

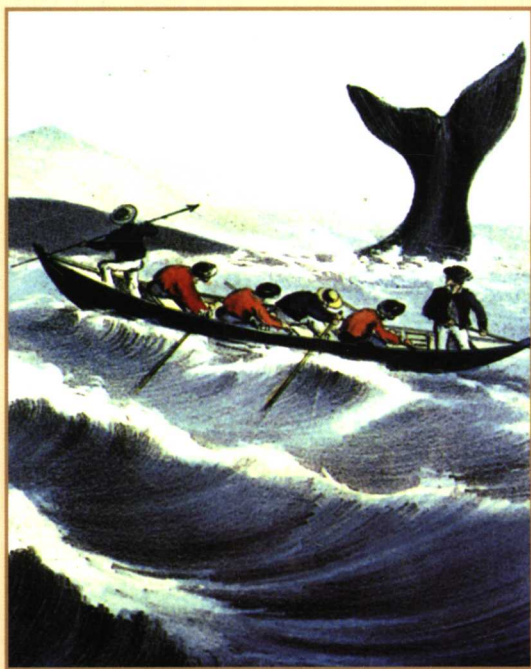


企鵝英語簡易讀物精選

白鯨記

MOBY DICK

Herman Melville



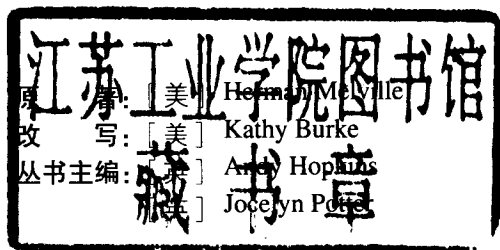
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① 企鹅英语简易读物精选 (高一学生)

Moby Dick

白鲸记



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企鹅英语简易读物精选 (高一学生)

白鲸记

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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，阅读时可以做一些笔记，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

“I’m going to finish this! I’ll stop when the white devil is dead—with my harpoon in his white devil’s body.”

Captain Ahab hates Moby Dick—“the white devil”—because he lost a leg to the white whale in a fight. Now Ahab, the captain of a whaling ship, can only think of one thing. He has to find Moby Dick and kill him.

Many of the other sailors on the ship don’t know about their captain’s plan. Ishmael is a young sailor and this is his first whaling job. He and his new friend, Queequeg, sail with Captain Ahab on this exciting—and dangerous—trip. Also on the ship are Starbuck, Stubb, and other whalers from different countries. Will they find Moby Dick? What will happen next?

Herman Melville was born in 1819 in New York City. His father died when Herman was twelve. There was no money after that, so from the age of fifteen Herman had to work. He had many jobs. He worked in a bank and he was a schoolteacher. Then he began working on ships. He left New York in 1841 on his first whaling ship, the *Acushnet*. Herman loved the ocean, but whaling was a very hard life. He left the ship after eighteen months, but his life on the *Acushnet* gave him ideas for *Moby Dick* and other stories. He sailed back to the United States in 1844 and wrote books about his exciting life on the ocean. People loved them and they sold well. In 1847 he married and bought a farm. He began to write *Moby Dick* in 1850, but people didn’t like it as much as his earlier books. Herman Melville moved back to New York in 1863 and died there in 1891.

Now people around the world know the story of Captain Ahab and the white whale, Moby Dick. Some people say that it is the best book in the English language.

Contents

	page
Introduction	iv
Chapter 1 My Story Begins	1
Chapter 2 We Find Our Ship	4
Chapter 3 Captain Ahab's Story	6
Chapter 4 Our First Whale	10
Chapter 5 The <i>Albatross</i> and The <i>Samuel Enderby</i>	12
Chapter 6 Moby Dick	14
Chapter 7 Pip's Story	17
Chapter 8 Queequeg's Coffin	20
Chapter 9 Captain Ahab's Dream	22
Chapter 10 The <i>Rachel</i>	26
Chapter 11 The Fight Begins	28
Chapter 12 The Second Day	32
Chapter 13 The End	34
Activities	39

Chapter 1 My Story Begins

He is out there—in the ocean. But he is here too—in my dreams, always in my dreams. He will never leave me. He is whiter than the first beautiful snow in winter—whiter than the stars in the sky on a warm summer's night. But he brings only death. He is Moby Dick—the white whale.



