



津津有味·读经典
FUN WITH READING

适合
初三、高一
年级

David Copperfield

大卫·科波菲尔

Charles Dickens (英国) 原著

Heather Jones (澳大利亚) 改写

英文分级阅读

互动表演剧本

全文美音朗读

配套评价手册

译林出版社

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LEVEL 4

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

大卫·科波菲尔=Davie Copperfield: 英文/(英)狄更斯(Dickens, C.)著;(澳)琼斯(Jones, H.)改写. —南京:译林出版社, 2012.6
(津津有味·读经典)
ISBN 978-7-5447-2869-0

I. ①大… II. ①狄… ②琼… III. ①英语-语言读物 ②长篇小说-英国-近代 IV. ①H319.4:I

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字(2012)第111897号

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Originally published as Compass Classic Readers.

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著作权合同登记号 图字: 10-2012-276号

For sale in China only.

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责任编辑	朱静亚
特约编辑	小 小
原文出版	Compass Publishing
出版发行	凤凰出版传媒集团 凤凰出版传媒股份有限公司 译林出版社
集团地址	南京市湖南路1号A楼, 邮编: 210009
集团网址	http://www.ppm.cn
出版社地址	南京市湖南路1号A楼, 邮编: 210009
出版社网址	http://www.yilin.com
电子邮箱	jiaocai@yilin.com
编辑热线	025-83658349
市场热线	025-83319992
传 真	025-83658377
经 销	凤凰出版传媒股份有限公司
印 刷	南京捷迅印务有限公司
开 本	652×960毫米 1/16
印 张	6.25
版 次	2012年6月第1版 2012年6月第1次印刷
书 号	ISBN 978-7-5447-2869-0
定 价	20.00元(含光盘)

译林版图书若有印装错误可向出版社调换
(电话: 025-83658316)

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，对于中小学生，英语阅读要读出三味才算是津津有味。

津津第一味，是读出好成绩。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）都规定了中小学生的英语阅读量，要求学生每年课外阅读一定量的英文读物。用课外的阅读提高自己的英语成绩，肯定是我们进行课外阅读的一个基本愿望。如何实现呢？这需要有相应的配套活动指导，因为这些活动可以把我们在阅读中获得的语感转化为我们考试中可以表现出来的语言运用能力。

津津第二味，是读出宽视野。我们通过阅读认知我们无法靠自己生活的直接经验认知的世界，我们可以通过阅读穿越到任何时代，与大师为伍，与英雄比肩，入宫廷痛斥国王，到小村体恤贫民。我们不仅可以因此而晓知天下，更可因此与人广泛交流。

津津第三味，是读出高素养。阅读是学习，学习知识，更学习做人的道理、做事的方法、分析的思路、明辨的条理、批评的路径、建构的框架。阅读是体验，体验如何淡泊明志、如何激扬文字，如此等等，丰富我们的人生理解，提高我们的综合素养。

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

《大卫·科波菲尔》是英国小说家查尔斯·狄更斯的第八部长篇小说，被称他为“心中最宠爱的孩子”。全书采用第一人称叙事，融入了作者的许多生活经历，讲述的是主人公大卫自幼年至中年的坎坷经历和个人奋斗过程，展现了19世纪中期的英国小镇、渔村、城市、工厂、律师事务所等多样的生活图景。

书中的主题之一是权利阶级对弱者无情地压迫。大卫作为一个小孩，无法掌握自己的命运，必须依照继父的命令去做，没有能力与其相抗衡。最后，他发现唯一的方法就是逃离这里，找一个善良的人照顾自己。权利阶级与弱者的斗争经常出现在狄更斯的小说中。

狄更斯通过主人公大卫一生的悲欢离合，多层次地揭示了当时社会的真实面貌，突出地表现了金钱对婚姻、家庭和社会的腐蚀作用。小说中一系列悲剧都是金钱导致的。默德斯东骗娶大卫的母亲是觊觎她的财产；艾米莉的私奔是经受不起金钱的诱惑；威克菲尔一家的痛苦，海姆的绝望，无一不是金钱造成的恶果。而卑鄙小人希普也在金钱诱惑下一步步堕落，最后落得终身监禁的下场。狄更斯正是从人道主义的角度出发，暴露了金钱的罪恶，从而揭开“维多利亚盛世”的美丽帷幕，显现出隐藏其后的社会真相。

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My Early Childhood

Preview Questions

1. Look at the title of this chapter. What is the writer going to talk about?
2. Do you think the picture is of the writer? Why or why not?
3. Do you like books in the first person ("I")? Why or why not?

