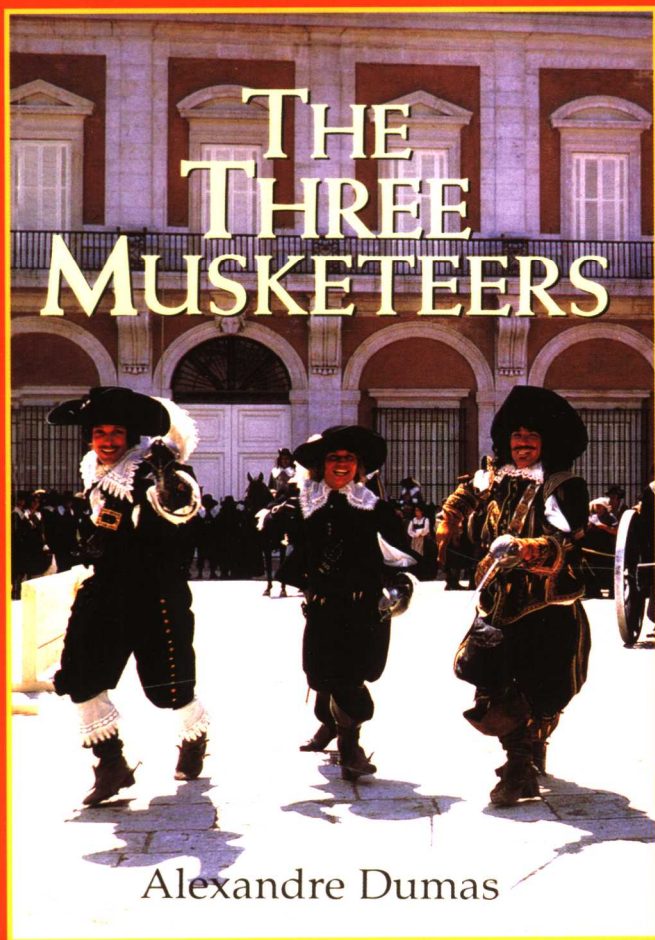




企鹅英语简易读物精选

# 三个火枪手



世界图书出版公司





企鹅英语简易读物精选 (初三学生)

# *The Three Musketeers*

## 三个火枪手

江苏工业学院图书馆

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(600词)

世界图书出版公司



## 图书在版编目 (CIP) 数据

三个火枪手/[法]杜马(Dumas, A.)著; [英]莫厄特(Mowat, D.)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·初三学生)

ISBN 7-5062-8529-0

I. 三… II. ①杜… ②莫… III. 英语—语言读物 IV. H319.4

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字(2006)第102994号

This edition of *The Three Musketeers*, First Edition is published by arrangement with Pearson Education Limited and Penguin Books Limited.

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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

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开 本: 499×1194 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01-2006-5071

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ISBN 7-5062-8529-0/H.939

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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。“企鵝英语简易读物精选”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。你会发现再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

