



企鵝英語簡易讀物精選

福尔摩斯短篇三故事

THREE SHORT STORIES OF
SHERLOCK HOLMES



SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

世界圖書出版公司



Three Short Stories of Sherlock Holmes

福尔摩斯短篇三故事

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企鹅英语简易读物精选 (初三学生)

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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

Holmes looked at her carefully. 'Is typing difficult when you have weak eyes?' he asked her.

'It was when I started,' she answered. 'But now I don't have to look down at my fingers, and – oh! How did you know?'

Holmes laughed. 'I'm a detective,' he said. 'It's my job.'

Sherlock Holmes is a very clever man. He sees the little things. He finds answers to some of the strangest and most difficult problems when other detectives – and his friend Dr Watson – cannot begin to understand them.

This happens in each of the three stories in this book.

Why did a man *type* his name at the end of a letter? Why did somebody sit in *that* chair when there were other chairs in the room? Why does a man follow a young woman on his bicycle, but never talk to her? These are important questions for Sherlock Holmes.

People read Sherlock Holmes stories and books in many different languages. They also watch the detective in films and on television. In one of the stories, Holmes died. The writer, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, had to bring him back to life again, because people wanted to read more about the great detective.

Arthur Conan Doyle was born in Edinburgh, in Scotland, in 1859 and died in 1930. He was a doctor, but then he began writing. Between 1887 and 1927 he wrote sixty stories about Sherlock Holmes. *Sherlock Holmes and the Mystery of Boscombe Pool, A Scandal in Bohemia, The Return of Sherlock Holmes, Three Adventures of Sherlock Holmes, The Hound of the Baskervilles* and *Sherlock Holmes Short Stories* are all Penguin Readers.

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Sherlock Holmes and the Strange Mr Angel

Sherlock Holmes looked down from his flat into the London street.

'Ah, Watson! Somebody is coming here,' he said. 'Look, there, across the street!'

I went to the window and saw a large woman in a big hat. She looked up at us.

'Is she coming?' I said. 'Look, she isn't moving.'

'It's difficult for her,' Holmes answered. 'She wants help, but – ah, she's coming now.'

The woman walked slowly across Baker Street to Holmes's front door.

'She has a problem,' Holmes said.

'A problem?'

'It's a man,' Holmes said. 'She doesn't understand him, so she wants my help.'

Some minutes later, Miss Mary Sutherland came into Holmes's room. She told us her name and sat down in a chair.

Holmes looked at her carefully.

'Is typing difficult when you have weak eyes?' he asked her.

'It was when I started,' she answered. 'But now I don't have to look down at my fingers, and – oh! How did you know?'

Holmes laughed. 'I'm a detective,' he said. 'It's my job. This is my friend, Dr Watson. Now, tell me, why do you want to see me?'

'I want you to find somebody for me,' Miss Sutherland said. 'His name is Mr Hosmer Angel. I'm not rich, but I can pay you. I have one hundred pounds a year and the money from my typing. My father – Mr Windibank – doesn't know that I'm here. He doesn't want help from you or from the police. He says that I have to forget Mr Angel. But I can't do that.'

'Your father?' Holmes said. 'Your names are different.'

'I call him my father,' she said. 'It's strange, because he's only five years older than me. My mother married him a short time after my father died. He's nearly fifteen years younger than her. He works for a wine company.'

'Where does your hundred pounds a year come from?' Holmes asked.

I looked at Holmes.

'Why is he interested in that?' I thought. 'She wants to talk about Mr Angel, not her money.'

'The money came from my Uncle Ned in New Zealand, after he died,' Miss Sutherland said.

'That's very interesting,' Holmes said. 'So you have one hundred pounds a year, and the money from your typing job. Where does the money go?'

'I'm living at home, so I give my mother and father the hundred pounds,' she answered. 'Mr Windibank gets it from my bank and gives it to my mother. I use the money from my typing work.'

'Thank you for telling me that,' Holmes said. 'Now, tell us about you and Mr Hosmer Angel.'

Miss Sutherland's face went red and she looked down at her hands.

'I first met him at a dance,' she said.

'A dance?'

'Yes. Every year before he died, my father had tickets for a dance. Now my mother gets the tickets. Mr Windibank didn't want us to go to the dance. "They're not very nice people," he said. "And you haven't got the right clothes." But then he went to France.'

'What did he do in France?'

'He buys wine there,' Miss Sutherland answered. 'He often goes for two or three days. So my mother and I went to the dance.'

'Was Mr Windibank angry when he heard about that?' Holmes asked.

'No, he was very nice about it. He laughed and said, "You can't stop women when they really want to do something."'

'And you met Mr Hosmer Angel at the dance.'

'Yes, I met him that night,' Miss Sutherland said.

'When did you see him again?'

'He came to the house the next day. After that, I went for walks with him. But then Father came back from France, and Hosmer couldn't come to the house.'

'No?'

'No. Father doesn't like it when I have visitors,' Miss Sutherland said sadly.

'What did Mr Angel do next?' Holmes asked.