To begin at the beginning: I was born on a Friday at twelve o'clock at night. My mother's nurse believed that I was going to be unlucky because midnight was unlucky. I was born at Blunderstone in Suffolk, England, six months after my father died. There was only my mother and me in our family. Well, there was an aunt of my father's called Betsey Trotwood. She was very unhappy in her marriage, and her husband left her and went to India, so she lived all alone by the sea. However, I never saw her while I was growing up.

Now on that Friday night when I was born, my mother was sitting by the fire, feeling very sick and sad. Suddenly, she saw a strange woman coming up the garden path. Mother was immediately frightened of this woman, who stood so straight and tall. This woman walked quickly to the window and looked inside.

It was Betsey Trotwood. My mother got up and stood behind a chair as Miss Betsey came in.

"You must be Mrs. Copperfield," said the aunt.

"Yes," said my mother.

"I have come to see your baby girl," said Miss Betsey.

“Ask your servant to come in.”

“It might not be a girl,” said my mother.

“Nonsense!” said Miss Betsey.

“Peggotty,” called my mother. Peggotty was our servant; she looked after us. She came to my mother right away.

“Get the doctor,” said Miss Betsey to Peggotty. “Mrs. Copperfield needs help.”

Soon afterwards, our doctor arrived. He was a kind old man and was surprised to see Miss Betsey there. He took mother upstairs, and my aunt sat downstairs. My aunt waited. After an hour or two, the doctor came back down to see her.

“It’s going slowly. Mrs. Copperfield is not very strong.”

He went back upstairs, and again Miss Betsey waited—for a girl.

At midnight he came downstairs and said, “Mrs. Copperfield is safe and well. She has a beautiful baby boy.”

At this, my aunt stood up and hit him with her **bonnet**. She didn’t say a word and left the house. She never came back, just like a bad fairy.

* * *

While I was a young child, I lived with the two people I loved most—my mother and our servant, Peggotty. We lived in a beautiful old house with a large garden, and Peggotty looked after us. She cooked and cleaned and read me stories. I loved her dark kitchen. She worked very hard, and we lived a wonderful life.

One night, I was sitting with her while she was reading a children’s book to me.



"Are you married, Peggotty?"

"Goodness, no," said Peggotty.

"Don't you want a husband? You're very pretty."

5 "Goodness, no, Davy. I've never had a husband, and I don't want one. What would your mother do without me?"

Then she took me up to bed.

The next day, my mother came home with a strange man. He was tall and dark. Mother said, "This is Mr. Murdstone,
10 Davy. Shake hands."

I didn't like the man. He didn't smile, and he said, "You shouldn't kiss David so much, Mrs. Copperfield." Then to me he said, "Let's be best friends, David. Shake hands." I gave him my left hand. "That's the wrong hand!" laughed
15 Mr. Murdstone.

Later, I found Mother and Peggotty crying. Peggotty was saying, "Mr. Copperfield wouldn't like this one, miss." I didn't understand.

A few days later, Peggotty asked me if I wanted to go to
20 Yarmouth to see her brother.

"Oh, yes, please, Peggotty!" I replied.

So Peggotty and I set off the next day for her brother's place in Yarmouth. The horse was slow, so the journey felt very long. Then Peggotty fell asleep, but she brought lots
25 of food, so our trip was still exciting.

Finally, we arrived at the beach.

"Look!" she said. "There's our house, Master Davy."

I looked but all I could see was an upside-down boat with a chimney. It was their house! We went inside, and it
30 was beautifully clean. I met Mr. Ham Peggotty, Peggotty's

brother, a little boy called Ham, and a little girl called Emily, whom I thought was very beautiful.

“Is this your daughter, Mr. Peggotty?” I asked.