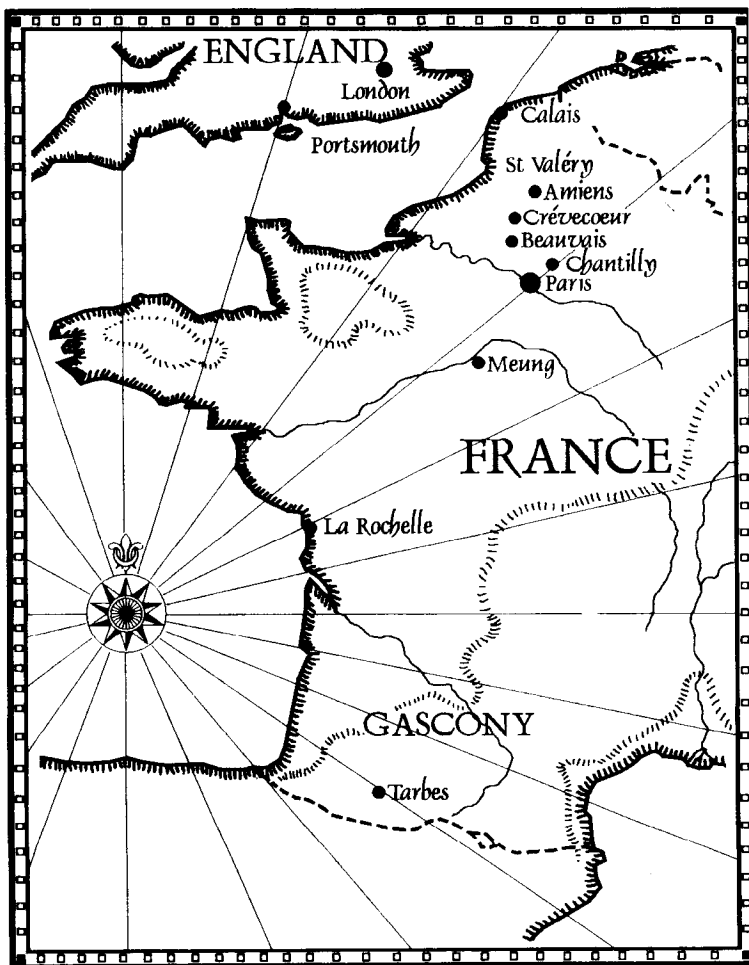
*'You can use a sword. You will fight well because you are a Gascon and my son. Fight when you are angry with somebody. But do not fight the King or the Cardinal!'*

These are the words of young d'Artagnan's father, when his son leaves home for Paris. D'Artagnan wants to fight for his King and his country, but other fights come first. Who are the three musketeers, and why do they want to kill him? Why is the King angry with the Queen? Is the Cardinal the King's friend, or has he got other plans? And who is the beautiful 'Milady'?

Alexandre Dumas wrote *The Three Musketeers* in 1844, but everything in the story happened more than 200 years before that. Louis XIII was the King of France then, but he was very young. Cardinal Richelieu did nearly everything for him. When King Louis was fourteen, he married the daughter of the King of Spain. But for a time she was very friendly with the Duke of Buckingham, a friend of King Charles I of England.

The Duke of Buckingham tried to help the French Protestants. France was a Catholic country, but the Protestants took the city of La Rochelle from the King. The King and the Cardinal had to take the city back. The King's army used long guns – muskets. People with these guns were 'musketeers'.

Alexandre Dumas wrote a lot of books, and his most exciting stories are the most famous. *The Three Musketeers* and *The Count of Monte Cristo* are also films.



## *Contents*

	<b>page</b>
Introduction	v
Chapter 1 At an Inn in Meung	1
Chapter 2 The King's Musketeers	4
Chapter 3 Three Fights in a Day!	7
Chapter 4 The Cardinal's Guards	9
Chapter 5 The Queen's Diamonds	12
Chapter 6 To England for the Queen	14
Chapter 7 The Duke of Buckingham	18
Chapter 8 The Great Dinner	20
Chapter 9 D'Artagnan's Friends	22
Chapter 10 Milady's Plans	25
Chapter 11 Breakfast at the Bastion	28
Chapter 12 Attack	30
Chapter 13 The New Lieutenant	33
Activities	37

## Chapter 1 At an Inn in Meung

'Well, all right,' said d'Artagnan's father. 'Go to Paris. You are only eighteen years old, but you are not a child. I cannot give you much money, but you can have my horse. And I will write a letter to my old friend, de Tréville. He is a Gascon\* too, and he and I were friends in the army. Now he is the captain of the King's musketeers.

'You can use a sword. You will fight well because you are a Gascon and my son. Fight when you are angry with somebody. But do not fight the King or the Cardinal!'

With these words, the older man gave his sword to his son. Then he turned away. He didn't want his son to see him cry.

D'Artagnan's mother cried too, but she didn't turn away. She gave her son a piece of paper.

'Keep this,' she told him. 'Look at it when you are ill. Take the things on it and you will feel better. Now please be careful!'



Nothing happened between his home at Tarbes and the town of Meung, on the road to Paris, so d'Artagnan didn't have to use his sword.

