took him to the Hulks. While we waited for the boat to return, the convict that remained told the guard that he had stolen some food, including a pork pie, from the blacksmith.

The sergeant asked Joe, "Have you lost a pie?"

"Yes, my wife did, just as you came in," said Joe.

"So you are the blacksmith," said the convict. "I'm sorry. I ate your pie because I was hungry."

Joe said that it did not matter. He wouldn't like the convict to die because he didn't have anything to eat.

Then the boat arrived and took the convict away to the Hulks.

Joe put me on his back and carried me home again. Mr. Wopsle was tired and often had to sit down and rest on the wet ground on our way back. I decided not to tell anyone that the convict was lying and that I had taken the pork pie. Back at home, everyone was surprised about the pie and wondered how the convict had gotten into the house and then into the pantry. Nobody ever thought that I took the pie.

Review Questions

1. Who came to the Christmas dinner at Joe's house?
2. Why did soldiers come to the house?
3. Who was fighting in the marshes?

How I Met Miss Havisham and Estella

Preview Questions

1. At the time of this story, how did people learn to read and write?
2. Do you know any elderly people who never married? If so, who?
3. Do you know any very rich people who act a little strangely? If so, who?

Mrs. Joe's plan for me was that I would be a blacksmith like Joe, but I was not old enough yet. The neighbors asked me to do some jobs for them, and they paid Mrs. Joe for my work. She kept the money that I earned in a jar.

At the time that I read the graves of my family in the churchyard, I could not read very well because I only went to evening school for one hour a week. The teacher was Mr. Wopsle's great aunt, and she slept most of the time. Mr. Wopsle's great aunt's granddaughter, Biddy, helped me learn how to read.

One evening, I wrote a letter to Joe and showed it to him. Almost every word was wrong, but Joe didn't notice because he could only read his name. He told me that when he was small, he did not go to school. He said that his father used to hit his mother, and sometimes she ran away from him and took Joe with her. However, his father would always get them back again and hit them. Joe believed his father was good in his heart, but his problem was that he drank too much. Both of his parents died while he was still young. Eventually, he met my sister and married her. He remembered how badly his father had treated his mother and decided that he would never treat his wife badly. He would rather endure her anger than be angry with her. Joe believed that his wife was a good woman because she was