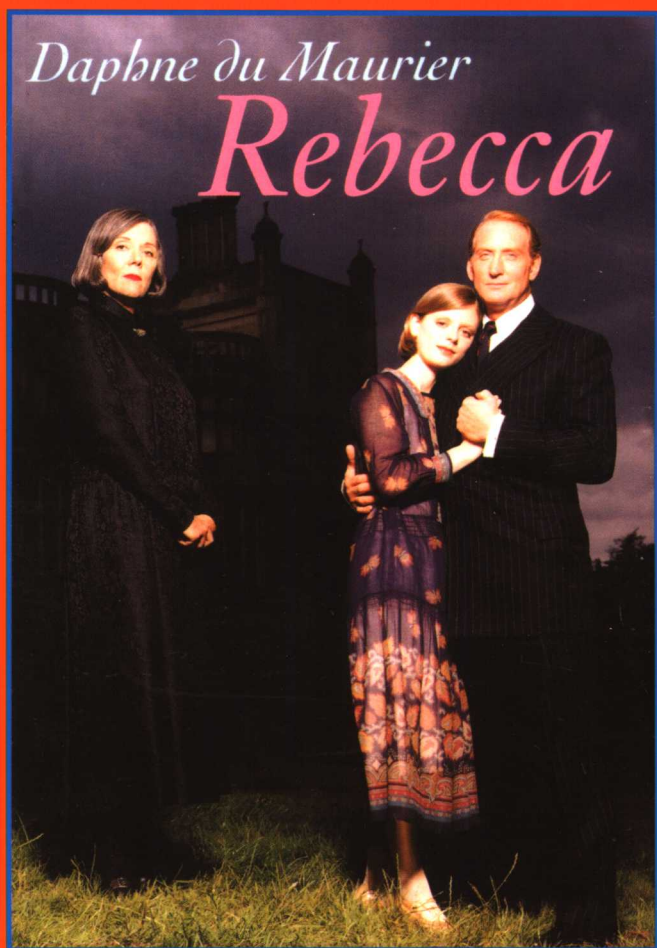




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# 蝴蝶夢



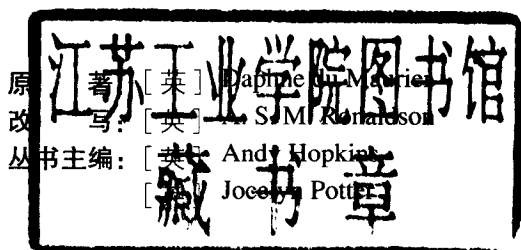
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① 企鹅英语简易读物精选 (大一学生)

# *Rebecca*

## 蝴蝶梦



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企鹅英语简易读物精选 (大一学生)

### 蝴蝶梦

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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 was born on May 13th, 1907, into a world of make-believe and imagination,’ wrote Daphne du Maurier. Her father was Sir Gerald du Maurier, the leading actor and manager at Wyndham’s Theatre in London. Her mother, Muriel, was an actress and her grandfather, George du Maurier, was an artist and writer. So Daphne and her two sisters grew up in a world of writers and actors. She was educated at home, apart from six months spent in France when she was eighteen, and she read widely in English and French. Her first poems and stories were written while she was still a child. ‘Books became my life . . . from the start I was always pretending to be someone else in a story’

In 1926 Daphne travelled with her mother and sisters to Fowey in Cornwall, and this visit seems to have been an important turning point in her life. She fell in love with the place and its people, and was moved to write her first full-length work of fiction, *The Loving Spirit*. This romantic story was read by Frederick Browning, who was then a young officer in the Guards. It touched him so deeply that he travelled to Fowey in his boat to meet the person who had written it. In 1932 Browning and Daphne du Maurier were married. Du Maurier spent most of her adult life in the Cornwall which she loved so much and where her most popular books are set. She died there in 1989.

Du Maurier’s books can be divided into two main groups. The first consists of historical fiction set in seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Cornwall; this includes *Jamaica Inn* (1936), *Frenchman’s Creek* (1941), *Hungry Hill* (1943) and *The King’s General* (1946). These are romantic stories of adventure, violence and love. They show a strong longing for the past, but also a sense of how our present lives are affected by past events. The second group are modern mystery stories, including *Rebecca* (1938),

*My Cousin Rachel* (1951) and *The Scapegoat* (1957). In addition, du Maurier wrote many books of short stories. Two short stories, 'The Birds' and 'Don't Look Now', were made into very successful films of the same names. She also wrote non-fiction, including a book about her father's life, the story of her own life, books about Cornwall, and a study of Branwell Brontë.

