



编 总
著 策
竺 划
蕊 苑
涛 涛
樊 一
昕 昕

思马得学校“掌上名著”英语系列丛书

Oliver Twist

Charles Dickens 原著

雾都孤儿



标明“背诵部分”，精选出背诵与记忆的要点
设有“读书笔记”区，助你轻松阅读并做好属于自己的笔记
难词、难句、难点、好句子均在文中标出，让你随时得到“名师”的指点

世界图书出版公司

雾都孤儿
Oliver Twist
Charles Dickens

苑 涛 樊一昕 丛书总策划
竺 蕊 编 著

世界图书出版公司

(思马得英语掌上名著系列)

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

雾都孤儿:英文/(英)狄更斯(Dickens, C)著 - 上海:
上海世界图书出版公司,2001.2

I. 雾… II. 狄… III. 英语-语言读物,小说
IV. H319.4:I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2000)第 49432 号

雾都孤儿

竺蕊 编著

上海 **世界图书出版公司** 出版发行

(上海市武定路 555 号,邮编:200040)

江苏昆山市亭林印刷总厂印刷

各地新华书店经销

开本:880×1230mm 1/32 印张:6.5 字数:147 000

2001年2月第1版 2001年2月第1次印刷

印数:1-12 000册

ISBN:7-5062-4902-2/H·276

定价:8.00元

思马得英语掌上名著系列丛书编委会

总策划 苑 涛 樊一昕

主 编 樊一昕 竺 蕊

编 委 (按姓氏笔划排列)

王 怡 王忠焕 冯国雄
朱险峰 杨浩明 竺 蕊
苑 涛 夏 天 裘承裕
樊一昕

前 言

阅读英文名著是提高英文水平的最佳方式,但很多学生往往会走入追求故事情节的误区,读完之后收获甚微。

我们的调查结果令人瞠目:大多数学生在读完英文名著之后却不能正确拼出书名、作者名与主要人物名,更不知道其中的经典名句。因此,思马得呼吁读者要走上正确的阅读之路,这套“引导式”的掌上名著便应运而生了。

本书的特点与使用方法如下:

1. 特别设有“背诵部分”,精选出了背诵与记忆要点,要求读者将此部分完全背熟;
2. 将复杂且难以理解的句子用下划波浪线标出,并加以中文注释;
3. 将难词标出并进行注释,省去查字典的麻烦;
4. 将好句子用**黑体加斜体**标出,让读者随时得到“老师”的指导;
5. 编排方式上采取左右对照的方式,特设“读书笔记”区,不仅有全方位的注释,还可以让读者做好属于自己的笔记

由于时间有限,疏忽之处在所难免,欢迎读者指正。

思马得学校图书编辑部

2001年2月



Brief comment and general introduction

简评与梗概

Dickens has made a child the center of his novel, and through what has happened to the boy, is trying to show the readers a true picture of the real life of the common people in the nineteenth century England. About this book, he once said, "I have perhaps the best subject I have ever thought of. I have thrown my whole heart into Oliver. I wished to show, in little Oliver, the principle of Good surviving through every adverse circumstance, and triumphing at last."

Born and brought up in the terrible workhouse, little Oliver was expelled for asking for more food. He then fell into the Fagin's gang and became part of the criminal underworld where he learned how to acquire the art of survival in a pitiless world. The story is a realistic picture, as well as a bitter indictment, of a hypocritical society in which poverty reduces the human spirit.



背诵部分

1. 书名: Oliver Twist 雾都孤儿
2. 作者: Charles Dickens 查尔斯·狄更斯 (1812—1870)
3. 主要人物:

Oliver	(奥立弗)
Fagin	(费金)
Mr. Brownlow	(布朗洛)
Nancy	(南希)
Sikes	(塞克斯)
Monks	(蒙克斯)

4. 叙述方式: Third person narration (第三人称叙述)

5. Good Quotations: (好句子)

(1) "Please, sir, I want some more."

