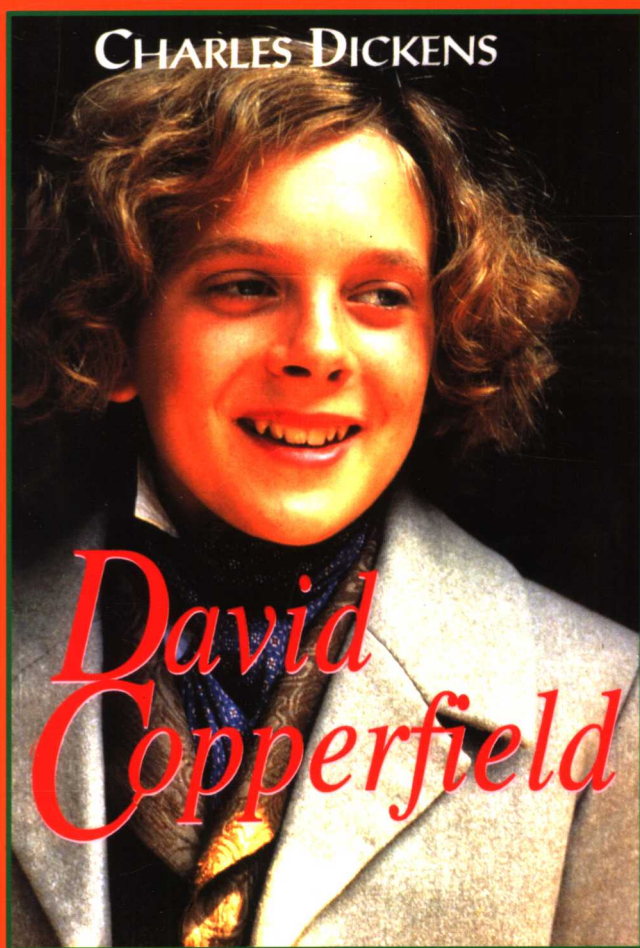




企鵝英語簡易讀物精選

# 大卫·科波菲尔



世界圖書出版公司

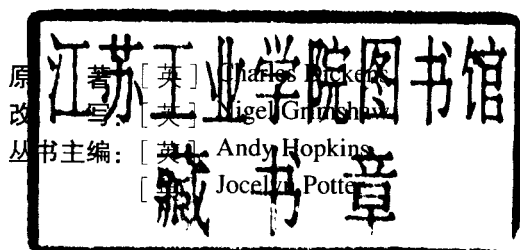




企鵝英語簡易读物精选 (高二学生)

# *David Copperfield*

大卫·科波菲尔



(1200 词)

世界图书出版公司



## 图书在版编目 (CIP) 数据

大卫·科波菲尔/[英]狄更斯 (Dickens, C.) 著; [英]格里姆肖 (Grimshaw, N.)

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. 大… II. ①狄… ②格… III. 英语—语言读物 IV. H319.4

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字 (2006) 第 103089 号

This edition of *David Copperfield*, First Edition is published by arrangement with Pearson Education Limited and Penguin Books Limited.

This edition copyright © Penguin Books Ltd 1999

企鹅英语简易读物精选 (高二学生)

大卫·科波菲尔

---

原 著 者: Charles Dickens

改 写 者: Nigel Grimshaw

责任编辑: 张颖颖 王志宇

---

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: 3.25

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

---

版 权 所 有 翻 印 必 究

## 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

Charles Dickens is one of the most popular writers of all time. His life is rather like one of his books, full of happy and sad situations. He was born near Portsmouth, England in 1812, and then the family moved to London. He was one of eight children. His father was a clerk, so they were very poor. Charles was taught to read by his mother. He loved books, but his parents did not have enough money to send him to school for long. At the age of twelve he went to work in a factory, and he hated the job. Then his father was sent to prison because he owed people money. Dickens wrote about these unhappy times later, in many of his stories. He did not want to stay poor for ever. He taught himself shorthand and became a reporter in Parliament.

Dickens had his first success as a writer with *The Pickwick Papers*. By the age of twenty-four he was already famous; he stayed famous until he died. In 1836 he married Catherine Hogarth, and they had ten children. They found it more and more difficult to live together, though, so in 1858 they moved to different homes. As well as his writing, Dickens had a number of other interests. He gave a lot of time to things that he believed in. He fought, for example, for changes to laws and to prisons. In the end his health suffered, and he died in 1870.