The work for which she is undoubtedly best known, though, is *Rebecca*. The book has always been extremely popular, and has appeared in over twenty languages. In 1940 it was made into a film starring Sir Laurence Olivier and Joan Fontaine, directed by Alfred Hitchcock. At the heart of the story is a woman's desire to please her husband and her feelings of hopelessness as she compares herself with his beautiful and highly educated first wife, in comparison with whom she feels plain and dull. The dead wife seems to be always there in the background and to throw a dark shadow over her relationship with her new husband. The second wife, who tells the story, is never given a name, and this adds to the feeling that she is in the first wife's rightful place.

Maxim de Winter is the owner of Manderley, a lovely country house by the sea. His beautiful wife Rebecca has died there, and Maxim goes to Monte Carlo after her death because he needs to get away. In Monte Carlo he meets an ordinary, unspoilt young woman, who is immediately attracted to him, and marries her. The weeks they spend in Monte Carlo together are extremely happy for the young woman, since she is very much in love. It is when she returns to Manderley with her husband that her problems begin. For some reason Mrs Danvers, the housekeeper, takes an immediate dislike to the young wife. The young woman's confidence is further shaken when Frank Crawley, who manages Mr de Winter's business affairs, describes Rebecca as having been 'the most beautiful creature I ever saw in my life'. Her dream of a happy life with her husband turns to horror as she begins to realise just how much influence the dead woman still has.

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## Chapter 1    Maxim de Winter

Last night I dreamed I went to Manderley again. It seemed to me that I was passing through the iron gates that led to the driveway. The drive was just a narrow track now, its stony surface covered with grass and weeds. Sometimes, when I thought I had lost it, it would appear again, beneath a fallen tree or beyond a muddy pool formed by the winter rains. The trees had thrown out new low branches which stretched across my way. I came to the house suddenly, and stood there with my heart beating fast and tears filling my eyes.

There was Manderley, our Manderley, secret and silent as it had always been, the grey stone shining in the moonlight of my dream. Time could not spoil the beauty of those walls, nor of the place itself, as it lay like a jewel in the hollow of a hand. The grass sloped down towards the sea, which was a sheet of silver lying calm under the moon, like a lake undisturbed by wind or storm. I turned again to the house, and I saw that the garden had run wild, just as the woods had done. Weeds were everywhere. But moonlight can play strange tricks with the imagination, even with a dreamer's imagination. As I stood there, I could swear that the house was not an empty shell, but lived and breathed as it had lived before. Light came from the windows, the curtains blew softly in the night air, and there, in the library, the door stood half open as we had left it, with my handkerchief on the table beside the bowl of autumn flowers.

Then a cloud came over the moon, like a dark hand across a face. The memories left me. I looked again at an empty shell, with no whisper of the past about its staring walls. Our fear and suffering were gone now. When I thought about Manderley in my waking hours I would not be bitter; I would think of it as it



might have been, if I could have lived there without fear. I would remember the rose garden in summer, and the birds that sang there; tea under the trees, and the sound of the sea coming up to us from the shore below. I would think of the flowers blown from the bushes, and the Happy Valley. These things could never lose their freshness. They were memories that could not hurt. All this I knew in my dream (because, like most sleepers, I knew that I dreamed). In reality, I lay far away, in a foreign land, and would wake before long in my lonely little hotel bedroom. I would lie for a moment, stretch myself and turn, confused by that burning sun, that hard, clean sky, so different from the soft moonlight of my dream. The day would lie before us both, long no doubt, but full of a certain peace, a calm we had not known before. We would not talk of Manderley; I would not tell my dream. For Manderley was ours no longer. Manderley was no more.

We can never go back again; that is certain. The past is still too close to us. But we have no secrets from each other now; everything is shared. Our little hotel may be dull, and the food not very good; day after day, things may be very much the same. But dullness is better than fear. We live now very much by habit. And I have become very good at reading out loud. The only time I have known him show impatience is when the postman is delayed and we have to wait for our post from England. I have lost my old self-consciousness. I am very different from that person who drove to Manderley for the first time, hopeful and eager, filled with the desire to please. It was my lack of confidence, of course, that struck people like Mrs Danvers. What must I have seemed like, after Rebecca?