(2) *The bowls never wanted washing. The boys polished them with their spoons.*

(3) *Let no man talk of murderers escaping justice, and hint that Providence must sleep. There were twenty score of violent deaths in one long minute of that agony.*

(4) *The young lady was in the lovely bloom and spring-time of womanhood.*



(5) *He never once forgot the blessing through the struggles and sufferings , the troubles and changes of his after life .*

(6) *It is not improbable that if Mr . Bumble had been possessed of this information at an earlier period of the interview , he might have imparted a very different colouring to his little history .*

(7) *He clasped his hands together , and involuntarily uttered a subdued exclamation of horror . A mist came before his eyes ; the cold sweat stood upon his ashy face ; his limbs failed him ; and he sank upon his knees .*

(8) *It was a happy time . The days were peaceful and serene ; the nights brought with them neither fear nor care ; no languishing in a wretched prison , or associating with wretched men ; nothing but pleasant and happy thoughts .*

(9) *There was such peace and beauty in the scene ; swak so much of brightness and mirth in the sunny landscape ; such blithesome music in the songs of the summer birds ; such freedom in the rapid flight of the rook , careering overhead ; so much of life and joyousness in all ; that , when the boy raised his aching eyes and looked about , the thought instinctively occurred to him——that this was not a time for death ; that Rose could surely never die when humbler things were all so glad and gay ; that graves were for cold and cheerless winter , not for sunlight and fragrance .*



1 OLIVER TWIST IS BORN INTO A MISERABLE WORLD

Among other public buildings in a certain town, which for many reasons it will be prudent to refrain from mentioning, and to which I will assign no fictitious^① name, there is one anciently common to most towns, great or small: to wit, a workhouse^②; and in this workhouse was born—on a day and date which I need not trouble myself to repeat, inasmuch^③ as it can be of no possible consequence to the reader, in this stage of the business at all events—an item of mortality whose name is prefixed to the head of this chapter.

Under the workhouse system, sevenpence-halfpenny's worth per week is a good round diet for a child; a great deal may be got from sevenpence-halfpenny, quite enough to overload its stomach, and make it uncomfortable.

It cannot be expected that this system of farming would produce any very extraordinary or luxuriant^④ crop. Oliver Twist's ninth birthday found him a pale thin child, somewhat diminutive^⑤ in stature, and decidedly small in circumference^⑥.

But nature or inheritance had implanted a good sturdy^⑦ spirit in Oliver's breast. It had had plenty of room to expand, thanks to the spare diet of the establishment; and perhaps to this circumstance which may

① [fɪk'tɪʃəs] *adj.* 假想的, 虚构的

② ['wɜ:khaʊs] *n.* 济贫院

③ [ɪnəz'matɪʃ] *adv.* 由于, 鉴于 (与 as 连用)

④ [lʌŋ'zjuəriənt] *adj.* 丰产的, 丰富的

⑤ [dɪ'mɪnju:tɪv] *adj.* 小的, 瘦小的

⑥ [sə'kʌmfərəns] *n.* 周围, 圆周

⑦ ['stɜ:di] *adj.* 强健的, 坚定的



be attributed to his having any ninth birth-day at all.

Be this as it may, however, it was his ninth birth-day; and he was keeping it in the coal-cellar with a select party of two other young gentlemen, who, after participating with him in a sound thrashing^①, had been locked up for atrociously^② presuming to be hungry, when Mrs. Mann, the good lady of the house, was unexpectedly startled by the apparition^③ of Mr. Bumble, the beadle^④, striving to undo the wicket of the garden-gate.

‘Goodness gracious! Is that you, Mr. Bumble, sir?’ said Mrs. **Mann, thrusting her head out of the window in well-affected ecstasies of joy.** ‘My heart alive! Mr. Bumble, how glad I am to see you, surely!’

Now, Mr. Bumble was a fat man, and choleric^⑤; so, instead of responding to this open-hearted salutation in a kindred^⑥ spirit, he gave the little wicket a tremendous shake, and then bestowed upon it a kick which could have emanated^⑦ from no leg but a beadle’s.

‘Oliver being now too old to remain here, the board have determined to have him back. I have come out myself to take him there. So let me see him at once.’ Said the beadle.

‘I’ll fetch him directly,’ said Mrs. Mann, leaving the room for that purpose. **Oliver, having had by this time as much of the outer coat of dirt which encrusted**

①['θræʃɪŋ] n. 鞭打

②[ə'trəʊʃəsli] adv. 残酷地, 万恶不赦地

③[æpə'riʃən] n. 离奇出现的东西, (尤指) 鬼怪, 幽灵

④['bi:dl] n. 教区助理员

⑤['kɒlərik] adj. 易怒的

⑥['kindrɪd] adj. 同类的, 类似的

⑦['eməneɪt] vi. 发出, 来自



his face and hands, removed, as could be scrubbed off in one washing, was led into the room by his benevolent protectress.

'Make a bow to the gentleman, Oliver,' said Mrs. Mann.

