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FUN WITH READING



适合
高二、高三
年级

Nicholas Nickleby

少爷返乡

Charles Dickens (英国) 原著
Pieter Koster (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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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，肯定是我们進行課外閱讀的一個基本願望。如何實現呢？這需要有所謂的配套活動指導，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，我們可以通过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。我們不仅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，需要太多課外時間，我本無多少課外時間，是否可以聚合一體？

當然可以。

《津津有味·讀經典》就是一套可以让你讀出津津三味的讀物。這套讀物不僅符合國家《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）的要求，更是匯集了西方文學經典，更為難得的是，英語語言優美而又符合我國學生語言水平，同時附有表演短劇劇本、純正地道MP3和自主評價手冊。

如此，你可以開卷“悅讀”了吧！

期待你讀出津津三味！



教育部英語課程標準組專家 魯子問

导 读

查尔斯·狄更斯是十九世纪英国著名的批判现实主义小说家。他的作品技巧丰富，背景广阔，充满了人道主义关怀和社会批判精神，在英国文学史上占据着重要的地位。

《少爷还乡》主要讲述了主人公尼古拉斯·尼克贝为实现一家幸福团聚的理想而经历的故事。尼古拉斯·尼克贝的父亲突然去世，使一家人失去了经济支柱。他与母亲、妹妹来到伦敦，投靠伯父拉尔夫。然而拉尔夫是一个利欲熏心的人，对于前来投奔的尼克贝一家，他尽可能地 from 他们身上榨取利益。尼古拉斯被送进当地的一所学校，饱受虐待。忍无可忍之下，他与另一个被虐待的孩子史迈克出逃。自此，他走上了自我成长和勇于抗争的道路。经过一番挫折与磨难之后，尼古拉斯变得成熟而稳重，开始有能力照顾母亲和妹妹，并与自己深爱的姑娘玛德琳喜结连理，自私冷血的拉尔夫伯父也得到了应有的报应。

在小说的结尾，正义得到了伸张，恶人遭到了惩罚，这彰显了狄更斯小说中惩恶扬善的道德理念，读起来令人感到酣畅淋漓！

Contents

CHAPTER 1	Nicholas Meets His Uncle	1
CHAPTER 2	Nicholas Meets Mr. Squeers	6
CHAPTER 3	Nicholas Arrives at Dotheboys Hall	10
CHAPTER 4	Fanny Takes Revenge on Nicholas	16
CHAPTER 5	Smike Runs Away from Dotheboys Hall	20
CHAPTER 6	Nicholas Looks for a Job	25
CHAPTER 7	Kate's New Job	29
CHAPTER 8	Nicholas Argues with His Uncle	33
CHAPTER 9	Nicholas's New Job	37
CHAPTER 10	Nicholas and Smike Go on Stage	41
CHAPTER 11	Sir Mulberry Hawk Goes Hunting	45
CHAPTER 12	Nicholas Leaves the Theater Company	51
CHAPTER 13	Nicholas Helps His Sister and Mother	55
CHAPTER 14	Nicholas's Good Luck	60
CHAPTER 15	Smike Gets into Trouble	65
CHAPTER 16	Nicholas Falls in Love	69
CHAPTER 17	Nicholas Meets Frank Cheeryble	73
CHAPTER 18	Nicholas Meets His Beautiful Young Lady	77
CHAPTER 19	Noggs Discovers a Plot	82
CHAPTER 20	Noggs Tells Nicholas about the Plot	86
CHAPTER 21	Nicholas Tries to Stop the Marriage	90
CHAPTER 22	Madeline's Wedding Day	94
CHAPTER 23	Ralph's Plot Fails	98
CHAPTER 24	Ralph Discovers an Awful Secret	102
CHAPTER 25	Everybody Gets What They Deserve	107
New Words		111
Playlet		114

Nicholas Meets His Uncle

Preview Questions

1. What kind of job do you want to get when you finish school?
2. Do you need to have a lot of money to be happy?
3. Are you a safe person, or do you take risks?

There was once a gentleman called Mr. Godfrey Nickleby, who lived in London, had a small income, and married late in life. He had two sons, whom he called Ralph and Nicholas. He was able to provide for them only because he unexpectedly inherited his uncle's property. He retired to the country, and when he died, his two sons each received some of the inheritance.

The older son, Ralph, had heard stories of his father's earlier poverty and was determined that he would not be poor. He went to London and made as much money as he could and did not care too much about how he made it.

The younger son, Nicholas, had also heard about his father's poverty, but its effect on him was different. He was cautious and decided to save what he had and spend very little. He married and had two children, Nicholas and Kate. When Kate was seventeen and Nicholas nineteen, their father had little money left because of the expense of educating the children, and he began to wonder how he could provide for them further.

"Invest," said Mrs. Nickleby. "Think of your brother, Ralph. Where would he be if he hadn't speculated?"