I can see myself now, so long ago, with my short straight hair and young, unpowdered face, dressed in a badly fitting coat and skirt, following Mrs Van Hopper into the hotel for lunch. She would go to her usual table in the corner, near the window, and, looking to left and right, would say, 'Not a single well-known

face! I shall tell the manager he must make a reduction in my bill. What does he think I come here for? To look at the waiters?’

We ate in silence, as Mrs Van Hopper liked to think about nothing but her food. Then I saw that the table next to ours, which had been empty for three days, was to be used once more. The head waiter was showing the new arrival to his place. Mrs Van Hopper put down her fork and stared. Then she leaned over the table to me, her small eyes bright with excitement, her voice a little too loud.

‘It’s Max de Winter,’ she said, ‘the man who owns Manderley. You’ve heard of it, of course. He looks ill, doesn’t he? They say he hasn’t been the same since his wife’s death. The papers were full of it, of course. They say he never talks about it, never mentions her name. She was drowned, you know, in the bay near Manderley . . .’

Her interest in other people was like a disease. I can see her as though it were yesterday, on that unforgettable afternoon, wondering how to make her attack. Suddenly, she turned to me. ‘Go upstairs quickly and find that letter from my brother’s son, the one with the photograph. Bring it down to me immediately.’

I saw then that she had made her plan. I wished I had the courage to warn the stranger. But when I returned, I saw that she had not waited; he was already sitting beside her. I gave her the letter, without a word. He rose to his feet immediately.

‘Mr de Winter is having coffee with us; go and ask the waiter for another cup,’ she said, just carelessly enough to warn him what I was. Her expression showed that I was young and unimportant, and that there was no need to include me in the conversation. So it was a surprise when he remained standing and made a sign to the waiter.

‘I’m afraid I must disagree,’ he said to her. ‘You are both having coffee with me,’ and before I knew what had happened he was sitting on my usual chair and I was beside Mrs Van Hopper.

For a moment she looked annoyed. Then she leaned forward, holding the letter.

‘You know, I recognized you as soon as you walked in,’ she said, ‘and I thought, “Why, there’s Mr de Winter, Billy’s friend; I simply *must* show him the photographs of Billy and his wife.” And here they are, bathing at Palm Beach. Billy is mad about her. He hadn’t met her, of course, when he gave that party where I saw you first. But I don’t expect you remember an old woman like me?’

‘Yes, I remember you very well,’ he said. ‘I don’t think I should care for Palm Beach. That sort of thing has never amused me.’

Mrs Van Hopper gave her fat laugh. ‘If Billy had a home like Manderley, he wouldn’t want to play around in Palm Beach,’ she said. She paused, expecting him to smile, but he went on smoking, looking just a little disturbed.

‘I’ve seen pictures of it, of course,’ she said, ‘and it looks perfectly beautiful. I remember Billy telling me it was lovelier than any other house of its size and age. I am surprised you can ever bear to leave it.’

His silence was painful, as anyone else would have noticed, but she continued, ‘You Englishmen are all the same about your homes,’ her voice becoming louder, ‘you don’t want to seem proud of them. Isn’t there a great hall at Manderley, with some very valuable pictures?’

I think he realized my discomfort; he leaned forward in his chair and spoke to me, his voice gentle, asking if I would have some more coffee, and when I shook my head I felt that his eyes were still resting on me, wondering.

‘What brings you here?’ Mrs Van Hopper went on. ‘You’re not one of the regular visitors. What are your plans?’

‘I haven’t made up my mind,’ he said, ‘I came away in rather a hurry.’

His own words must have raised a memory, for he looked disturbed again. She talked on, still not noticing. ‘Of course you

miss Manderley. The West Country must be lovely in the spring.'

'Yes,' he said shortly. 'Manderley was looking its best.'

In the end it was a waiter who gave him his opportunity, with a message for Mrs Van Hopper. He got up immediately, pushing back his chair. 'Don't let me keep you,' he said.

'It's so nice to have met you like this, Mr de Winter; I hope I shall see something of you. You must come and have a drink some time. I have one or two people coming in tomorrow evening. Why not join us?' I turned away so that I did not have to watch him search for an excuse.

