

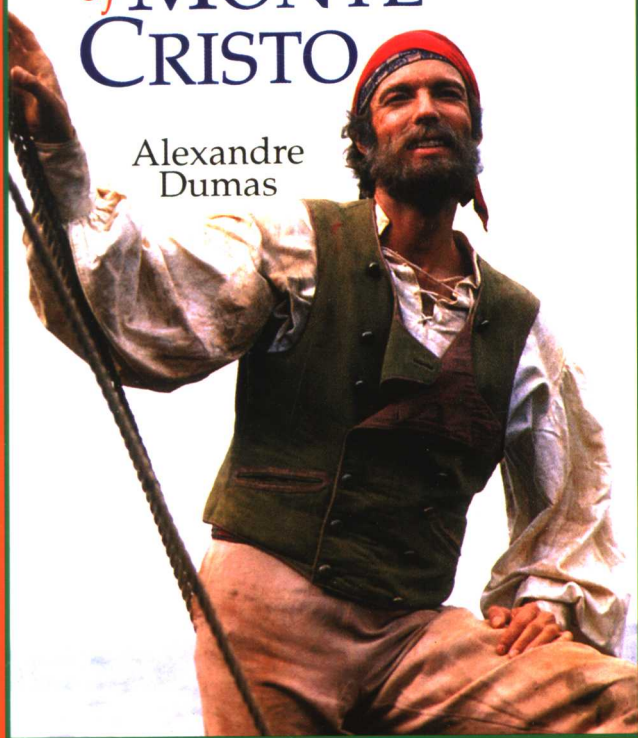


企鹅英语简易读物精选

基督山伯爵

The COUNT *of* MONTE CRISTO

Alexandre
Dumas



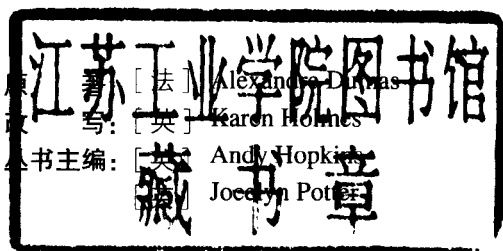
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① 企鹅英语简易读物精选 (高二学生)

The Count of Monte Cristo

基督山伯爵



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企鹅英语简易读物精选 (高二学生)

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大量阅读简易读物 打好英语基础（代序）

京：

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。

22)

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

Dantes stood up and looked in front of the boat. Three hundred feet away, he saw the black and frightening shape of the rock where the Chateau d'If stands. The prison was about 300 years old. 'People tell many strange stories about this place,' Dantes thought. 'Prisoners go there and never return. Is this the end of all hope?'

Edmond Dantes is a young seaman. His enemies tell the government that he wants to help Napoleon return to France as its ruler. So, on the day of his wedding to the beautiful Mercedes, Edmond is thrown into the prison at the Chateau d'If. There he meets a man who tells him about some treasure on the island of Monte Cristo. Will Edmond escape from the prison and find the treasure? And will he return to his home and family in Marseilles?

This exciting adventure story takes place in France in the 1800s. In 1814 France's ruler, Napoleon, was sent by his enemies to the island of Elba. Those enemies – Prussia, Russia, Britain, Austria, Sweden and other countries – brought Bourbon kings back to France. But most French people did not like these new rulers, and Napoleon knew this. In 1815, the year when this story begins, he decided to return to France.

Napoleon landed in Cannes. His friends joined him there, and he went to Paris. The king, Louis XVIII, left the country. Napoleon reached Paris on 20th March, and became the ruler of France for a hundred days. When he lost a great fight at Waterloo, his enemies sent him to the island of St Helena.

There is another real person in this book, Cesare Borgia. The Borgia family played an important part in Italian history. Cesare Borgia was born in 1475. His father, Rodrigo Borgia, became Pope Alexander VI in 1492. Cesare was a politician and a soldier.

He fought for and won a number of Italian cities, but he was a hard, unkind ruler. After his father died, Cesare went to prison. Later, he escaped to Spain and fought for the King of Navarre.

The prison of the Chateau d'If stands at the entrance to the old port of Marseilles. This was, in the past, a prison for 'important prisoners, enemies of the king', as Edmond Dantes says. Today it holds no prisoners, but many readers of *The Count of Monte Cristo* visit the place.

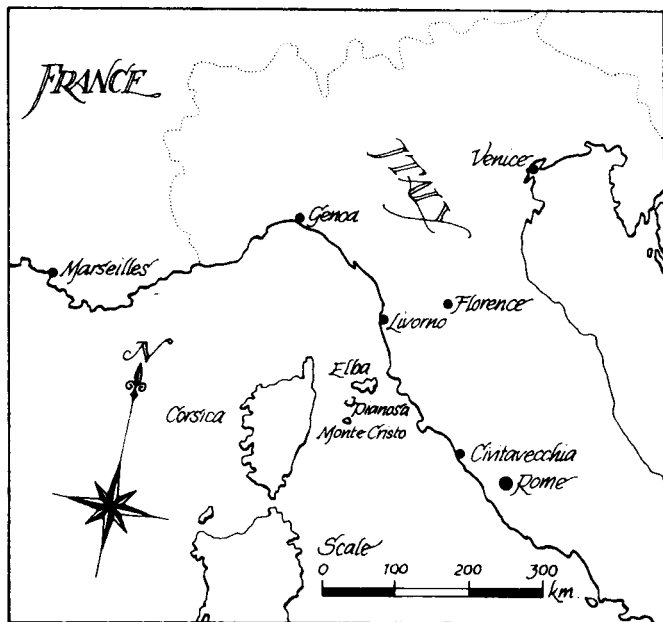
The writer of this book was one of two famous French writers called Alexandre Dumas. They were father and son. Dumas père (the father) wrote *The Count of Monte Cristo* and many other stories.