Oliver made a bow, which was divided between the beadle on the chair, and the cocked hat on the table.

'Will you go along with me, Oliver?' said Mr. Bumble, in a majestic voice.

Oliver was of course glad to go along with anybody with great readiness.

With the slice of bread in his hand, and the little brown-cloth parish cap on his head, Oliver was then led away by Mr. Bumble from the wretched home where one kind word or look had never lighted the gloom of his infant years.

And yet he burst into an agony of childish grief, as the cottage-gate closed after him. Wretched as were the little companions in misery he was leaving behind, they were the only friends he had ever known; and a sense of his loneliness in the great wide world, sank into the child's heart for the first time.



2 IS A BOY'S GOOD APPETITE A CRIME?

Oliver had not been within the walls of the workhouse a quarter of an hour, and had scarcely completed the demolition^① of a second slice of bread, when Mr. Bumble, who had handed him over to the care of an old woman, returned; and, telling him it was a board night, informed him that the board had said he was to appear before it forthwith^②.

‘Bow to the board,’ said Bumble.

Oliver bowed low by the direction of the beadle, and was then hurried away to a large ward; where, on a rough, hard bed, he sobbed himself to sleep. What a novel illustration of the tender laws of England! They let the paupers^③ go to sleep!

Poor Oliver! He little thought, as he lay sleeping in happy unconsciousness of all around him, that the board had that very day arrived at a decision which would exercise the most material influence over all his future fortunes. But they had. And this was it:

The members of this board were very sage^④, deep, philosophical^⑤ men; and when they came to turn their attention to the workhouse, they found out at once, what ordinary folks would never have discovered—the poor people liked it!

① [ˌdeməˈliʃən] *n.* 破坏, 毁坏,
此为“吞食, 咽”

② [fɔθˈwiθ] *adv.* 立刻, 不犹豫地

③ [ˈpɔ:pə] *n.* 叫花子, 乞丐

④ [ˈseɪdʒ] *adj.* 贤明的, 明智的, 审慎的

⑤ [ˌfɪləˈsɒfɪkəl] *adj.* 哲学的, 理智的



读书笔记

the poorer classes; a tavern^① where there was nothing to pay; a public breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper all the year round; a brick and mortar^② elysium^③, where it was all play and no work.

'Oho!' said the board, looking very knowing; 'we are the fellows to set this to rights; we'll stop it all, in no time.' So, they established the rule, that all poor people should have the alternative of being starved by a gradual process in the house, or by a quick one out of it.

For the first six months after Oliver Twist was removed, the system was in full operation. It was rather expensive at first, in consequence of the increase in the undertaker's bill, and the necessity of taking in the clothes of all the paupers, which fluttered^④ loosely on their wasted, shrunken forms, after a week or two's gruel^⑤. But the number of workhouse inmates got thin as well as the paupers; and the board were in ecstasies^⑥.

The room in which the boys were fed, was a large stone hall, with a copper at one end: out of which the master, dressed in an apron^⑦ for the purpose, and assisted by one or two women, ladled the gruel at meal-times.

Of this festive composition each boy had one porringer, and no more—except on occasions of great public rejoicing, when he had two pounces and a quarter of bread besides.

① ['tævən] n. 酒馆, 客栈

② ['mɔ:tə] n. 灰泥

③ [i'li:ziəm] n. 极乐世界

[改“邪”归“正”]

④ ['flʌtə] vi. 鼓翼, 飘动

⑤ ['gru:əl] n. 稀粥

⑥ ['ekstæsi] n. 狂喜, 欣喜若狂

⑦ ['eiprən] n. 围裙



The bowls never wanted washing. The boys polished them with their spoons till they shone again ;

and when they had performed this operation, they would sit staring at the copper, with such eager eyes, as if they could have devoured the very bricks of which it was composed; employing themselves, meanwhile, in sucking their fingers most assiduously^①, with the view of catching up any stray splashes of gruel that might have been cast thereon.

Boys have generally excellent appetites. Oliver Twist and his companions suffered the tortures of slow starvation for three months: at last they got so voracious^② and wild with hunger, that one boy, who was tall for his age, and hadn't been used to that sort of thing, hinted darkly to his companions, that unless he had another basin of gruel per diem, he was afraid he might some night happen to eat the boy who slept next to him, who happened to be a weakly youth of tender age.

He had a wild, hungry eye; and they implicitly^③ believed him. A council was held; lots were cast who should walk up to the master after supper that evening, and ask for more; and it fell to Oliver Twist.