'I'm so sorry,' he said, 'tomorrow I am probably driving to Sospel; I'm not sure when I shall get back.'

Looking a little annoyed, she left it, and he went.



The next morning Mrs Van Hopper woke with a sore throat and a rather high temperature. Her doctor told her to stay in bed. I left her quite happy, after the arrival of a nurse, and went down early for lunch – a good half-hour before our usual time. I expected the room to be empty, and it was – except for the table next to ours. I was not prepared for this. I thought he had gone to Sospel. I was halfway across the room before I saw him, and could not go back. This was a situation for which I was not trained. I wished I was older, different. I went to our table, looking straight ahead. But as soon as I sat down, I knocked over the bowl of flowers. The water ran over the cloth, and down onto my legs. The waiter was at the other end of the room and did not see. In a second, though, my neighbour was at my side.

'You can't sit with a wet tablecloth,' he said, 'you won't enjoy your food. Get out of the way.' He began to dry the table with his handkerchief, and then the waiter came hurrying to help.

'Lay my table for two,' he said. 'This lady will have lunch with me.'

'Oh, no,' I said, 'I couldn't possibly.'

'Why not?'

I tried to think of an excuse. I knew he did not want to lunch with me. He was only being polite.

'Come and sit down. We needn't talk unless we want to.'

He sat down, and went on eating his lunch as though nothing had happened. I knew we could go on like this, all through the meal, without speaking but without any sense of awkwardness.

'Your friend,' he began at last, 'she is very much older than you. Have you known her long?'

'She's not really a friend,' I told him, 'she is an employer. She's training me to be a companion, and she pays me.'

'I did not know one could buy companionship,' he said; 'it sounds a strange idea. You haven't much in common with her. What do you do it for? Haven't you any family?'

'No — they're dead.'

'You know,' he said, 'we've got that in common, you and I. We are both alone in the world. Oh, I've got a sister, though we don't see much of each other, and an ancient grandmother whom I visit two or three times a year, but neither of them provides much companionship. You know, I think you've made a big mistake in coming here, in joining forces with Mrs Van Hopper. You're not made for that sort of job. You're too young, for one thing, and too soft. Now go upstairs and put your hat on, and I'll have the car brought round.'

I was happy that afternoon; I can remember it well. I can see the blue sky and sea. I can feel again the wind on my face, and hear my laugh, and his that answered it. It was not the Monte Carlo that I had known before. The harbour was a dancing thing, bright with boats, and the sailors were cheerful, smiling men, careless as the wind. I can remember as though I were still wearing it my comfortable, badly fitting suit, my broad hat, the shoes I wore. I had never looked more youthful; I had never felt so old.



I am glad it cannot happen twice, the fever of first love. For it is a fever, and a misery too, whatever the poets may say. One is so easily hurt.

I have forgotten much of Monte Carlo, of those morning drives, of where we went, even of our conversation; but I have not forgotten how my fingers trembled, pulling on my hat, and how I would run down the stairs and so outside. He would be there, in the driver's seat, reading a paper while he waited, and when he saw me he would smile, and throw it behind him into the back seat, and open the door, saying, 'Well, how is the companion this morning, and where does she want to go?' If he had driven round in circles it would not have mattered to me.

## Chapter 2 Manderley

We came to Manderley in early May, arriving, so Maxim said, with the birds and the flowers before the start of summer. I can see myself now, badly dressed as usual, although I had been married for seven weeks. I wondered if he guessed that I feared my arrival at Manderley now as much as I had looked forward to it before. Gone was my excitement, my happy pride. I was like a child brought to her first school. Any confidence I had gained during my seven weeks of marriage was gone now.

'You mustn't mind if there's a certain amount of interest in you,' he said. 'Everyone will want to know what you are like. They have probably talked of nothing else for weeks. You've only got to be yourself and they will all love you. And you won't have to worry about the house; Mrs Danvers does everything. Just leave it all to her. She'll be stiff with you at first, I expect. She's an unusual character, but you mustn't let her worry you.'

We drove through two high iron gates and up the long driveway. We stopped at the wide stone steps at the open door, and two servants came down to meet us.

'Well, here we are, Frith,' said Maxim to the older one, taking off his hat. 'And this is Robert,' he added, turning towards me. We walked together up the steps, Frith and Robert following with my coat and travelling bag.