At Meung, d'Artagnan stopped at the door of the biggest inn. He waited outside with his horse, and he looked round him. One of the windows of the inn was open, and inside d'Artagnan saw three men. They looked at d'Artagnan's horse and laughed.

'They are laughing at me,' d'Artagnan thought angrily. He called to them. 'What are you laughing at? When I see people laugh, I like to understand. Then I can laugh too.'

\* Gascon: a person from Gascony (Gascogne) in south-west France.



The most important man looked at d'Artagnan. 'I'm not talking to you,' he said.

When he heard this, d'Artagnan was more angry. He pulled his sword out, and he started to run into the inn.

But the innkeeper saw him. With three of his men, he attacked d'Artagnan. They had no swords, but the attack came from behind d'Artagnan. They hit him again and again on his head. He was on the ground before he could turn round.

They carried him into the kitchen. Then the innkeeper spoke to the important man.

'He is quiet now,' he said. 'He does not know anything. I do not think he is an important man. He hasn't much money and he only has one shirt. He has a letter with *To Monsieur de Tréville, Captain of the King's Musketeers* on it.

The innkeeper was right. D'Artagnan was very quiet. But he was a Gascon, and Gascons have hard heads. Five minutes later, he felt better and he was on his feet again. He went to the window and looked for the important man.

There, outside the inn, he saw him. He was by a big carriage with a young woman inside it. D'Artagnan could only see the young woman's head through the window of the carriage, but she was very beautiful. She was between twenty and twenty-two years old and she had large blue eyes, long hair and a beautiful face. She was talking quietly to the important man.

'So what does the Cardinal say?' she asked him.

'Go back to England now. When the Duke leaves London, tell the Cardinal.'

'Is that all?' asked the beautiful young woman.

'Open this box when you get to England.'

'All right. And what do you have to do?'

'I am going back to Paris.'

'No, you are not!' shouted d'Artagnan, and he ran out of the inn.



*She had large blue eyes, long hair and a beautiful face.*

The man's hand went to his sword, but the young woman in the carriage said, 'Remember the Cardinal's words!'

'The Cardinal,' thought d'Artagnan.

'You are right, Milady\*,' said the man. 'We cannot wait.' He jumped on his horse, and the carriage driver started his horses. The carriage went one way, and the important man went the other way.

D'Artagnan started to run after him, but his head hurt. He fell down in the street.

'He will be here for a long time now,' said the innkeeper.



He was wrong. D'Artagnan was up at five o'clock the next morning. He went down to the kitchen with his mother's piece of paper, and he found the right things. So, with his mother's help, d'Artagnan was nearly well again in the evening.

'Now,' he said to the innkeeper, 'where's my letter?'

'The other man took it from you yesterday,' the innkeeper answered. But he didn't really know the answer to d'Artagnan's question.

## Chapter 2 The King's Musketeers

D'Artagnan found a room in Paris, and then he went to look for Monsieur de Tréville.

The captain of King Louis XIII's musketeers was easy to find. Everybody in the city knew him and his musketeers. The musketeers were nearly all men of good family. You could see them everywhere. They pushed past people. They shouted and

\* Milady: the French name for an important English woman.

made a lot of noise. They were loud and angry, but they were ready to give their lives for the King.

The most important man in France at the time was not the King; it was Cardinal Richelieu. The Cardinal also had guards. Each man wanted the strongest and the best guards. Monsieur de Tréville's men often pushed the Cardinal's guards in the street and then a fight began. The King and the Cardinal knew about the fights. The King was always happy when some of his musketeers were in a fight and won. The Cardinal was happy when his guards won.



When d'Artagnan arrived at Monsieur de Tréville's house, he found a large number of musketeers there. They played a game on the stairs with their swords, and he watched. When one man hurt another musketeer, they all laughed loudly.

D'Artagnan asked for Monsieur de Tréville. Then he stood and waited. He looked round at the other men there. One very tall musketeer had a fine sword, and he talked about it loudly all the time.

'No, Porthos,' another musketeer said. 'You did not buy that sword with the money from your father. The woman at the Porte St Honoré gave it to you last Sunday.'