My name is Ishmael and this is my story. I'm a sailor and I work on different ships. I love my life on the ocean. It's sometimes dangerous but never, never boring. I feel sad when I'm not on a ship.

One November day I thought, "I want to work on a whaling ship." Why did I want to be a whaler? I can't tell you. The life of a whaler is very dangerous. The men are away from their homes and families for years. Many never come back. Their wives wait at home. They stand and look at the ocean with sad eyes. But I wanted to visit exciting new places and I wanted to see the whales.

The first American whalers sailed from the town of Nantucket, so I went there too. I arrived on a cold, dark night and looked for a room. I was tired, so I went into the first place. The men inside drank and talked loudly. A large man with a red face stood behind the bar.

"Do you have a room for tonight?" I asked him.

"Our rooms are full," he said. "The men are here for the whaling ships. I'll have to put you in a room with Queequeg." Then he smiled and looked around at the other men.

"Who's Queequeg? Where is he?" I asked.

"Oh, he's a whaler. He's out now, but he'll be back later," said the man. Then he smiled again and the other men laughed loudly.

I didn't understand, but I was very tired. So I went to the room and got into bed. I fell asleep very quickly.

A noise outside the door woke me up. I opened my eyes but I didn't speak. The door opened and a man came in. It was dark, so I couldn't see him well. Then he lit a fire in the fireplace.

When I saw him in the light of the fire, I sat up. He was a huge man and very, very ugly! He had black lines over his face and body, and almost no hair on his head. He wore a strange skirt and no other clothes.

The huge man suddenly jumped onto my bed.

"Help!" I shouted. "Help!"

The barman ran in. "Stop, Queequeg! This man wants a bed for tonight. He's sleeping here." Then he turned to me. "This is Queequeg—the finest whaler on the ocean. Don't be afraid. He won't hurt you!" He laughed and left us.

After he left, we were very quiet. "I'm sorry," I said.

"I too," Queequeg said. His English was slow and careful.

We began to talk and then we couldn't stop! Queequeg listened to my life story and I listened to his. He came from Kokovoko, a long way away in the Pacific Ocean. He had a good life because his father was an important man. But Queequeg wanted to see the world. So he left his home and sailed away in his small boat. A whaling ship found him and gave him work. Queequeg was strong and quick so he was a fine whaler now. He never went home.

When the morning came, we were great friends. Queequeg stood up and shouted, "You will find us a whaling ship today! You and I will sail around the world!"

And do you know something? He was right! Queequeg *knew* because he could see the future. I learned this later. He was a strange and wonderful new friend.

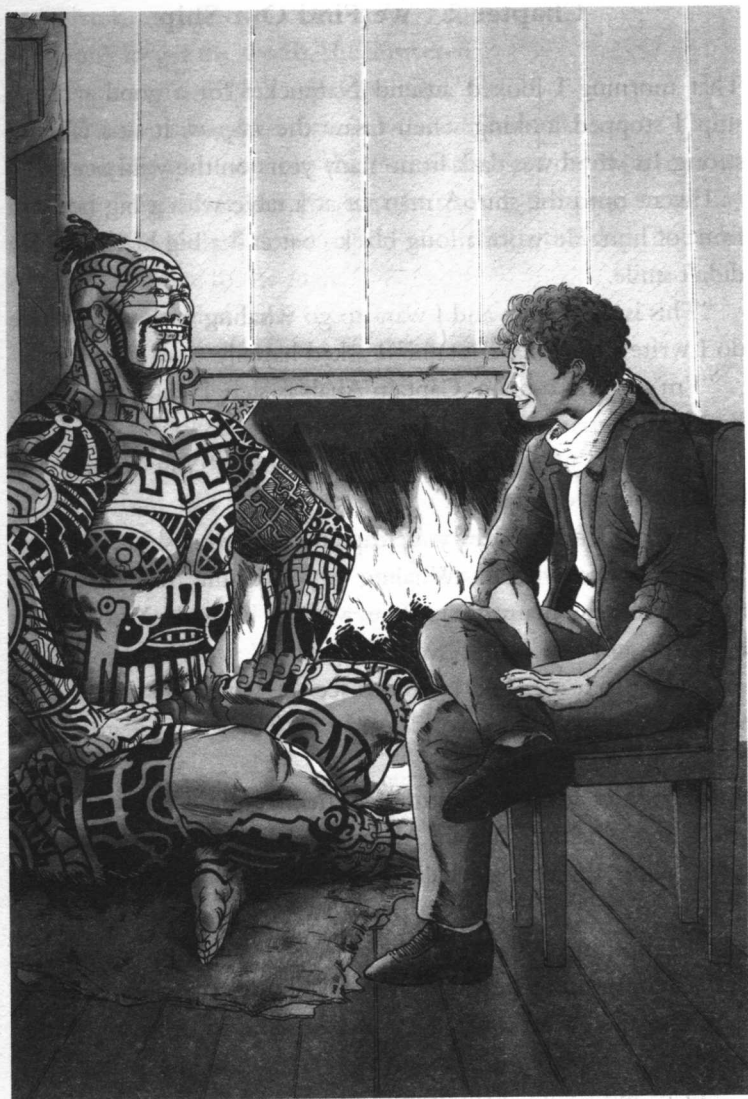
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"When the morning came, we were great friends."