“No, she’s my niece. And that boy, Ham, is my nephew, my brother’s son. I have no children.”

“So where are their fathers?”

Mr. Peggotty looked serious and said, “Drowned.”

I felt sad, and Peggotty said I should get to bed.

We stayed at the boathouse for two weeks. During that time, I played with Emily a lot. We went down to the beach, and I felt close to her. She had no father, just like me.

There was one other person in the boathouse—a Mrs. Gummidge. She was old and often said, “Oh, I’m all alone and no one cares for me!” I kept out of her way.

After two weeks, Peggotty and I said goodbye to Peggotty’s family. I was glad to be home but was upset when mother didn’t come out to meet me.

“Oh, Peggotty, is she dead?”

“No, no, Master Davy. You should know that you have a new father.”

My heart felt cold. We went inside. Mother and Mr. Murdstone were sitting in the parlor. Mother got up to greet me, but she seemed timid.

“Now, Clara, my dear. Don’t fuss over the boy,” said Mr. Murdstone. “Davy, you have a new bedroom. Go there.”

I went upstairs and cried myself to sleep.

In the morning, Mother came to see me and kissed me. But right after came Mr. Murdstone.

“Now, Clara, leave him alone. Go away, and I will talk to the boy.” Mother left. “David, if I want to train a bad

dog, what do I do?"

"I don't know," I said.

"I hit him. Now wash your face and be a good boy."

I thought things were bad, but they got worse. The next day, Mr. Murdstone's sister arrived. She was just like him—tall and dark and hard. She took the keys to the house from my mother. Mother tried to fight her, but she was too weak.

Every night, the Murdstones watched me as my mother asked me to recite a book from memory. I tried to remember. Before I went into the parlor, I knew everything perfectly, but once I started to speak, I said the wrong words. Mr. Murdstone looked at me and said to my mother, "Clara, make him do it again."

I tried again but made more mistakes. Miss Murdstone tapped her foot. They looked at me angrily.

"Try again, Davy," said my mother.

"Don't help him," said Mr. Murdstone. "He's just lazy."

"Please, sir, I'm not!" I said.

Every night it was the same. Finally, Mr. Murdstone brought in a **whip**.

I was frightened. I looked at Mother, and she was frightened for me.

"Now, Davy, recite your book."

I couldn't. I saw the whip in Mr. Murdstone's hand.

"Well, Clara, I see I'll have to teach him a lesson."

He moved toward me and caught me. His arm went around my small body. Immediately, I bit him! It was so sudden.

Mr. Murdstone carried me to my room and threw me on the bed. I lay there crying and crying. He left me alone.

Five days later, I went away. Away from mother. Away from Peggotty. And away from my lovely home. I was on my way to **boarding school**.

Review Questions

1. Why do you think Mrs. Copperfield was so weak?
2. Why did Mr. Murdstone get so angry with David?
3. Why do you think David was sent to boarding school?

School Days

Preview Questions

1. What kind of school do you think this will be?
2. Do you think David will like the school?
3. Do you think David will get along with the other students?

I got into the carriage and started to cry. The old coachman whose name was Barkis told me to dry my tears. He asked me about Peggotty and whether she was a good cook. I said that she was and he said, "Tell her that Barkis is willing."

We stopped at a coach-house, and I went into the dining room. I had three shillings with me and asked for some food. The waiter served me, but he helped me eat all my food! I was still hungry, but I didn't say anything. I asked him for some paper, which he brought.

"Paper costs money," he said. So I gave him a shilling.

I wrote to Peggotty and told her that Barkis was willing. Then I got back on the coach to London. It took a long time, but finally the coach stopped and I got out. Mr. Mell, a teacher from the school, was waiting for me. He was a thin, sad man.

He and I walked to the school. We stopped on the way for breakfast at an old woman's house. Mr. Mell played the flute, but it was a very sad song.

We got to the school, but there was no one there.

"It's holidays. Only really bad boys stay at the school

when it's holidays," explained Mr. Mell.

We went into the dormitory. I saw a sign that said, "Take care of him. He bites." I looked around. Where was the dangerous boy or perhaps a dog? No one else was around. I looked at Mr. Mell. He shook his head. "The sign is for you, David. You must wear it."