Nicholas Nickleby was not sure this was a good idea, but in the end, he followed his wife's advice. However, he was not lucky and soon lost the small amount of money that he had. This made

him feel ill, and he went to bed, where he began to think about his childhood and the good times he had enjoyed with his brother.

His brother was an unfriendly man who lived and worked in a large house in Golden Square. Nobody knew how he got his money, but everybody knew he was quite wealthy. The houses in that part of London were large but were out of the way, and it did not seem to be a good place to have a business. Ralph Nickleby, however, had lived there for many years. He knew very few of his neighbors, and few of them knew him. He had an employee who did whatever Ralph asked him to do. This man was Newman Noggs, a tall man of middle age with **enormous** eyes and a red nose. His clothes were very old and too small for him, and he had a strange habit of **cracking** the joints of his fingers.

“I am going to the London Tavern for a public meeting this morning,” Ralph Nickleby said to Noggs one day. “I shall be walking to Charing Cross after the meeting. If any letters come while I am away, come and meet me and bring the letters with you.”

Noggs nodded just as the bell rang.

Noggs went to open the door. He returned with Mr. Bonney, a pale, untidy man who was very excited.

“My dear Nickleby, I have a cab at the door. We must hurry. Sir Matthew Pupker will chair the meeting, and three **Members of Parliament** are coming to speak. The United City Cake Company will be very successful, I am sure.”

He continued to speak as they went out to the cab. “It is a brilliant idea. Five million pounds of capital was made up of five hundred thousand shares of ten pounds each. The shares will soon be worth more.”

“And when they are ...”

“We know what to do,” said Mr. Bonney, “and you know

better than anybody! By the way, that man of yours is a very strange man.”

Ralph agreed. “He was once a gentleman who owned horses, but he lost his money and began to drink. He came to me to borrow a pound, but I needed a clerk and I employed him.”

Ralph did not tell Mr. Bonney that he paid Noggs less than a boy of thirteen might earn and that he found him useful because he knew how to keep secrets.

The two men got into the cab and hurried off to the London Tavern for their public meeting. A large number of people had been attracted to the meeting, and they were waiting noisily for it to begin. When Mr. Bonney and Ralph arrived, people began to cheer and clap their hands. The purpose of the meeting was to form a company. People could buy shares in the company for ten pounds each. The money from the shares would be used to build a factory. The company would make cakes and sell them. Everybody who had shares would get some of the profit. Ralph and Mr. Bonney said they would be the best cakes in London. A lot of people wanted to buy shares.

However, Ralph was not very honest. He knew the company would not make any profits, but he would sell his shares before anybody else found this out. He would sell the shares for a profit. This was one way that Ralph became rich.

Everybody at the meeting was so enthusiastic that Ralph calculated the shares were probably worth twelve pounds each already and began to think how soon he should begin to sell them.

He enjoyed his lunch and set out on his walk to Charing Cross. On the way, he saw Noggs, who gave him a letter that had arrived. It had a black edge around it, which indicated that it was sad news.

“I wouldn’t be surprised if my brother is dead,” he told Noggs.

“I don’t think you would,” replied Noggs.

“Why not?”

“Because you are never surprised. That’s all.”

Ralph read the letter and found that he was correct. His brother was dead, and his widow and two children had come to London. Noggs had a strange expression on his face when he heard this news. Ralph was not very sad about his brother’s death, but he was annoyed by his widow and children coming to London.

“My brother never did anything for me,” he muttered, “but as soon as he is dead, he expects me to look after his wife and children. I suppose I had better go and see them.”

He went to a house on The Strand, where his sister-in-law and her children were staying, and knocked on the door. The house was owned by Miss La Creevy, who painted portraits. The Nickleby family was staying on the second floor. Ralph spoke to Miss La Creevy and warned her that the family staying in her rooms was a very poor family and advised her not to keep them there. He told her if they could not pay their rent, he would not help them.

“I am the only family they have,” he said, “and I think they should go back to the country. They are in everybody’s way here.”

Then he went upstairs to talk to his sister-in-law. She was still very sad about her husband’s death, but he did not have much sympathy for her.

“Husbands die every day,” he said.

Nineteen-year-old Nicholas was annoyed and answered, “So do brothers!”

“Yes,” agreed Ralph, “and so do rude, young men!” “How did your husband die?” Ralph asked Mrs. Nickleby.

“The doctors could find no reason,” replied Mrs. Nickleby, “and we think he died of a broken heart.”

“Nonsense!” said Ralph. “You can die of a broken head or neck but not of a broken heart.”

“Some men have no hearts to break!” **exclaimed** Nicholas.