Dickens wrote different kinds of books, fiction and non-fiction. His fictional works are above all great stories, but they also show clearly the problems of poorer people at that time. One of his most famous early books is *Oliver Twist*, which tells of the adventures of a small boy in London's criminal world. It also tells of the terrible places where poor people had to live. *Nicholas Nickleby* paints a memorable picture of bad schools which made their owners rich. *A Christmas Carol* is one of

Dickens's "Christmas books", about a rich man who cannot spend money. Scrooge learns, by the end, about the message of Christmas and becomes happy by giving money away. *Great Expectations* is the story of a boy growing up and his dreams for the future. These books are both funny and sad, but Dickens's later works are much darker. In *Hard Times*, *Little Dorrit* and *Our Mutual Friend* we see people at their worst. *Bleak House* shows us the cruelty and stupidity of the law.

Dickens began writing *David Copperfield* in 1849. It is the story of David's adventures as a child and as a man. It also shows people's suffering – the suffering of children, for example, in schools and at work. Many of the situations are taken straight from Dickens's own young life. From the start the book was very popular with readers.

The story begins happily. David Copperfield grows up in a loving home with his mother and their servant and friend, Peggotty. But David's life changes when his mother marries Mr Murdstone, who does not like him and is cruel to him. At school David finds more cruelty. Here he becomes friends with the proud, good-looking Steerforth. David finds some happiness in Yarmouth, staying with Peggotty's brother and his relatives. Other people also become important in David's life: Mr Micawber, who always owes money, the "very humble" Uriah Heep, beautiful Dora, and sweet Agnes Wickfield.

## ***Contents***

	<b>page</b>
Introduction	v
Chapter 1 I Have a New Father	1
Chapter 2 I Am Sent Away from Home	6
Chapter 3 I Start School at Salem House	10
Chapter 4 I Grow Up	16
Chapter 5 I Go to Work	20
Chapter 6 I Make a New Start	25
Chapter 7 I Finish My Education	30
Chapter 8 I Meet the Girl of My Dreams	37
Chapter 9 I See Old Friends	42
Chapter 10 I Find a Wife	47
Chapter 11 I Am Given Bad News	54
Chapter 12 I Receive Help and Give Little	60
Chapter 13 I Get Married	66
Chapter 14 I Discover a Secret	71
Chapter 15 I Lose Many Good Friends	79
Chapter 16 I Find Complete Happiness	88
Activities	93

## Chapter 1 I Have a New Father

It was a terrible stormy night six months after my father's death. My mother was sitting alone by the fire, waiting for her baby to arrive. She was feeling sad and ill. Suddenly she heard a noise outside.

'There's someone at the door, Peggotty,' my mother called. 'Who is it?' Peggotty was her servant and her only real friend.

'I'll go and see,' Peggotty replied. She went and opened the door. Miss Trotwood, my father's aunt, followed Peggotty into the sitting room. This was her first visit since my parents' marriage, because she did not have a high opinion of my mother.

'Where's the baby?' she asked. Her loud voice frightened my mother, who began to cry.

'It isn't here yet,' my mother said unhappily. 'It will come soon.'

'Dear, dear,' Miss Trotwood said in her loud voice. 'You're only a baby yourself, aren't you? Now your husband is dead and you're alone. But don't worry. The baby will be a little girl and I like little girls. You can call her Betsey Trotwood Copperfield. Then I'll help you look after the baby.'

'Thank you,' my mother said. 'I'm sorry. I have to leave you now. I don't feel well. I'm going to my room.' She called Peggotty, who took her slowly upstairs. Soon after that the doctor arrived. Miss Trotwood sat in a chair and waited. When the doctor came downstairs again, she jumped up.

'Has the baby arrived?' she asked.

'Yes,' he said.

'And how is she?'

'She is a he,' he told her. 'The baby is a boy.'

Without a word, Miss Trotwood picked up her hat and left the house. She never saw my mother again.





*Miss Trotwood, my father's aunt, followed Peggotty into the sitting room.*

◆

I was that baby and my name is David Copperfield. The years went past and I reached the age of six. At that time I knew two people – my mother and Peggotty. I loved them very much and Peggotty was always good and kind. We were all very happy together.

My mother and I went to church every Sunday. One Sunday a man stopped us when we were leaving the church. He had black hair and dark eyes and I was afraid of him.

‘Good morning, Mrs Copperfield,’ he said.

‘Good morning, Mr Murdstone,’ she answered.

‘I hope that you are well,’ he continued. He was smiling at me in a way that I did not like. I did not smile.

‘Very well, thank you, Mr Murdstone,’ she said.

He put his hand on my head. ‘Is this David, your little boy?’ he asked. I moved quickly away. He looked angry for a moment. Then he smiled at my mother. ‘May I call at your house?’ he asked.

‘Please do,’ she said. He said goodbye and left us.

I did not want to see him again, but after that he often came to the house. My mother liked him but Peggotty did not. One day I found them both in tears.

‘He’s not like Mr Copperfield,’ Peggotty was saying.

‘Why do you make me feel so uncomfortable?’ my mother replied. ‘My husband is dead and I have no friends here. I am doing nothing wrong.’