Chapter 2 We Find Our Ship

That morning I looked around Nantucket for a good whaling ship. I stopped looking when I saw the *Pequod*. It was tall and strong. Its wood was dark from many years on the wild oceans.

I went onto the ship. A man sat at a table with a big book in front of him. He wore a long black coat and a big black hat. He didn't smile.

"This is a fine ship and I want to go whaling with you! Where do I write my name, Captain?" I asked happily.

"I'm not the captain. Captain Ahab is sick. He's down below. I'm Starbuck. Are you a whaler?" he asked.

"No, but I'm a good sailor," I answered. "You can ask the captains of my other ships."

"I'm not interested in your captains and your ships," he said. "Sailing is not whaling. Whaling is a hard life. You'll be away from home for many years. The work is difficult. You have to be strong and fast. And it's very dangerous."

"I want to learn. And I want to see the world," I said.

"Oh, you'll see the world. And you'll see more—good and bad. Some very bad things."

He looked at me for a minute. Then he spoke again. "I'll tell you about whaling. Captain Ahab has only one leg. And do you know why? Because a whale took his other leg. A huge whale took it off!"

I said nothing. What could I say?

"So, you want to be a whaler on Captain Ahab's ship. Can you look into the eye of a whale? Can you stand in front of its huge mouth and throw your harpoon?"

"I can and I will!" I shouted. "I'm not afraid. I'm a good sailor. You'll see! This is my life and I . . ."

He stopped me and turned the big book around. "Write your name here," he said. His eyes were tired.

"Thank you. You won't be sorry," I said.

"Don't forget my words," he answered.

"I have a friend. He's a good whaler," I said.

"We'll see. Bring him tomorrow," said Starbuck.

Queequeg and I went to the *Pequod* the next day. The men on the ship laughed at this huge, ugly man. Queequeg didn't say anything. He looked down at the water from the ship. Then he turned and spoke to the men.

"Do you see that bird?" he asked.

The men looked, but they couldn't see anything.

"There," said Queequeg.

The men looked carefully this time and saw a small dead bird a long way away on the water.

"That bird is a whale's eye," said Queequeg. He threw his harpoon and hit the bird. "Now that whale is dead," he said.

The men were quiet. Queequeg was better than every other man on that ship. And so the *Pequod* had two new whalers.

We went to our room and got our things. An old man stopped us on the street before we got back to the *Pequod*.

"Are you sailing with Captain Ahab? Do you know him?" he asked.

"Yes, we're sailing with him. He's sick now. But we'll meet him later," I answered.

"Sick!" he shouted. "Yes! He's a sick man. He's the DEVIL!"

"And who are you?" I asked.

"I'm Elijah," he answered.

"Why do you say this about Captain Ahab? Men say that he's a good whaler. He knows the ocean."

"They're right," answered the man quietly. Then his eyes turned big and wild. "But he's the DEVIL! I sailed with him. I know! And his men are the Devil's helpers!" He looked at me strangely. "He only has one leg. Do you know Captain Ahab's story?"

I suddenly felt afraid. "Of course we do," I said. I turned to Queequeg. "Come my friend," I said. "Let's leave this crazy old man." And we went quickly to the ship.



We sailed on Christmas morning. Captain Ahab didn't come up and meet the whalers. But every night we heard him. He walked up and down . . . up and down . . .