I put it on. I was eight years old and felt so alone.

After about a month of this, the **principal** and all the boys came back to Salem House. The principal's name was Mr. Creakle and he was a horrible man. He asked for me as soon as he came home.

A man with a wooden leg took me into his part of the school—which was a lot better than where the rest of us lived. With my sign around my neck, I looked at Mr. Creakle and his wife.

"So!" he said. "You bite, do you? Well, let's see if you can bite this!" He spoke very quietly, and the man with the wooden leg repeated his words after him. He took me by the ear and **pinched** it hard.

"You may go. Take him away," said Mr. Creakle. I asked Mr. Creakle if I could take the sign off from around my neck. He jumped out of his chair and chased me out of the room. I ran to the dormitory and lay, shaking, for hours.

The first boy to come back the next day was a student named Traddles. He told me that Mr. Sharp, another teacher, wore a **wig**. Traddles became a great friend. He introduced me to all the other boys. Although there were a few who danced around me like I was a wild dog, most of the boys felt sorry for me and my sign.

Then I met Steerforth—one of the oldest boys in the

school. He asked me if I had any money, and I told him I had seven shillings from Peggotty. He took the money and bought wine and cakes and biscuits, and we all sat in the dormitory eating and drinking all night long. It was the best time I had had since arriving at the school.

“Good night, Copperfield,” said Steerforth when we finally went to sleep, “I’ll take care of you.”

Mr. Creakle, the principal, and Mr. Tungay, the head teacher came in every morning. My teacher was Mr. Tungay. Every morning they came in and Mr. Creakle would say very quietly, “Cut that boy, Mr. Tungay,” and Mr. Tungay would hit the poor boy with a cane. Mr. Tungay gave the cane to boys for being quiet or for saying something. He gave the cane to boys who looked at Mr. Creakle and boys who didn’t. It was a miserable life, but Mr. Tungay seemed to enjoy himself.

About this time, Steerforth asked me to tell him the stories from the story books I had read when I was at home with Mother. So every night I tried to remember the stories as well as I could and stayed up late telling them to Steerforth. I was often very sleepy.

Mr. Mell was the only likeable teacher. He quietly helped me to learn, and I liked him a lot. Unfortunately, Steerforth did not like him. He did everything to make his life miserable.

One day, Mr. Creakle and Mr. Tungay had business in town and left Mr. Mell to look after the students. The children started to shout and play at their desks, and Mr. Mell could do nothing.

“Silence!” cried Mr. Mell.

“Silence yourself,” said Steerforth.

“You should not be rude to a gentleman,” said Mr. Mell.

“Where’s the gentleman?” asked Steerforth. The students were silent. It looked as if Steerforth was going to hit Mr. Mell, but suddenly Mr. Creakle and Mr. Tungay came back. They wanted to know what was going on.

5 “Mr. Mell is not a gentleman, Mr. Creakle,” said Steerforth. “He has a mother in the poorhouse.”

I felt awful. I had told Steerforth about our visit to Mr. Mell’s relative—whom I thought was his mother. Now Steerforth was using it against him.

10 “Then Steerforth is right,” said Mr. Creakle. “If your mother is in the poorhouse, you cannot work here any longer.”

“Then I shall go now,” said Mr. Mell, and he looked down kindly at me. “I shall not stay where I am not wanted.”

15 Afterwards I was sad, but I had visitors and forgot about Mr. Mell. It was Ham and Mr. Peggotty. I introduced them to Steerforth, who was very polite and easy to talk to—they liked him immediately.

20 The holidays soon arrived, and I was getting ready to go back to see my dear Mother and Peggotty.

I got into the coach, and Mr. Barkis was waiting for me.

“Did you send that message to Peggotty?” he asked.

“Yes, Mr. Barkis. I said, ‘Barkis is willing.’”

25 “There wasn’t an answer,” he replied. “When a man says he’s willing, he expects an answer.”

“I’ll ask her as soon as I see her,” I promised.

As soon as I got off the coach, I went inside our house and ran up to see my mother. Mother had a little baby with her.

30 “This is your baby brother, Davy,” she said. I was very happy. I held the little baby in my arms and felt at home.