Mr Murdstone took me to Lowestoft. I did not like him at all but I wanted to go there. It is a nice town by the sea. We met some friends of Mr Murdstone.

‘Your friend, Mrs Copperfield, is very pretty, isn’t she?’ one man said.

‘Be quiet! This boy understands things and he’ll tell his

mother,' said Mr Murdstone. They all laughed.

Later I told my mother about the conversation.

'Don't say that. It isn't true.' Her face was red but she was laughing.

Some months went past. One day my mother asked, 'David, do you like the sea?'

'Oh, yes!' I said.

'You can have a holiday by the sea,' she said.

'Where shall we go?' I asked.

'Not "we" David,' she said. 'I won't be with you. You can go with Peggotty to Yarmouth. Her brother lives there and you can stay with him. Will you like that?'

'Oh, yes!' I said again. 'Very much! Why aren't you coming, too?'

'I can't tell you now,' she said. 'When you come back, you'll understand.'

So Peggotty and I went to Yarmouth. Mr Peggotty's house was a boat on the beach with a door and windows in the side and I liked it very much. There was a strong smell of fish but everything was very clean. Four people lived in the house. Ham lived there with his uncle, Mr Peggotty, because his father was dead. Little Emily was the daughter of another sister of Mr Peggotty and both her parents were dead. The fourth person was Mrs Gummidge. Like Mr Peggotty's brother and his sister's husband, Mr Gummidge was a fisherman and died at sea. Mr Peggotty was a fisherman too. He was a very kind man and loved his unusual family.

Little Emily was a beautiful child. As soon as I saw her, I fell in love with her. At first she was rather frightened of me, but we became friends. We often went down to the sea together. We sat on the sand and looked at the water.

'I'm afraid of it,' Emily said. 'Are you afraid of the sea?'

'No,' I said. But this was not quite true.

'The sea killed my father,' she said.

'I know,' I said.

'When my father died, Mr Peggotty looked after me. He's a good man,' she told me.

'Yes, he is,' I agreed. 'He's very kind. I like him very much.'

'When I'm a lady, I'll have a lot of money,' Emily said. 'Then I'll buy nice clothes and a big gold watch for Mr Peggotty and give him a box of money.'

'Would you like to be a lady then?' I asked.

'Yes,' she explained. 'Then the stormy weather won't hurt us, and we can help the poor fishermen. They can't work if they have an accident.'

Mrs Gummidge was not sweet and loving like Emily. She was always unhappy and she complained a lot. When Mr Peggotty went out, Mrs Gummidge complained about that.

'Where's Mr Peggotty?' she asked. 'He's left me alone. He doesn't think about my feelings. Nobody thinks about my feelings.'

This was not true. Mr Peggotty looked after Mrs Gummidge very well. He let her live in his house and was always kind to her. He never got angry when she complained.

I enjoyed my time in Yarmouth, but it soon ended. I was very sorry to leave. I did not want to leave my new friends. I was very sad to leave little Emily.

'Goodbye, Emily,' I said. 'I don't want to leave here.'

'Goodbye, David,' she said. 'I shall miss you.'

'I'll miss you, too,' I told her. 'I'll write to you.'

'Please do that,' she answered. 'And don't forget me.'

When I saw our house again, I felt happier.

'We're home, Peggotty!' I cried. 'Won't Mother be pleased?' But Peggotty did not answer.

A new servant opened the door. She told us that my mother was not at home.

'Where's Mother?' I asked Peggotty. 'Why isn't she here to meet us?'

'Wait,' Peggotty said. 'She'll explain.'

'No!' I said. '*You* tell me, now. Where is she?' I suddenly felt frightened. 'Is she dead like my father?'

'Oh, no!' said Peggotty, taking me in her arms. 'She isn't dead.'

'What's wrong?' I cried. 'Where is she?'

'I'll tell you,' said Peggotty. She wasn't looking at me now. 'You have a new father. What do you think about that?'

'Who is he?' I asked. 'Is he . . . ?'

'Yes,' Peggotty said. 'Your new father is Mr Murdstone. Your mother is Mrs Murdstone now.'

## **Chapter 2 I Am Sent Away from Home**

I went to my bedroom. I hid my face in the sheets and I cried. At that moment my mother came home and found me there.

'Davy, Davy, my child. What's the matter?' she asked, and she went down on her knees next to the bed.

'What's this? Clara, my love, have you forgotten?' It was Mr Murdstone's voice from the door. 'Don't be soft with the child. He has to learn to be a man.' He sent my mother downstairs and pulled the sheets away from me. 'David,' he said, with his thin lips. 'If a horse or a dog is bad, what do we do to them?'

'I don't know.'

'We beat them. Do you understand me? Right. Now stop that noise and wash your face.'