One night we heard Starbuck speak. "Please Captain. Stop. You're waking your men up."

"No! *I* can't sleep, so my *men* won't sleep. They can think of whales in their beds—*dead* whales. That's their job!" shouted Captain Ahab.

I thought of Elijah's words: "the Devil's helpers." Were the men on the *Pequod* devils? There was unhappy Starbuck. Then there was Stubb. He was very different. He always laughed and told funny stories. From my bed I looked around at my neighbors—Bildad, Tashtego, Daggoo, Flask, Manxman, and the other whalers. They were from many different countries and had interesting stories. They weren't all good men, but they weren't devils. Who *were* Captain Ahab's devils?

Chapter 3 Captain Ahab's Story

For three weeks Captain Ahab stayed below. Then one day, suddenly, he was there in front of us. He was a thin man, but he was strong. He had a hard face with lines on it from years of sun and wind. His hair was gray and wild. His clothes were black. Then I saw it—his white whalebone leg. And an ugly white line ran down from the top of his head. Did it go down to his feet? Who—or what—did that to him? What fight did he lose so badly?



Then one day, suddenly, he was there in front of us.

He stood and looked at us with angry eyes. "What do you do when you see a whale?" he suddenly shouted.

"Shout, sir," answered the men.

"Good! Look at this!" He showed us some gold. "I want one whale—a white whale. One of you will see this whale first! That man will get this gold!"

We stood quietly. Whalers don't make much money. We thought about the gold. We could buy a lot of nice things with it.

"You'll know him when you see him," said Captain Ahab. "He's the biggest whale in the oceans."

"I saw this whale," said Queequeg to me. "He is a mountain! Very big. Very strong. I put my harpoon in him. He got away!"

"I have to find this whale! I WILL find him!" shouted Captain Ahab.

"Are you talking about Moby Dick?" asked Tashtego.

"Yes!" answered Captain Ahab.

"Moby Dick took your leg?" said Starbuck quietly.

Captain Ahab shouted angrily at Starbuck. "Yes! He took my leg. He took half of me. Now I'm half a man. And Moby Dick will pay for this! I'll follow him to South America, to Africa. I'll follow him to the end of this world. I'll see him dead!" He turned to the other whalers. "Are you with me, men?"

"Yes!" they shouted. They were excited. They saw the gold! They shouted and laughed.

Only Starbuck stood quietly. His face was as dark as the sky before it rains.

"What's your problem?" Captain Ahab asked him angrily. Then he smiled. "It's too dangerous. Is that the problem?"

"I'm not afraid of dangerous work," answered Starbuck. "But I work for whale oil. I fight whales for their oil—for money. You hate this whale. How much oil will that bring you? How much money?"

"When I kill Moby Dick, I'll be rich in here!" shouted Captain Ahab and he hit his body with his hand. He turned and started to walk away.

"Are you going to follow this animal because it won a fight with you? It's wrong. It's crazy!" shouted Starbuck.

When he heard this, Captain Ahab turned on his whalebone leg. He was very angry now and he shouted in Starbuck's face.

"This whale is *evil*. Do you understand? White is the color of ice and ice takes strong ships down under the water. White is the color of a man's eyes when he can't see. White is the color of dead men. White is evil and this whale is evil. He's laughing at me. I'll only be free when this evil is dead! Dead!"

The color left Starbuck's face. He was the loser of this fight and Captain Ahab knew it. He turned to the men again.

"Drink! Death to Moby Dick!" he shouted.

The men put their harpoons up high and shouted too. Then they drank and danced.



Later that same night the men were asleep and the ship was quiet. I was outside with Pip, the little cook boy. We had to put water out for the next day's whaling.

"Listen," said Pip. "Can you hear that? I hear men."

The whalers were at the other end of the ship. There was nobody there.

"I don't hear anything," I said.

"No, listen!" said Pip. "There are men below us—five or six of them. Can't you hear them?"

"It's the ocean, Pip. It's playing games with you," I answered.

"I have good ears," said Pip. He was angry with me and walked away.

I watched him go. Then I sat and looked up at the stars. I dreamed of the white whale. I dreamed of gold.

Chapter 4 Our First Whale

“Whale!” shouted Tashtego from the top of the ship. “Whale!” Captain Ahab came quickly. “Get the boats!” he shouted. The whale sent a shower of water up into the sky.