'I tell you, I did pay for it. Is that not right, Aramis?'

Aramis was quite different from his friend. He was young – perhaps twenty-three – with dark eyes and a kind face.

He spoke very little. 'Yes,' he said quietly.

The door to de Tréville's room opened, and a man called out, 'Monsieur de Tréville will see Monsieur d'Artagnan.'

D'Artagnan went into the room. He was happy when the great man gave him his hand.

'I will talk to you in a minute,' said de Tréville. 'I have to do something now.' And he called out, 'Athos! Porthos! Aramis!'

Two musketeers came in.

'Where is Athos?' asked de Tréville.

'Athos is ill, sir, very ill,' said Aramis.

'Ill? What is wrong with him? Did somebody hurt him? Was there really a fight between six of the King's musketeers and six of the Cardinal's guards? You lost? That is bad – very bad! What is wrong with the musketeers?'

Porthos was angry. 'We did not see them. Before we could take out our swords, two of our men were dead. They hurt Athos badly. You know Athos well. He tried to get up, but he fell back. We fought, but they were six to three. Aramis broke his sword, but he took a sword from one of the Cardinal's men. He began to fight again. We did not run away.'

Then a man came to the door. He was a fine man, but he looked very ill. His face was white.

'Athos!' cried de Tréville and the two musketeers.

'You sent for me, sir,' said Athos – and fell to the floor.

'A doctor! Call a doctor!' said de Tréville. 'The King's doctor. The best doctor in Paris. Now!'

Porthos and Aramis ran out of the room and came back with a doctor. They took Athos away.

D'Artagnan was face to face with de Tréville.

'I am sorry about that,' said the great man. 'What can I do for you?'

'Sir,' said d'Artagnan, 'I had a letter . . .'

'It is all right. I know about you. Tell me – what can I do?'

'Sir, I came here because I wanted to be one of your musketeers. But I know now that only the best men can be musketeers.'

'Yes,' said de Tréville. 'First a man has to do well in one of the other companies.'

D'Artagnan was near a window. Suddenly he cried, 'There he is! He will not get away this time!' And he ran out of the room.

### Chapter 3 Three Fights in a Day!

D'Artagnan ran from the room because he saw the man from Meung through the window. He ran to the stairs, and into another man in front of him. His head hit the other man's arm.

'I am sorry!' said d'Artagnan. 'I have to be quick.' He turned to the stairs again.

A strong hand on his arm stopped him. It was Athos.

'You have to be quick?' said the musketeer. 'So you run into me. Then you think that "sorry" makes everything all right? It does not. We do things differently here. Are you from the country?'

D'Artagnan wanted to go downstairs, but he wasn't happy.

'Listen, sir,' he said. 'I *am* from the country, but you cannot speak to me in that way!'

'Oh, can't I?'

'No! You cannot!' cried d'Artagnan. 'I cannot stop now, but...'

'Perhaps you cannot stop now, sir, but you can find me later.'

'Where can I find you?'

'Behind the church.'

'At what time?'

'About midday.'

'Midday? Right! I will be there.'

'And do not be late. I want to have your ears before a quarter past twelve.'

'Right!' said d'Artagnan. And he started to run again. He really wanted to catch the man from Meung.

Porthos was by the street door, but d'Artagnan didn't see him. He pushed against him.

'I am sorry,' said d'Artagnan, 'but I have to catch somebody.'

'Perhaps you do have to catch somebody,' said the big man. 'But do not push musketeers, or somebody will hurt you.'

'Hurt me!' cried d'Artagnan. 'No man is going to hurt me!'

'At one o'clock, then, behind the Luxembourg.'

'At one o'clock! Right!' shouted d'Artagnan.

D'Artagnan ran outside as fast as he could. He looked for the man from Meung, but he couldn't see him anywhere.

'I will find him,' d'Artagnan thought, and he began to walk home. 'I have to fight two men. I will have to be careful now. I cannot fight any more men!'

A minute or two later, d'Artagnan saw Aramis with three of the King's guards. D'Artagnan went closer. A handkerchief fell, and Aramis put his foot on it.

