



企鵝英語簡易读物精選

# 福尔摩斯与波斯克姆的神秘事件

Arthur Conan Doyle

## Sherlock Holmes and the Mystery of Boscombe Pool



世界图书出版公司



⑧ 企鹅英语简易读物精选 (高二学生)

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江苏工业学院图书馆  
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藏书章

( 1200 词 )

世界图书出版公司



## 图书在版编目 (CIP) 数据

福尔摩斯与波斯克姆的神秘事件/[英]道尔 (Doyle, S. A. C.) 著; [英]克尔 (Kerr, J. Y. K.) 改写. —北京: 世界图书出版公司北京公司, 2006.8

(企鹅英语简易读物精选·高二学生)

ISBN 7-5062-8531-2

I. 福… II. ①道… ②克… III. 英语—语言读物 IV. H319.4

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字 (2006) 第 103086 号

This edition of *Sherlock Holmes and the Mystery of Boscombe Pool*, First Edition is published by arrangement with Pearson Education Limited and Penguin Books Limited.

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企鹅英语简易读物精选 (高二学生)

福尔摩斯与波斯克姆的神秘事件

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出 版: 世界图书出版公司北京公司

发 行: 世界图书出版公司北京公司

(地址: 北京朝内大街 137 号 邮编: 100010 电话: 64077922)

销 售: 各地新华书店和外文书店

印 刷: 北京东海印刷有限公司

开 本: 889×1194 1/32

印 张: 1.5

版 次: 2006 年 8 月第 1 版 2006 年 8 月第 1 次印刷

版权登记: 图字 01 - 2006 - 5076

ISBN 7-5062-8531-2/H.941

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## 大量阅读简易读物 打好英语基础（代序）

北京外国语大学英语系历来都十分重视简易读物的阅读。我们要求学生在一、二年级至少要阅读几十本经过改写的、适合自己水平的英语读物。教学实践证明，凡是大量阅读了简易读物的学生，基础一般都打得比较扎实，英语实践能力都比较强，过渡到阅读英文原著困难也都比较小。这是我们几十年来屡试不爽的一条经验。

为什么强调在阅读英文原著之前必须阅读大量的简易读物呢？原因之一是简易读物词汇量有控制，内容比较浅易，而原著一般来说词汇量大，内容比较艰深。在打基础阶段，学生的词汇量比较小，阅读原著会遇到许多困难。在这种情况下，要保证足够的阅读量只能要求学生阅读简易读物。其次，简易读物使用的是常用词汇、短语和语法结构，大量阅读这类读物可以反复接触这些基本词语和语法，有助于他们打好基础，培养他们的英语语感。第三，简易读物大部分是文学名著改写而成，尽管情节和人物都大为简化，但依旧保留了文学名著的部分精华，仍不失为优秀读物。大量阅读这些读物对于拓宽学生视野、提高他们的人文素养大有帮助。

在这里我们还可以援引美国教学法家克拉申（Stephen Krashen）的一个著名观点。他认为，学生吸收外语有一个前提，即语言材料只能稍稍高于他们的语言理解水平，如果提供的语言材料难度大大超过学生的水平，就会劳而无功。这是克拉申关于外语学习的一个总的看法，但我们不妨把这个道理运用到阅读上。若要阅读有成效，必须严格控制阅读材料的难易度。目前学生阅读的英语材料往往过于艰深，词汇量过大，学生花了很多时间，而阅读量却仍然很小，进展缓慢，其结果是扼杀了学生的阅读兴趣，影响了他们的自信心。解决这个问题的关键是向学生提供适合他们水平的、词汇量有控制的、能够引起他们兴趣的英语读物。“企鹅英语简易读物精选”是专门为初、中级学习者编写的简易读物。这是一套充分考虑到学生的水平和需要，为他们设计的有梯度的读物，学生可以循序渐进，逐步提高阅读难度和扩大阅读量，从而提高自己的英语水平。