It was clear that Ralph and Nicholas would never be friends. Ralph asked about Kate and suggested that she go to a boarding school or learn to be a dressmaker. He complained about his brother and called him a lazy fool who had left his widow and children with no money when he died. Mrs. Nickleby forgot that she had encouraged her husband to speculate and agreed with Ralph. It certainly would be nice to have more money.

Ralph showed Nicholas an advertisement in the newspaper which said that Mr. Wackford Squeers had a school called Dotheboys Hall in Yorkshire where boys could be sent for twenty pounds per year. The boys would receive education, food, and a place to sleep. He also required an assistant who would be paid five pounds per year. Mr. Squeers was staying in Snow Hill at the Saracen’s Head Inn and could be contacted there between one and four each afternoon.

“If you take this position,” said Ralph, “I will look after your mother and sister. I know that you will get the position if you want it.”

“It is so far away,” cried Kate, “and the salary is very low!”

“Yes, but it is a beginning,” answered Ralph. “You may eventually become a partner in the business, and when Mr. Squeers dies, you will be a rich man.”

Nicholas began to think that perhaps his uncle was not as bad as he had first thought.

Review Questions

1. What was the difference between Ralph and his brother, Nicholas?
2. Was Ralph a kind or a mean man? How do you know?
3. Why was Ralph interested in the cake industry?

Nicholas Meets Mr. Squeers

Preview Questions

1. Will Nicholas get the job in Yorkshire?
2. Would you like to be a teacher?
3. Have you ever had a ride in a horse-drawn carriage?

At the Saracen's Head Inn, Mr. Wackford Squeers sat looking unhappily out of the window. He was a short man just over fifty years old, whose clothes were expensive but did not fit well. His most remarkable feature was that he had only one eye, and that eye was green. The other side of his face was wrinkled, and this made him look sinister. Near him was a timid, little boy sitting on a small box.

The little boy sneezed.

"What was that?" asked Mr. Squeers.

"Nothing, please, sir."

"Nothing?"

"Please, sir, I sneezed."

"Then why did you say nothing?"

The little boy didn't know what to say, so he began to cry, which annoyed Mr. Squeers so much that he hit the little boy, who fell off the box and continued to cry.

"Stop crying and get back on the box, or I will murder you when we get to Yorkshire," threatened Mr. Squeers.

Just then, there was a knock at the door, and a waiter said there was a man outside who wanted to see Mr. Squeers. When the man, whose name was Mr. Snawley, came in, he found Mr. Squeers bending over the little boy and telling him gently not to

cry because he would find new friends in Yorkshire.

Mr. Snawley had two small boys with him and told Mr. Squeers he had married their mother, who had no money, and he thought that she might spend too much of his money looking after them. That's why he wanted to send them away to Yorkshire. Mr. Snawley and Mr. Squeers understood each other very well. As they were concluding their business, Ralph Nickleby arrived with Nicholas. Mr. Squeers did not want to take Nicholas, but Ralph reminded him of a boy who had died at Dotheboys Hall and had some words with him in private. Mr. Squeers quickly changed his mind.

"You are now the first assistant teacher at Dotheboys Hall, on the **recommendation** of your uncle," he told Nicholas, who was very pleased at the news and shook his uncle's hand gratefully.

"The coach leaves at eight o'clock tomorrow morning," continued Mr. Squeers, "and you must not be late. We are taking these boys with us. Your uncle has paid your fare."

"You'd better go home and pack whatever you want to take with you," added Ralph. "On the way home, stop at Golden Square, give these papers to my clerk, and tell him to wait for me to come home."

Nicholas took the small parcel of papers and went to Golden Square, where he found Noggs and gave him the parcel.

"These are papers from my uncle," he told Noggs, "and he wants you to wait here until he comes home."

"Uncle!" cried Noggs. He pushed Nicholas into a chair and began to stare at his face without saying anything. He did this for several minutes, and Nicholas thought he would never stop. He got up to leave, but Noggs suddenly found the courage to ask him what his uncle was going to do for him.

Nicholas was pleased to explain his new position, but Noggs behaved very strangely when he mentioned Dotheboys Hall,

cracking his fingers and staring at nothing. He continued to do this, smiling horribly and saying nothing, and Nicholas left him in the office.

Mrs. Nickleby and Kate were very sad as they helped Nicholas pack that evening, and none of the family slept well. The next morning, Nicholas woke up earlier than his mother or sister and wrote them a goodbye message. Miss La Creevy was also awake early and told him she was sad to see him leave his sister behind. Kate had agreed to sit for a portrait, and Nicholas thought Miss La Creevy would be a kind friend for her.

He walked to The Saracen's Head Inn where he found Mr. Squeers giving breakfast to five small boys, who were going to Dotheboys Hall with him. Mr. Squeers bought a very small amount of milk and poured it into a jug of warm water. Each of the boys was allowed to drink a little of this, and then he gave them each a small piece of bread, while he himself ate a large piece of bread with roast beef.

