

SFLEP-MACMILLAN CLASSICS READERS

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(英语课程标准七级之四)

# *Great Expectations*

# 远大前程

CHARLES DICKENS

原著 查尔斯·狄更斯

墓地对面是黑压压的沼泽地。沼泽地再过去有一条深灰色的线条，那是河流。刺骨的寒风从海上刮来，越过沼泽地。墓地漆黑，阴森可怕。

我又冷又怕浑身发抖，哭起鼻子来。

“别嚷嚷，你这小鬼！”一个可怕的声音喝道。“不许做声——要不然我就掐断你的脖子！”

“别掐断我的脖子，大爷！”我讨饶道。“求你千万别这样！”

那人吼道：“告诉我你的名字。快点！”

“皮普，大爷，皮普，”我说。



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CHARLES DICKENS

Retold by Florence Bell

原著 查尔斯·狄更斯

注释 张 春



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MACMILLAN

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## 出版说明

为了促进我国中学生的英语学习,培养他们的文化素养和文学修养,上海外语教育出版社经过长时间的酝酿和市场调研,决定将英国麦克米伦出版公司的一套文学名著简写本引荐给我国的中学生。

麦克米伦出版公司是从20世纪初开始陆续出版这套文学名著简写本的。为了满足世界各地英语为非母语国家、也包括英语国家不同程度中学生的阅读需要,他们请专家对一些大家耳熟能详的世界文学名著进行了改写,在保留原著的故事情节和原著者的创作风格的同时,适当地降低了语言的难度,至今已经推出了200多本。若干年过去了,这些书仍然受到世界各地读者的欢迎。

外教社从麦克米伦出版公司的这套文学名著简写本中精心挑选了40本,汇成一套“轻松读经典丛书”,难易程度跨越“英语课程标准”的3级—8级。这套丛书选编了英、美、法等国文学大师的经典之作,包括莎士比亚、狄更斯、马克·吐温、哈代、大仲马等著名作家的作品。为了让中学生在阅读过程中更好地把握原书的精髓和作家的创作历程,外教社还特地对读物中的语言难点做了注释;并加入了一篇关于作家、作品的背景介绍。

我们衷心希望“轻松读经典丛书”能够有助于提高我国中学生的文学欣赏水平,陶冶他们的道德情操,增强他们的英语阅读能力,成为开启中学生英语文学名著阅读之门的金钥匙。

外教社编辑部

2002年11月

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# 1

## In the Churchyard

**MY** name is Philip Pirrip, but as a child I could not say my name. I called myself Pip, and that has been my name ever since.

I never knew my mother and father. They both died when I was a baby. I was brought up by my only sister, who was married to a blacksmith<sup>1</sup>, Joe Gargery.

My story begins on a cold, grey winter afternoon in the churchyard where my parents are buried. I would often go to their graves and look down at the words on their gravestone: *Philip Pirrip and Georgiana, Wife of the Above*. I was a sensitive and lonely child and was often sad.

The marshes<sup>2</sup> beyond the churchyard were grey. The river beyond the marshes was a darker line of grey. A bitter wind was blowing across the marshes from the sea. The graveyard was a dark and frightening place.

I shivered. Cold and afraid, I began to cry.

‘Quiet, you little devil!’ cried a terrible voice.

---

1 blacksmith: 铁匠 2 marshes: 沼泽地

‘Keep still—or I’ll cut your throat!’

A rough-looking<sup>1</sup> man had taken hold of me. He held me tightly by the neck.

‘Oh, don’t cut my throat, sir!’ I cried.  
‘Please, don’t!’

The man’s rough grey clothes were torn and muddy. Like me, he was shivering with cold. His shoes were old and broken. He had a torn piece of cloth tied round his head. And his eyes were wild and terrible.

‘Tell me your name,’ the man growled<sup>2</sup>. ‘Tell me. Quick!’

‘Pip, sir. Pip,’ I answered.

‘Show me where you live,’ the terrible man demanded.

I pointed towards our village, which was about a mile away from the churchyard.

The man stared at me for a moment. Then, with a sudden movement, he picked me up and turned me upside down. A piece of bread fell out of my pocket. The man pushed me onto a gravestone<sup>3</sup>. Then he grabbed the bread and began eating greedily.

I sat on the gravestone where he had put me, shivering and crying with fear.

‘Now, tell me, where’s your mother?’ the man in grey asked suddenly.

‘There, sir,’ I answered, pointing over his shoulder to my mother’s grave.

---

1 rough-looking: 长相粗野 2 growl: 粗暴地说 3 gravestone: 墓碑





The man looked behind him and started to run.

‘I mean—she’s buried<sup>1</sup> there, sir. That’s my mother. “Georgiana, Wife of the Above”.’

‘Oh, I see,’ the man said, limping<sup>2</sup> slowly back. ‘And is that your father there buried with your mother?’

‘Yes, sir,’ I replied.