'He wrote me a letter every day,' Miss Sutherland answered. 'Then, a week later, Father went to France again and Hosmer visited me.'

'Did Mr Angel want to marry you?'

'Oh, yes, Mr Holmes,' Miss Sutherland said.

'When did he ask you?'

'He asked me after that first walk. He worked in an office in Leadenhall Street and -'

'Which office?' Holmes asked quickly.

'I don't know.'

'Where did he live?'

'In a room above the office,' she answered. 'I don't know the address. Only Leadenhall Street.'

'So where did you send your letters?'

'To the Leadenhall Street Post Office,' she told him. 'Hosmer went there for them. They were a secret from the other men in the office.'

'Why?' Holmes asked.

'He said, "I don't want them to know about you. They'll laugh

at me." I said, "I can type the letters. Then they won't know about us." But he didn't want me to type them.'

'Tell me about him,' Holmes said.

'He was a very quiet man, a kind man. He liked to walk with me in the evening when there weren't many people on the street.'

'And his clothes?'

'He had nice clothes,' she said. 'He wore dark glasses because he had weak eyes. He spoke quietly, too.'

'What happened after Mr Windibank went back to France?' Holmes asked.

'Mr Hosmer Angel came to the house again,' Miss Sutherland said. 'He met my mother. Then one day he said, "Strange things happen in this life. But I want to know that you will always love me." He wanted to marry me on the Friday of that week.'

'What did your mother say?'

'My mother was happy about that because she liked him, too,' Miss Sutherland said. 'I said, "But aren't we going to ask Father?"' She said, "No, we can tell him later." But I didn't want to do that. So I wrote to Father in Bordeaux.'

'Bordeaux?'

'Yes. The company has its French office there. But the letter came back to me on the Friday morning.'

'It was too late?' Holmes said.

'Yes. He left for England before it arrived.'

'What happened on that Friday?'

'Hosmer came in a cab to our house,' Miss Sutherland said. 'The cab took Mother and me to the church, near King's Cross. Hosmer followed us in a different cab. Mother and I arrived at the church first. When the other cab arrived, we waited. But Hosmer didn't get out. There was nobody in the cab. "What happened to him?" the cab driver said. "He got in. I saw him." That was last Friday, Mr Holmes. Where is Hosmer?'



'What happened to him?' the cab driver said. 'He got in.'

What's he doing? Why can't he write me a letter? Oh, I'm so unhappy!

Holmes thought about her story.

'That was very unkind,' he said.

'Oh, but he's *kind*, Mr Holmes. That morning he said to me again, "Strange things happen, but I'll always love you. I *will* marry you." Now I understand. He was afraid of something. And he was right! Something bad happened to him – I know it!'

'But what?' Holmes asked.

'I don't know,' Miss Sutherland said sadly.

'Was your mother angry?'

'Yes. She doesn't want to hear Hosmer's name again.'

'And you told Mr Windibank about it?'

'Yes,' she answered. 'Father doesn't understand it. He wants me to forget about Hosmer. But he thinks that he'll come back to me. Why does a man leave a woman at the doors of the church, Mr Holmes? Hosmer didn't have my money. He never asked me for money. He really wanted to marry me. But where is he now? And why can't he write to me? I think about it day and night, Mr Holmes. I can't sleep.'

Miss Sutherland began to cry.

'I'll find the answers to your questions,' Holmes said. 'But please forget Mr Hosmer Angel.'

'Will I see him again?' she asked.

'I'm sorry – no, you won't. Have you got his letters? Can you give them to me?'

'Here are four of them,' Miss Sutherland said. 'And here's an advertisement. I put it in last Saturday's newspaper.'

'Thank you. What's your address?'

'31 Lyon Place, Camberwell,' she told him.

'And what's the name of Mr Windibank's company?' Holmes asked.

'He works for Westhouse and Marbank, the wine company.'

'Thank you,' Holmes said. 'Now forget about this man. Think about your future.'

'You're very kind, Mr Holmes, but I can't do that,' she said. 'I'll always love Hosmer. I'll be there when he comes back. I'll wait for him.'

After she left, Sherlock Holmes sat quietly for some minutes.

'An interesting young woman,' he said.

'The typing,' I said. 'How did you know?'

'Her arms, above her hands,' Holmes said. 'There were red lines across them. A typist puts her arms on the front of her desk when she types. That leaves a line. There was also a line across her nose. She wears glasses —'

'For her weak eyes. Of course!'

'These things aren't difficult, Watson.'

'They aren't difficult for *you*, Holmes,' I said.

'Now, read the advertisement,' he said. 'What does it say about Mr Angel's clothes, hair and face?'

I read some of it to him:

'... a big man with black hair, a black beard and dark glasses ... speaks quietly ... wore a black coat, grey trousers ... worked in an office in Leadenhall Street ...'

Holmes looked at the letters from Hosmer Angel to Miss Sutherland.

'These tell us nothing about Mr Angel,' he said. 'But there's one strange thing.'

'He typed them,' I said.