'Your handkerchief, sir,' said d'Artagnan, and he tried to give it to Aramis. It was a very beautiful woman's handkerchief.

'Ho, ho!' cried a guard. 'She likes you, so she is giving you one of her handkerchiefs, Aramis!'

Aramis looked angry and began to walk away.

'Your handkerchief,' said d'Artagnan. He tried again to give it to the musketeer.

'Young Gascon,' said Aramis angrily, 'it is not my handkerchief.'

'I saw it fall.'

'So, you think I am wrong?'

'Yes, I do.' And d'Artagnan's hand went to his sword.

'Not here,' Aramis said. 'We cannot fight here. The Cardinal's guards are everywhere round here. Meet me at two o'clock at Monsieur de Tréville's house. I will take you to a nice quiet place from there.'

'Right!' said d'Artagnan.

He began to walk to the church. 'Now I am going to have three fights,' he thought. 'But when somebody kills me, he will be a musketeer.'

## Chapter 4 The Cardinal's Guards

When d'Artagnan arrived at the church, Athos was there before him. Athos wasn't well.

He said, 'My friends are not here, but they will be here in a minute or two. Then we can start.'

'I have no friends here, sir,' d'Artagnan answered. 'I do not know anybody in Paris. I only know Monsieur de Tréville because my father gave me a letter for him.'

'Oh!' said Athos. 'That is bad. And you are very young. People will be angry with me when I kill you. They will think the fight was wrong. You have to have a friend here.'

'It is not really wrong,' said d'Artagnon. 'You are not strong because you are ill. Listen, I can give you something and you will get better quickly. My mother told me about it and it worked for me. It really is wonderful. You will be better in three days. Let's wait three days and have our fight then.'

D'Artagnan really wanted to help him, and Athos knew that. It was not because he didn't want to fight.

'That is kind of you,' said Athos. 'I will not take your help, but you are a good man. Where are my friends? Why are they not here?'

'Perhaps you have not got much time,' said d'Artagnan. 'Perhaps you would like to kill me as quickly as possible. We can start without them.'

'I like you,' answered Athos. 'Perhaps you will not die. Then I hope that we can be friends. Ah, here is one of my friends now!'

'What!' cried d'Artagnan. 'Is Monsieur Porthos one of your friends?'

'Yes. And there is my other friend.'

'What! Is Monsieur Aramis your other friend?'

'Yes, he is. There are always three of us. Everybody calls us the three musketeers.'



Athos looked at d'Artagnan and said to his friends, 'I am going to fight this man.'

'But I am going to fight him too,' cried Porthos.

'Yes,' said d'Artagnan. 'But at one o'clock.'

'And me?' asked Aramis.

'At two o'clock,' said d'Artagnan.

'Well, we can start now,' said Athos. 'When you are ready.'

D'Artagnan and Athos took out their swords. But suddenly five of the Cardinal's guards arrived with Monsieur de Jussac.

'The Cardinal's guards!' cried Porthos and Aramis. 'Put your swords away quickly.'

But it was too late.

'Stop fighting, musketeers,' said de Jussac. 'You know that you cannot fight. Give us your swords and come with us.'

'Sir,' said Aramis, 'only Monsieur de Tréville can stop us. Please go away.'

'You will come with us,' said de Jussac angrily.

Athos spoke very quietly. Only his friends and d'Artagnan could hear him.

'There are five of them and only three of us. We will lose again, and then we cannot go back to the Captain. We will have to die here.'

'Excuse me!' said d'Artagnan. 'Monsieur Athos says that there are only three of us. I think that we are four.'

The three musketeers looked at him. He was very young, but he was also quite strong.

'All right. And thank you,' said Athos. 'What is your name, young man?'

'D'Artagnan.'

'Right. We are Athos, Porthos, Aramis, and d'Artagnan now!'

The fight started. Athos fought Cahusac, one of the Cardinal's best swordsmen. Porthos fought Bicarac, and Aramis fought two of the guards. D'Artagnan was face to face with de Jussac.