‘Then who do you live with?’ the man asked. ‘That is, if I let you live,’ he said roughly.

‘With my sister, sir—Mrs Joe Gargery—wife of Joe Gargery, the blacksmith, sir.’

‘A blacksmith, is he?’ the man muttered<sup>3</sup>, looking down at his leg. There was a thick band of iron<sup>4</sup> round his ankle, with a broken chain hanging from the band.

The man came nearer. He took hold of my arms and tipped me back<sup>5</sup> over the gravestone as far as I could go. His terrible eyes stared into mine.

‘Now, look here,’ he said. ‘Do you know what a file<sup>6</sup> is?’

‘Yes, sir.’

‘Then you get me a file. And you get me some food. Do you understand?’

‘Yes, sir.’

‘Bring me, early tomorrow morning, a file and some food,’ the man repeated slowly. ‘Bring them to the Old Fort, over there, by the river. Say nothing to no one and maybe I’ll let you live.’

---

1 bury: 埋葬 2 limp: 跛行 3 mutter: 低语 4 band of iron: 铁箍 5 tip...back: 往后按 6 file: 锉刀



*He took hold of my arms and tipped me  
back over the gravestone as far as I could go.  
His terrible eyes stared into mine.*



‘But if you tell anyone about me,’ the terrible man said slowly, ‘your heart and liver will be torn out! Torn out, roasted and ate.

‘Now, I’m not alone,’ he went on. ‘There’s a young man near here, listening to every word I say. He has a secret way of finding a boy, wherever he is. Even if a boy is warm in bed, behind a locked door, that young man will find him. What do you say to that?’

I promised I would bring him the file and the food very early in the morning.

‘Lord strike me dead<sup>1</sup> if I don’t—say it!’ the man growled.

‘Lord strike me dead if I don’t,’ I repeated.

The man lifted me down from the gravestone. Then he held his arms around his shivering body.

‘Goodnight, sir,’ I whispered.

‘Nothing much good about it,’ the man replied, looking across at wet and windy marshes. ‘I wish I was a frog—or a fish!’

He limped off through the churchyard, towards the marshes. He turned once to look back at me.

I began to run home as fast as I could.

---

When I got home, the forge<sup>2</sup> was shut up. Joe had finished work for the day. I opened the door of the house. I crept quietly into the warm kitchen and saw Joe, sitting alone by the fire, smoking his pipe.

Joe Gargery was a huge, fair haired man with

---

1 Lord strike me dead: 天打雷劈 2 forge: 铁匠铺

kind blue eyes. He looked at me sadly.

‘Mrs Joe has been out looking for you, Pip,’ Joe told me. ‘She’s out there now, Pip. And she’s got Tickler<sup>1</sup> with her.’

This was very bad news. Tickler was a stick that I had often felt on my thin body.

For although I had food, clothes and shelter<sup>2</sup>, my sister was a hard<sup>3</sup> and angry woman and would often beat me. Her husband, Joe, was my only friend.

‘Has she been out long, Joe?’ I asked nervously.

‘Well,’ said Joe, looking up at the clock, ‘this time, she’s been out about five minutes.’

‘And I hear her coming back, Pip old chap,’ Joe added. ‘Get behind the door!’

My sister pushed open the door with a bang. She soon saw where I was hiding and beat me until I cried. Then she threw me angrily across the kitchen to where Joe was sitting. Joe quietly placed me in the corner near the fire and protected me with his own powerful body.

My sister was twenty years older than me. She was tall and thin, with a hard face and sharp black eyes. The rough red skin on her bony hands and face made her always look angry.

‘Where have you been, you young monkey?’ Mrs Joe cried, stamping<sup>4</sup> her foot. ‘Tell me what you’ve been doing all this time!’

‘I’ve been in the churchyard,’ I answered, cry-

---

1 Tickler: 抓痒棍 2 shelter: 住处 3 hard: 硬心肠的 4 stamp: 跺脚



ing.

‘Churchyard?’ Mrs Joe repeated sharply. ‘You’d have been in the churchyard long ago, if it hadn’t been for me. Who brought you up? Tell me that!’

‘You did,’ I sobbed.

‘And why I did, I don’t know,’ my sister exclaimed. ‘It’s bad enough looking after this blacksmith, without being your mother too! One of these days, you’ll drive me to the graveyard<sup>1</sup>, the pair of you.’

Joe said nothing. He was a simple, gentle man and he never complained about Mrs Joe’s bad temper. But he protected me when he could and I loved him for it.

It was Christmas Eve and Mrs Joe was very busy. She was making the food for the Christmas meal next day. She made me stir the mixture for the Christmas pudding<sup>2</sup> for an hour and then I was allowed to sit by the fire with Joe.

As I sat by the warm fire, I thought of the man on the cold, wet marshes. I remembered my promise to him. I thought of the young man who would find me and kill me if I broke that promise.