'Yes. Not only the letters, but also his name,' Holmes said. 'And there's no address, only Leadenhall Street. But the name is important.'

'Is it?'

'Of course, Watson. Now, I'll write two letters. One letter to a company, and the other letter to Mr Windibank.'

'To Windibank?'

'Yes. I'll invite him to this flat at six o'clock tomorrow evening. Before that, I hope we'll have some answers.'



When I arrived at his flat at six o'clock the next evening, Sherlock Holmes was half asleep in his chair.

'Do you have the answers?' I asked him.

'To the letters?'

'To them, yes, and to Miss Sutherland's problem,' I said. 'Who was the man, and why did he leave her at the church? And will she see him again?'

But before Holmes could tell me, Mr Windibank arrived. He was a big man with grey eyes, about thirty years old. He sat down in the nearest chair.

'Good evening, Mr Windibank,' Holmes said.

'Good evening, Mr Holmes,' Mr Windibank said.

'I've got your note here,' Holmes said. "'I will be with you at six o'clock. James Windibank.'" Did *you* type this?'

'Yes. I'm a little late,' Mr Windibank said. 'I'm sorry. I'm sorry, too, about Miss Sutherland. I didn't want her to come here. This is a family problem and you can't help -'

'Oh, but I can,' Holmes said.

Mr Windibank looked at him.

'You - you can?' he said. 'That's - that's wonderful.'

'It's strange,' Holmes said. 'All typewriters are different after people use them for some time.'

'Are they?' Mr Windibank said.

'Yes. Look at your note, Mr Windibank. The letter *e* is darker than the other letters. And the bottom of the letter *r* isn't there. Do you see? There are fourteen other little things, but you can see these two easily.'

'We use this typewriter for our letters at the office,' our visitor said. 'It's quite old now.'

'And here are the four letters from Mr Angel,' Holmes said. 'He typed every letter. In each of them, the letter *e* is darker than the other letters. And you can't see the bottom of the *r*.'

Mr Windibank jumped out of his chair.

'I'm a busy man,' he said angrily. 'I can't sit here and listen to this stupid talk. When you catch the man, tell me.'

'All right, I will,' Holmes said. He went to the door and locked it. 'I'll tell you now. I caught him!'

'What! Where?' Mr Windibank shouted.

'Sit down and listen, Mr Windibank. This wasn't a difficult problem.'

Our visitor fell back into the chair. His face was white.

'The – the police can do nothing to me!' he said.

'You're right. But I'm sorry about that,' Holmes said. 'A young woman is in love with a cold, unkind man. Now listen to my story . . . A man married an older woman for her money, and for her daughter's money. The daughter's money was important to the woman, and to her husband. They didn't want to lose one hundred pounds a year when she got married. They didn't want her to leave home. So, what could this man do? He didn't want her to have friends of her age, so people couldn't come to the house. She couldn't go out to dances. And then he and his wife made a plan.'

'We didn't want to *hurt* her,' Mr Windibank said. 'We – we didn't think –'

'No!' Holmes said. 'You didn't think about the feelings of a young woman in love. But she *did* love him. They went for walks. He was kind to her. Her mother told her, "He's a nice man." The man asked the young woman, "Will you marry me?" and the young woman said yes.'

'But, of course, he couldn't really marry her. He had a wife – the young woman's mother. It had to end. But he didn't want her to marry another nice young man. So he said to her, "Will you

wait for me?" And because she loved him, she said yes. And Mr James Windibank is happy because, for years and years, Miss Sutherland will wait for Mr Hosmer Angel. She won't marry another man.

'Mr Angel sent the young woman to the church door with her mother in the first cab. Then he climbed into the next cab, through one door – *and out of the other door!* He didn't go to the church! Am I right, Mr Windibank?'

'Perhaps you are,' said our visitor. 'Perhaps you aren't.' He got up from his chair and looked at Holmes with cold eyes. 'But you can't lock the door. I don't have to stay here. The police will –'

'Oh, the police can do nothing to you!' Holmes said angrily. 'I know that.' He unlocked the door. 'But does the young woman have a brother or a friend? I hope she does. And I hope he hurts you and – ! No, I won't wait for that. *I'll do it!*'

Mr Windibank ran through the door before Holmes could catch him. A minute later, we looked out of the window and saw him running very fast down the road.

'One day that man will do something very, very bad,' Holmes said. 'And the police *will* catch him.'

'I hope you're right, Holmes,' I said.

Holmes sat down in his chair.

'But it was an interesting problem, Watson.'

'How did you know –?' I began.

'Mr Hosmer Angel was a strange man,' Holmes said. 'But what did he want? I thought about Miss Sutherland's family. Who did well from all this? Her mother – and Mr James Windibank. Miss Sutherland stayed at home, so her money didn't leave their house. And the two men – Angel and Windibank – were never in the same place at the same time. Angel only visited the house when Mr Windibank was away.'

'That's right!' I said.

'That was strange,' Holmes said. 'The dark glasses and the



Mr Windibank ran through the door before Holmes could catch him.