Suddenly five men came up from below and stood by Captain Ahab. Their faces were dark and they had long black hair. They wore strange wide pants and no shirts or shoes. One of the men was older. He was darker and only had one tooth. He wore a strange white hat, so we couldn't see his hair. His black eyes looked only at Captain Ahab. These were Captain Ahab's devils!

“Fedallah! Go!” Captain Ahab shouted to this man.

Three small boats went down into the water. Captain Ahab's men came too, in their boat. His men were strong and their boat quickly sailed in front of ours.

I turned to Pip. “I understand now! These are the men! You heard them speaking before!”

“I told you!” Pip shouted back.

“Stop talking and row!” shouted Stubb from the back. “Do you think this is a tea party?” Stubb always shouted at us—but we were never afraid of him. He always had a smile on his face.

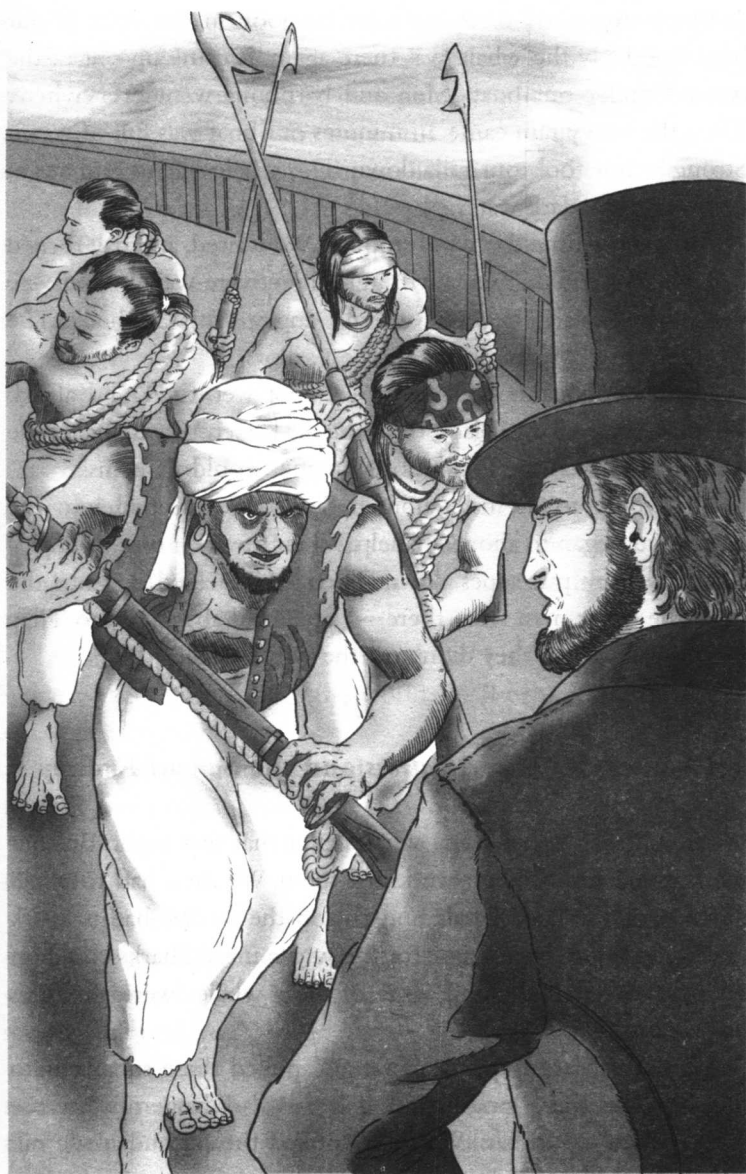
Starbuck was the captain of our small boat. He didn't talk to us, but we heard him say quietly, “Who are those men? What's Captain Ahab doing?”

Captain Ahab shouted to his boat from the *Pequod*, but his men only had ears for Fedallah. Their eyes never left Fedallah's face and their boat went faster and faster.

This was my first whale! “Maybe we'll kill it!” I thought. I was excited. Every whaler was excited. But why weren't we afraid? Because our heads were full of money—oil—gold!

The sky suddenly turned dark with rain, but we didn't go back.

“We have time. We can kill a whale before the heavy rain comes,” said Starbuck.



These were Captain Ahab's devils!