The silence of the quiet night was suddenly broken by loud noises that seemed to come from the sea.

‘Are those the great guns, Joe?’ I asked.

Joe nodded.

---

1 drive me to the graveyard: 把我逼进坟墓 2 Christmas pudding: 圣诞布丁

‘Another convict’s<sup>1</sup> escaped,’ he said. ‘One got away last night and the guns were fired for him. Now they’re giving warning that a second one has escaped.’

‘Who’s firing the guns?’ I asked.

‘Ask no questions and you’ll be told no lies,’ my sister snapped<sup>2</sup> in reply.

‘Mrs Joe,’ I said politely, ‘I really should like to know, if you don’t mind, where the firing comes from.’

‘From the Hulks<sup>3</sup>, the Hulks,’ my sister answered.

‘And, please, what are the Hulks?’

‘Hulks are prison ships, moored<sup>4</sup> on the other side of the marshes,’ Mrs Joe explained impatiently.

‘I wonder who’s put into prison ships and why they’re put there,’ I said.

Mrs Joe leapt up and grabbed me by the ear.

‘People are put in the Hulks because they murder and rob<sup>5</sup> and do all kinds of bad things,’ she said.

‘And they all begin by asking questions!’

Mrs Joe pulled my ear hard as she spoke and gave me a push.

‘And now go off to bed!’ she added.

I went slowly up the dark stairs, thinking about the terrible prison ships. I had begun by asking questions. And, in a few hours, I was going to steal from Mrs Joe!

---

1 convict: 囚犯 2 snap: 厉声说(话) 3 hulk: 废弃的船体

4. moor: 停泊 5 rob: 抢劫



I slept very little that night. I was afraid of Mrs Joe. I was afraid of the convict on the marshes. And, most of all, I was afraid of the terrible young man.

---

At last, the grey light of dawn came into the sky. I got up and dressed. Quietly and carefully, I crept downstairs to the pantry<sup>1</sup>.

I found some bread, a piece of cheese and a large bone with some meat on it. There was a bottle with a little brandy<sup>2</sup> in it and I took that too. Last of all, on the top shelf, I found a beautiful, round meat pie.

A door in the kitchen led into the forge. I unlocked the door and looked for a file among Joe's tools. Then, locking the door behind me, I walked back through the kitchen.

Turning the big key, I opened the house door carefully. In a few moments, I was running as fast as I could towards the Fort on the misty marshes.

It was a frosty<sup>3</sup> morning and very damp and cold. The grass was wet and water dripped<sup>4</sup> from the trees. The mist was so thick over the marshes that I could only see a few feet ahead of me. As I ran, trees, cows and gates seemed to lean out of the mist to stop me.

I knew the Fort well, but in my terror, I almost lost my way. I had just crossed a ditch<sup>5</sup> when I saw the man in grey. He was sitting on the ground with his back to me. I walked up to him quietly and tou-

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1 pantry: 食品柜 2 brandy: 白兰地(酒) 3 frosty: 严寒的

4 drip: 滴落 5 ditch: 水沟

ched his shoulder. He jumped up and turned to face me. It was not the same man!

But he was dressed in the same rough clothes as the man I had met. He too had an iron on his leg. It was the young man, waiting to tear my heart and liver out!

With a cry, I ran on until I had reached the Fort. And there was my convict. He was swinging his arms and walking up and down to keep warm.

The man grabbed the food from my hand and began eating in great mouthfuls like a dog. When he drank the brandy, he shivered so violently that his teeth nearly broke the bottle.

As he started to eat the pie, I spoke to him.

'I'm glad you're enjoying it, sir,' I said.

'Thank you, my boy. I am, I am,' he replied.

'Aren't you leaving anything for him?' I asked anxiously.

'Him? Oh, the young man. He doesn't need any food,' the convict replied.

'Doesn't he? I thought he looked hungry,' I said.

'Looked? When did you see him?'

'Just now,' I answered.

'Where?'

'Over there,' I said, pointing. 'I thought he was you,' I explained.

The man stopped eating and grabbed my jacket.

'What did the man look like?' he asked me fiercely.

'He... he was dressed like you and... he had an





iron on his leg,' I answered. 'And there was a long scar<sup>1</sup> on his face.'

'Was there?' the convict cried. 'So he's escaped from the Hulks, has he? I thought I heard the guns last night. Where is he? I must find him. Curse this iron on my leg. Give me that file, boy. And tell me where you saw him.'

I pointed to where I had seen the young man. The convict stared through the mist. Then, sitting down on the wet grass, he began to file at the heavy iron on his leg.

The sky was lighter now and I dared not stay any longer. My sister and Joe would soon be awake. They would be looking for me. I began to walk quietly away.

When I looked back, the convict was bent over, filing at the iron on his leg. When I looked back again, I could see nothing through the thick mist. But I could still hear the sound of the file as it cut through the heavy leg-iron.

---

1 scar: 疤痕