应该如何做才能取得最佳效果呢？首先，要选择难易度适当的读物。如果一页书上生词过多，读起来很吃力，进展十分缓慢，很可能选的材料太难了。不妨换一本容易些的。总的原则是宁易毋难。一般来说，学生选择的材料往往偏难，而不是过于浅易。其次，要尽可能读得快一些，不要一句一句地分析，更不要逐句翻译。读故事要尽快读进去，进入故事的情节，就像阅读中文小说一样。不必担心是否记住了新词语。阅读量大，阅读速度适当，就会自然而然地记住一些词语。这是自然吸收语言的过程。再次，阅读时可以做些笔记，但不必做太多的笔记；可以做一些配合阅读的练习，但不要在练习上花过多时间。主要任务还是阅读。好的读物不妨再读一遍，甚至再读两遍。你会发现在读第二遍时有一种如鱼得水的感觉。

青年朋友们，赶快开始你们的阅读之旅吧！它会把你们带进一个奇妙的世界，在那里你们可以获得一种全新的感受，观察世界也会有一种新的眼光。与此同时，你们的英语水平也会随之迅速提高。

## Introduction

*'Everything points to the fact that the young man is guilty, does it not?'*  
*I said.*

*'The facts are not always what they seem,' answered Holmes. 'If we look at them in another way, they can tell quite a different story.'*

As usual, Sherlock Holmes has asked his friend Dr Watson to come with him to study another crime. As usual, it is Dr Watson who tells the story. A rich man, Charles McCarthy, is dead. He died near Boscombe Pool, hit on the head with something heavy. Who killed him? The police are sure that they know. Young Patience Moran saw Mr McCarthy and James, his son, by the lake. They were both shouting. James was very angry. He was lifting up his arm . . .

The facts are clear. But Sherlock Holmes is not so sure. The police have taken James away and he is in prison, waiting for the case to come to court. Holmes has to work fast to find the real murderer.

Arthur Conan Doyle was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1859, one of seven children. He was a clever boy, who loved reading. After school he studied medicine at Edinburgh University. One of the teachers there was a doctor called Joseph Bell. Bell could look at a person and tell you what his job was. He had a scientific way of studying people's faces, movements and clothes. When Conan Doyle was writing about his great detective, he remembered Joseph Bell. Like Sherlock Holmes, Bell was tall and thin.

After he finished his studies, Conan Doyle first worked as a ship's doctor. Then he went to work in the south-west of England, near Portsmouth. He lived there for eight years. For

part of this time, his younger brother, Innes, lived with him. Some people say that Conan Doyle used Innes for Dr Watson in his stories. Conan Doyle did not have much medical work, so he spent a lot of his time writing. His first book about Sherlock Holmes was *A Study in Scarlet*, which he wrote in 1887. He sent it to two companies but they sent the book back. A third company accepted it but paid Conan Doyle only £25! *The Sign of Four* came out three years later. But Conan Doyle's real success with Sherlock Holmes began in 1891 when he started to write short stories for the *Strand Magazine*. Later, these stories came out as complete books: first, *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes* (1892) and then *The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes* (1894).

Conan Doyle began to get tired of his detective and wanted to 'kill' him. In one story, Holmes had a fight with his greatest enemy, Professor Moriarty, and fell to his death in the Swiss mountains. Conan Doyle was unhappy that readers didn't show the same interest in his historical books like *The White Company* (1891) or his scientific adventure stories like *The Lost World* (1912). Everybody still preferred Holmes and Watson. Conan Doyle found that he had to bring Holmes back to life and write five more books about him. Each of these was an immediate success. In his later life, Conan Doyle became interested in sending and receiving messages to and from the world of the dead. He died in 1930, at the age of 71.