"You must learn to control your appetite, boys," he said.

Then it was time for Nicholas to get the boys onto the coach, where they had to sit on the roof. His mother and sister arrived to say goodbye, and his uncle arrived to make sure that Nicholas got on the coach. Kate thought Mr. Squeers was a horrible person, and when Ralph introduced her to him, she liked him even less.

"I wish we could have a female teacher at Dotheboys Hall," said Mr. Squeers, "for then I would take you as an assistant, although Mrs. Squeers might be jealous!"

Nicholas was so angry that he almost hit Mr. Squeers, but he knew that he had to keep this job, so he got the last of the boys onto the coach and waved goodbye to his sister and mother. Just as the coach began to move, Nicholas felt something on his leg. He looked down to see Noggs, who handed him a dirty envelope

and ran off before anybody else saw him.

The coach began its long journey to Yorkshire with the boys and Nicholas sitting on its roof. It stopped several times to pick up more passengers, and soon Mr. Squeers was telling them about the benefits of his school in Yorkshire. It was a very long day for Nicholas and the boys on the roof of the coach. The weather was so cold that it began to snow, and the wind cut through their bodies. Late in the day, when it was already dark, the coach drove into the snow and turned over, throwing Nicholas and the boys onto the road.

Fortunately, nobody was seriously injured in the accident. Nicholas helped the coachman **release** the horses, which ran back to the **stables**, about a mile away. Soon, people who lived nearby came to see what was making the noise, and when they saw the accident, they helped the coach passengers back to the village. Although the inn had no rooms available, they could sit together in the public room, which had a lovely warm fire. Mr. Squeers, of course, took the opportunity to advertise Dotheboys Hall and made Nicholas give cards to everybody. Then, to pass the time as they waited for another coach, some of the passengers told stories about faraway places and people.

Review Questions

1. Was Mr. Squeers a kind or a mean man? How do you know?
2. What did Noggs do when he saw Nicholas on the coach?
3. Why was Nicholas angry with Mr. Squeers? Why didn't he hit him?

Nicholas Arrives at Dotheboys Hall

Preview Questions

1. Do you think Dotheboys Hall will be a nice place to stay?
2. What is the longest time you have ever been away from home?
3. What do you think Noggs's letter will say?

An hour or two later, the new coach arrived. With the passengers back on board, it continued the journey to Yorkshire. This occupied the remainder of that night and all the next day. It arrived at Greta Bridge at about six o'clock the next evening. Mr. Squeers, Nicholas, and the boys got off the coach and were taken farther in a cart.

Mr. Squeers asked Nicholas if he was cold, and when Nicholas replied that he was, Mr. Squeers said he was not surprised. But he also did nothing to make Nicholas warmer.

The school was a long, cold-looking house with several small buildings around it. Nicholas saw a tall, thin boy come out to look after the horse, but Mr. Squeers was annoyed with him.

"Why didn't you come sooner, Smike?"

"I fell asleep by the fire, sir," answered Smike.

"Then you shouldn't be near the fire. You'd have come sooner if you'd been cold!"

Mr. Squeers told Nicholas to wait near the front door while he went around the back and let him in. Nicholas stood and waited. As he waited, his suspicions were confirmed. Dotheboys Hall was not the kind of place he had imagined it to be. He was a long way from London, he had no money, and his mother and sister depended on him to stay at Dotheboys Hall.

Mr. Squeers led Nicholas to a room that had a couple of chairs and tables, as well as an old map hanging on the wall. A moment later, a woman rushed into the room and gave Mr. Squeers two loud kisses. She was taller, stronger, and bigger than Mr. Squeers and wore a dirty, yellow **nightcap**.

“Hello, Squeery,” she said. “How are you?”

“I’m well. How are the cows?”

“They are well.”

“And the pigs?”

“They are well, too.”

“And I suppose the boys are well, too?”

“Yes, except that boy Pincher has a fever again. He’s always doing something like that. You’ll have to beat him, or he will never stop.”

“Yes, I think you are right,” agreed Mr. Squeers.

Mr. Squeers introduced Nicholas to his wife and asked her to find him a place to sleep. She looked at him in a very unfriendly way and called Smike to bring a small straw **mattress** to put on the floor. Smike came in and looked at Mr. Squeers until the master of Dotheboys Hall asked him what he wanted. He wanted to know if anybody had sent him a letter. Nicholas looked carefully at him, noting that he must be about eighteen or nineteen years old, like himself, but was very tall and thin. His clothes were very old and small. They were much too short in the arms and legs but wide enough to fit his thin body. His face was one of the saddest faces that Nicholas had ever seen.

Mr. Squeers looked through the small parcel of letters and other papers that he had in his pocket.

“Of course not, Smike. There is no letter for you, and there never will be. You’ve been here many years now, Smike. Only the first six were paid, and I’ve never been able to find out who you