The evening arrived; the boys took their places. The master, in his cook's uniform, stationed himself at the copper; his pauper assistants ranged themselves behind him; the gruel was served out; and a long grace was said over the short commons.

① [ə'sɪdʒuəsli] *adv.* 专心致志地, 勤勉地

② [və'reɪʃəs] *adj.* 狼吞虎咽的, 贪婪的

③ [ɪm'plɪsɪtli] *adv.* 完全地, 绝对地



The gruel disappeared; the boys whispered to each other, and winked at Oliver. His next neighbours nudged him. Child as he was, he was desperate with hunger, and reckless with misery. He rose from the table and advanced to the master, basin and spoon in hand. Somewhat alarmed at his own temerity^①, he said, 'Please, sir, I want some more.'

The master was a fat, healthy man; but he turned very pale. He gazed in stupefied^② astonishment on the small rebel for some seconds, and then clung for support to the copper. The assistants were paralysed with wonder; the boys with fear.

'What!' said the master at length, in a faint voice.

'Please, sir,' replied Oliver, 'I want some more.'

The master aimed a blow at Oliver's head with the ladle; pinioned^③ him in his arm; and shrieked aloud for the beadle.

The board were sitting in solemn conclave^④, when Mr. Bumble rushed into the room in great excitement, and addressing the gentleman in the high chair, said, 'Mr. Limbkins, I beg your pardon, sir! Oliver Twist has asked for more!'

There was a general start. Horror was depicted^⑤ on every countenance.

'For more!' said Mr. Limbkins. 'Compose^⑥ your-

①[ti'meriti] *n.* 鲁莽, 蛮勇

②['stju:pifai] *v.* 使迷糊, 使吃惊

③['pinjən] *v.* 缚住(人或动物的)肢体, 绑住

④['kɒŋkleiv] *n.* 秘密会议

⑤[di'pikt] *vt.* 描述, 描写, 此
为显示, 呈现

⑥[kaɪm'pəuz] *v.* (使)安定, 镇



that he asked for more, after he had eaten the supper allotted by the dietary?’

‘He did, sir,’ replied Bumble.

‘That boy will be hung,’ said the gentleman in the white waistcoat. ‘I know that boy will be hung.’

Nobody controverted^① the prophetic gentleman’s opinion. An animated discussion took place. Oliver was ordered into instant confinement; and a bill was next morning pasted on the outside of the gate, offering a reward of five pounds to anybody who would take Oliver Twist off the hands of the parish.

In other words, five pounds and Oliver Twist were offered to any man or woman who wanted an apprentice to any trade, business, or calling.

‘I never was more convinced of anything in my life,’ said the gentleman in the white waistcoat, as he knocked at the gate and read the bill next morning: ‘I never was more convinced of anything in my life, than I am that that boy will come to be hung.’

① [ˈkɒntroʊvət] *vt.* 反驳, 争论



3 FIGHTING FOR HIS DIGNITY

Mr. Bumble had been despatched to make various preliminary inquiries, with the view of finding out some captain or others who wanted a cabin-boy without any friends, and was returning to the workhouse to communicate the result of his mission. When he encountered at the gate, no less a person than Mr. Sowerberry, the parochial^① undertaker^②.

‘By the way,’ said Mr. Bumble, ‘you don’t know anybody who wants a boy, do you? A parochial prentis, who is at present a dead-weight; a millstone, as I may say, round the parochial throat? Liberal terms, Mr. Sowerberry, liberal terms?’ As Mr. Bumble spoke, he raised his cane to the bill above him, and gave three distinct raps upon the words ‘five pounds’, which were printed thereon in Roman capitals of gigantic size.

‘Gadso!’ said the undertaker, taking Mr. Bumble by the gilt-edged lapel^③ of his official coat. ‘That’s just the very thing I wanted to speak to you about. You know—dear me, what a very elegant button this is, Mr. Bumble! I never noticed it before.’

‘Yes, I think it rather pretty,’ said the beadle, glancing proudly downwards at the large brass buttons which embellished his coat. ‘The tie is the same as the parochial coat—the Good Samaritan knot—the

① [pə'roukiəl] *adj.* 教区的

② [ˌʌndə'teɪkə] *n.* 承办者, 承担者

[一个教区的学徒, 眼下对我来说是一个大包袱, 我可以说他是一个卡在教区喉咙上的大石头。]

③ [lə'peɪl] *n.* (西服上衣或夹克的)翻领