Mr Murdstone's sister came to stay with us. She was dark like her brother, with a hard face and a large nose. She walked through the house and she looked at all the rooms. She found dirt in all of them. On that first morning she said, 'Clara, I'll manage the house.'

My mother did not like this but said nothing. Time passed, though, and she had nothing at all to do. Miss Murdstone was making changes without even asking her. My mother made the mistake of complaining to her new husband.

‘Don’t be silly,’ Mr Murdstone said. ‘You can’t manage the house, Clara. You should be grateful that my sister has more good sense.’

‘I’ll go,’ said Miss Murdstone, when she heard about this conversation. ‘I’ll leave the house *now!*’

‘No,’ said Mr Murdstone. ‘Clara is being silly. I want you to stay. We need you here.’

My mother cried but she did not complain again.

Before her marriage my mother taught me my lessons, but now Mr Murdstone became my teacher. Because I was frightened of him, I could not learn anything. He got very angry.

‘This boy is stupid and lazy,’ he said to my mother day after day. ‘He refuses to learn, so he won’t have any dinner today.’ I was usually given only a piece of bread in my room.

Then, one day, Mr Murdstone brought a stick with him.

‘Remember your lessons or I’ll hit you,’ he said.

I tried hard to learn, but I could not.

‘You’re a bad, stupid boy! Come with me!’ he ordered, pulling me to my room.

‘Please, Mr Murdstone!’ I said. ‘*Please* don’t hit me! I can’t learn from you. I want to learn and I try to learn. But I can’t!’

‘You *can* learn and you *will* learn!’ he said. He held my head under his arm and he hit me very hard. I shouted with the pain. Then I bit his hand!

He was very angry. He beat me until I fell to the floor. After that, he left the room. He turned the key in the door and took it with him.

The house was quiet. I could not hear anything at all. My

mother did not come to my room, and I felt quite alone.

The morning passed; the afternoon passed; the evening passed. Night came and my door stayed locked. Then I heard the sound of footsteps on the stairs. The key turned and Miss Murdstone came into the room. She gave me some food but she did not speak to me. The next day she came again.

‘You can walk in the garden,’ she said. So I went for a walk.

The next five days were like this. I did not see my mother. I saw only Miss Murdstone. She had the key, and I could not leave my room without permission. Then one night Peggotty came. The door was locked and she spoke through it.

‘Peggotty,’ I said, ‘is that you?’

‘Yes, David,’ she replied. She was crying and I was crying, too.

‘Is my mother angry with me?’ I asked.

‘No, she isn’t angry,’ Peggotty said.

‘What is Mr Murdstone going to do to me?’ I asked.

‘You’re going to go to a school,’ Peggotty said. ‘It’s near London.’

‘When do I have to go?’

‘Tomorrow morning,’ Peggotty said. ‘Don’t forget me. I won’t forget you. I’ll look after your mother.’

‘Thank you, dear Peggotty!’ I said. ‘Promise me one thing. Write to Mr Peggotty and Emily. I am not a bad boy. Tell them that.’

‘I will, David,’ Peggotty said. ‘I’ll write to them tomorrow, I promise.’

The next morning Miss Murdstone came and put my clothes in a box. She sent me downstairs to have breakfast with my mother.

‘Oh, David,’ my mother said. She looked sad and pale, and her eyes were red. ‘You’ve hurt Mr Murdstone and you’ve hurt me. I forgive you, but try to be better.’

I could not eat; my tears fell on my bread and butter. My



*He held my head under his arm and he hit me very hard.*



mother looked at me and then at Miss Murdstone. She said nothing.

We heard the wheels outside the gate and my box was lifted into the cart.

'Goodbye, David,' said my mother. 'You're going for your own good. You will come home for the holidays and be a better boy.'

'Clara!' ordered Miss Murdstone. 'Let the boy go.' She took me to the cart. I got in and we drove away.

### **Chapter 3 I Start School at Salem House**

The cart took me to Yarmouth. Mr Barkis, the driver, asked me a lot of questions about Peggotty. He wanted to marry her but he was afraid to speak to her about it.

From Yarmouth I took a coach to London. The coach was full of people and we drove all night. I felt cold and uncomfortable. I was excited, though, when we reached London. Everyone got out and I was left alone. I sat down and waited. At last a young man arrived. He was very thin and he wore dark, rather dirty clothes.

'Are you the new boy?' he asked.

'Yes, sir,' I said.

'Come with me,' he said. 'My name's Mell. I teach at Salem House. I'll take you there. It's on the other side of London, about six miles from here.'

'Can I buy some food?' I asked. 'I had nothing on the journey, and I'm very hungry.'

'Yes,' he said. 'We'll go to my mother's house and you can eat it there.'

So I bought some bread and some eggs and we went to a small house near London Bridge. It was clear that his mother was very poor. When she saw her son, her eyes lit up. I sat down near the