'This is Mrs Danvers,' said Maxim.

Someone came forward from the sea of faces, someone tall and thin, dressed in black, with great dark eyes in a white face. When she took my hand, hers was heavy and deathly cold and it lay in mine like a lifeless thing. Her eyes never left mine. I cannot remember her words now, but I know she welcomed me to Manderley, in a stiff little speech spoken in a voice as cold and lifeless as her hand had been. When she had finished, she waited, as though for a reply, and I tried to say something, dropping my hat in my confusion. She bent to pick it up, and as she handed it to me I saw a little smile of scorn on her lips.

After tea Frith came in. 'Mrs Danvers wondered, madam, whether you would like to see your room.'

Maxim looked up. 'How did they get on with the east wing?' he said.

'Very well, sir. Mrs Danvers was rather afraid it would not be finished by your return. But the men left last Monday. I think you will be very comfortable, sir; it's a lot lighter, of course, on that side of the house.'

'What have they been doing?' I asked.

'Oh, nothing much. Only redecorating and changing the furniture in the rooms in the east wing, which I thought we would use for ours. As Frith says, it's much more cheerful on that side of the house, and it has a lovely view of the rose garden. It was the visitors' wing when my mother was alive. I'll just finish reading these letters and then I'll come up and join you. Run

along and make friends with Mrs Danvers. It's a good opportunity.'

The black figure stood waiting for me at the top of the stairs, her dark eyes watching me from her pale face. We went along broad passages, then came to a door which she opened, standing back to let me pass. There was a large double bedroom with wide windows, and a bathroom on the far side. I went straight to the windows. The rose garden lay below, and, beyond it, a smooth grass bank stretching to the woods.

'You can't see the sea from here, then,' I said, turning to Mrs Danvers.

'No, not from this wing,' she answered, 'you can't even hear it. You would not know the sea was anywhere near, from this wing.'

She spoke in a strange way, as though something lay behind her words – as though there was something wrong with this wing.

'I'm sorry about that; I like the sea.'

She did not answer; she just went on looking at me, her hands folded in front of her.

'But it's a very beautiful room, and I'm sure we shall be very comfortable. I understand that it has been redecorated.'

'Yes.'

'What was it like before?'

'There was blue paper on the walls, and there were different curtains. Mr de Winter did not find it very cheerful. It was never used much, except for occasional visitors. But Mr de Winter gave special orders in his letter that you were to have this room.'

'Then this was not his bedroom originally?'

'No, madam; he's never used the rooms in this wing before.'

'Oh. He didn't tell me that.'

There was silence between us. I wished she would go away. I wondered why she had to go on standing there, watching me, her hands folded on her black dress.



‘I suppose you have been at Manderley for many years,’ I said, making another effort, ‘longer than anyone else?’

‘Not so long as Frith,’ she said, and I thought again how lifeless her voice was, and how cold; ‘Frith was here when the old gentleman was living, when Mr de Winter was a boy.’

‘I see; so you did not come until after that.’

‘No. Not until after that. I came here when Mr de Winter married his first wife,’ she said, and her voice, which had been dull and flat, was suddenly filled with unexpected life, and there was a spot of colour in her bony face. The change was so sudden that I was disturbed. I did not know what to do or to say. It was as though she had spoken words which were forbidden, words which she had hidden within herself for a long time and now would be kept in no longer. I could see that she scorned me, seeing that I was no great lady, but was ordinary and awkward. Yet there was something beside scorn in those eyes of hers, something surely of positive dislike, or actual hatred?

I had to say something; I could not let her see how much I feared and mistrusted her.

‘Mrs Danvers,’ I heard myself saying, ‘I hope we shall be friends and come to understand one another. You must have patience with me, you know, because this sort of life is new to me; I’ve lived rather differently. But I do want to make a success of it, and above all to make Mr de Winter happy. I know I can leave arrangements in the house to you, and you must just run things as they have always been run. I shan’t want to make any changes.’

I stopped, rather breathless, and when I looked up again I saw that she had moved, and was standing with her hand on the handle of the door.

‘Very good,’ she said; ‘I hope I shall do everything to your satisfaction. The house has been in my charge now for more than a year, and Mr de Winter has never complained. It was very different of course when the first Mrs de Winter was alive; there