Conan Doyle was not the first person to write detective stories. He got the idea from one of his favourite writers, the American, Edgar Allan Poe. But Poe's French detective, Dupin, is almost unknown because Poe wrote only one short story about him, 'The Murders in the Rue Morgue'. Sherlock Holmes, on the other hand, is in over a hundred stories. Today, Holmes is still the world's most famous detective and one of the most famous people in English literature. The stories are on sale in many

languages. There have been many plays, films, and television programmes about him. Everyone recognizes his long, unsmiling face, his special hat and special kind of pipe. 'He is all mind and no heart,' Conan Doyle once said. But for many readers Sherlock Holmes is like a real person. Since Conan Doyle died, people have written Sherlock Holmes's life story and made museums about him and his work. People from all over the world go to see his flat at 221B Baker Street, in central London.



*'Will you go?' said my wife, looking across at me.*



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## Sherlock Holmes and the Mystery of Boscombe Pool

One morning, I was having breakfast with my wife when a telegram arrived. It was from Sherlock Holmes. It read:

*Are you free for a day or two? Must go to the west of England to help with the Boscombe Pool murder. Shall be glad if you can come with me. The change will be good for us. Leaving Paddington station on the 11.15 train.*

'Will you go?' said my wife, looking across at me.

'I really don't know what to say,' I answered. 'I have a lot of sick people to visit.'

'Anstruther can do your work for you. You are looking tired and I think a change from your work will be good for you. You are always so interested in Mr Holmes's cases.'

'As always, you are right, my dear. But if I do go, I must get ready immediately, because the train leaves in half an hour.'

My early life as a soldier taught me to travel with very few things. In a few minutes, I was on my way to Paddington station. There I found my old friend in his long grey coat and his favourite hat. He was walking up and down the platform.

'It is really very good of you to come, Watson,' he said. 'I need a friend like you at times like this. No one can help me as you can. Please keep two corner places and I shall buy the tickets.'

We were alone during the train journey. Holmes had a large number of newspapers with him and for much of the time he wrote and thought. Finally, he made the papers



*'Have you heard anything about this case?' he asked.*

into a very large ball and threw them away, keeping only one.

'Have you heard anything about this case?' he asked.

'No, nothing. I have not seen a newspaper for some days.'

'The London papers have not written much about it. I have read them all because I need to know all the facts. It seems to be one of those cases which looks very clear. That is why I think it will be difficult.'

'Isn't that strange?'

'Oh no. Cases which seem very easy like this one are often the hardest, I find. But just now, things look very serious for the son of the murdered man.'

'So you are sure that it is a murder?'

'Not yet. It seems to be. But I must believe nothing until I have studied all the facts. Now I shall explain in a few words what I have read.

'Boscombe Valley is near Ross in Herefordshire. A large part of the land there belongs to a Mr John Turner. He made a lot of money in Australia and returned to live in England some years ago. His neighbour, Mr Charles McCarthy, was also in Australia and lives at Hatherley, a farm which belongs to Turner. The two men first met in Australia and it is natural that they have chosen to live in the same neighbourhood. Turner is the richer man and it seems that McCarthy pays him for the use of his farm. They seem to be good friends and spend quite a lot of their time together. McCarthy has one son, who is eighteen years old, and Turner has a daughter who is about the same age. The wives of both men are dead. The two families lived quietly and did not mix much with other people. McCarthy had two servants but Turner in his big house has several more – about six. That is all I have been able to find out about these families.'

'What about the murder, then?' I asked.

'Don't hurry me, Watson. Just listen. I am coming to that.

'Last Monday, 3 June, Charles McCarthy went to the town of Ross with his servant. This was in the morning. While he was there, he told his servant to hurry because he had an important meeting with someone at three o'clock that afternoon. They drove back quickly to his house at Hatherley. Just before three o'clock, McCarthy left the farmhouse and walked down alone to Boscombe Pool. He never came back.

'It is a quarter of a mile from Hatherley Farm to Boscombe Pool and two different people saw him as he walked that way. One was an old woman but we do not know her name. The other was a manservant of Mr Turner, called William Crowder. Both people say that McCarthy was alone. The servant also says that, a few minutes after he saw McCarthy go past, he also saw his son, Mr James McCarthy, going the same way. He had a gun under his arm. The son could see his father and was following him. But Crowder, the servant, thought nothing of this until he heard of McCarthy's death later that evening.'

'You explain it all so clearly,' I said.

'I have told you to listen, dear doctor. When I have finished, you can say what you like. I shall continue.

'Another person saw the two McCarthys after William Crowder. The land around Boscombe Pool is full of trees with a little grass in the open parts beside the water. A girl of fourteen, Patience Moran, was picking flowers among the trees that afternoon. She saw Mr McCarthy and his son close to the lake. They both seemed to be very angry. She heard Mr McCarthy using strong language to his son. She saw the young man lift up his arm. He seemed ready to hit his father. She felt so frightened that she ran away. When she got home, she told her mother about the quarrel. "When I saw them, they seemed to be going to have a fight," she said. Just as she was speaking, young



*Patience Moran saw Mr McCarthy and his son close to the lake.  
They both seemed to be very angry.*

Mr McCarthy came running up to their house. "I have just found my father by the pool," he shouted. "He is dead. We must get help." He looked very excited, without either his hat or his gun. His right hand was red with blood. Immediately, Patience's parents went with him to the pool, where they found his father's dead body lying on the grass. There were many wounds in his head, made by something thick and heavy like the wooden part of the young man's gun. They found this gun lying on the grass not far from the dead man. The police soon came and immediately held the young man for questioning, then locked him up. His case will come up in a few weeks' time.'

'Everything points to the fact that the young man is guilty, does it not?' I said.

'The facts are not always what they seem,' answered Holmes. 'We think that they all point to the same thing but, if we look at them in another way, they can tell quite a different story. It is true that the case against the young man is very serious and maybe he is in fact guilty. But there are several people who believe that he is innocent. One of these is Miss Turner, the daughter of McCarthy's neighbour. She has asked Detective Lestrade to take on the case and now Lestrade, since he cannot really say no, has asked me to help him. That is why we are hurrying along in a train instead of having a quiet breakfast at home.'

'I am afraid that the case is so clear that no one will thank you for showing what happened,' I said.

'We shall see,' my friend answered. 'We both know that Lestrade is not as clever as he thinks and I am sure that I shall notice some things which he has missed. But there is something more to tell you. When the police came to Hatherley Farm and took young McCarthy prisoner, he said, "I am deeply sorry but I am not surprised. I was expecting this."'



*James McCarthy came running up to the Moran family's house and said, 'I have just found my father by the pool. He is dead.'*



‘Of course, that shows that he is guilty,’ I said.

‘In no way. In fact, he has repeated many times that he is innocent.’

‘But that is hard to believe, don’t you think?’

‘Of course not. He cannot be so stupid that he does not realize the danger which he is in. So he cannot be surprised that he is a prisoner. Clearly he is sorry that his father is dead and that they had a quarrel. His feelings are quite natural, I think.’

‘So what story does this young man have to tell?’

‘You can read it here in this newspaper,’ said Holmes. He gave it to me and pointed to the right page. This is what I read:

Mr James McCarthy, the son of the dead man, gave the following story: ‘I was away from home for three days because I had business in Bristol. I came back only last Monday in the morning. My father was not at home when I arrived. A servant told me that he was in Ross on business. After some time, I heard the wheels of his carriage coming back. I looked out of the window and saw him walking quickly away from the house. I did not know where he was going. I then took my gun and went for a walk. I wanted to shoot some birds in the trees on the other side of Boscombe Pool. On my way, I passed William Crowder, as he has told you. But he is wrong when he says that I was following my father. I had no idea that he was in front of me. When I was about a hundred yards from the pool, I heard someone call “Cooee!” My father and I often used this call. I hurried towards the pool and found him standing there. He seemed very surprised to see me and also quite angry. He asked, “What are you doing here?” I explained, we began to talk and more angry words followed. I became angry too. I felt ready to hit him but instead I decided to leave. I know that my father