He was born in 1802. His father was a soldier with Napoleon, but he died in 1806 and left very little money for his family. Dumas père went to school for a short time, but at the age of sixteen he started work. He worked for the Duke of Orleans. He read a lot of books, and he liked Shakespeare's plays and the stories of Sir Walter Scott very much.

Dumas enjoyed travel and adventure. He joined Garibaldi in Sicily in 1860. He was part of Garibaldi's fight to make Italy into 'one great country'. This was the same 'great country' that Faria dreams of in *The Count of Monte Cristo*. Dumas died in France in 1870.

Dumas is most famous for his plays and for his stories about historical people and places. *The Three Musketeers* (1844) was, for example, the first of a number of books about France in the 1600s. His stories are full of adventure and excitement, and there are films and radio and television plays of many of his books.

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Chapter 1 The Ship Comes Home

On 24th February 1815 the ship *Pharaoh* came in to Marseilles. A man on the shore jumped into a boat and went out to the ship.

A young man, about twenty years old, looked over the side of the ship. He seemed to be the captain. He was the type of man who meets danger without fear.

'Oh! Is it you, Dantes?' cried the man in the boat. 'What has happened?'

'A very sad thing, Mr Morrel,' replied the young man. 'When our ship was near Civitavecchia, we lost our brave Captain Leclerc.'

He turned to his men and gave a quick order. Then he turned again to Morrel. The *Pharaoh* was Morrel's ship, and Edmond Dantes was First Officer.

'We will all die one day, Edmond,' said Morrel. 'The goods—?'

'They are safe, Mr Morrel. Now, come on board. Here is Danglars. He does all the buying and selling. I must look after my ship.'

Morrel climbed quickly onto the ship and met Danglars. Danglars was about twenty-five years old. Nobody on the *Pharaoh* liked him.

'Well, Mr Morrel,' said Danglars. 'You heard about the sad death of Captain Leclerc?'

'Yes. He was a brave and good man.'

'And a good seaman. He was old and wise, a good ship's captain for Morrel and Son,' replied Danglars.

'A young man can be a good captain, too,' Morrel said. 'Look at our friend Edmond. He works well.'

'Yes,' said Danglars. He looked at Dantes. He did not like him. 'Yes, he is young and he is very sure of himself. When the captain

died, we had to take orders from him. And as a result, we lost a day and a half at the island of Elba. We needed to come straight to Marseilles.'

'He has to take the captain's place,' said Morrel. 'He is the First Officer. But it was wrong to stop at Elba. Was the ship unsafe? Did you need to work on it?'

'There was nothing wrong with the ship. We stopped at Elba and went on shore. It was a holiday, not work!'

'Dantes,' the shipowner called. 'Come here, please.'

'In a minute, Mr Morrel,' answered Dantes. He gave an order to his men. When the ship was safely tied up, Dantes came towards Morrel. 'The ship is now ready,' he said. 'Can I help you, sir?'

Danglars took a few steps back. 'Why did you stop at the island of Elba?' asked Morrel.

'I don't know, Mr Morrel. It was Captain Leclerc's last order. He gave me a letter for Marshal Bertrand.'

Morrel took Dantes' arm and pulled him close. 'And how is Napoleon?' he said quietly.

'He seemed very well.'

'You spoke to him?'

'No, he spoke to me,' said Dantes. 'He asked: "When did you leave Marseilles? What goods are on board?" He was very interested. Perhaps he wanted to buy the ship. "I am only the First Officer," I said. "The ship belongs to Morrel and Son." "Ah!" he said, "I know them. The Morrels have owned ships for many years. But there was a Morrel who was a soldier. He fought with me at Valence."'

'True!' cried Morrel, happily. 'That was Policar Morrel, my uncle. He was a great soldier, a captain. Dantes, my uncle will be very happy about Napoleon. It will bring fire into the old soldier's eyes. You were right to stop at Elba, Dantes. But don't tell people about the letter for Marshal Bertrand, and about Napoleon. You will get into trouble.'

‘Why?’ asked Dantes. ‘I don’t know what was in the letter. Napoleon only asked me simple questions. Anyone can answer questions like those.’

‘My dear Dantes,’ said the owner, ‘are you now free?’

‘Yes, Mr Morrel,’ Dantes replied.

‘Can you come and have dinner with me?’

‘Thank you, Mr Morrel. But I must visit my father first.’

‘Visit your father, and then come to my house.’

‘Thank you again, Mr Morrel. But there is another person that I must see.’

‘True, Dantes. I forgot. Of course – the beautiful Mercedes. She came to see me three times. She wanted news about the *Pharaoh*.’

‘She has promised to marry me,’ the young seaman said.

‘My dear Edmond,’ said the owner, ‘that is very good news. Now hurry away to see your father.’

‘Thank you, Mr Morrel. I have a question. Can I leave the ship for fourteen days?’

‘To get married?’ Morrel asked.

‘Yes, first. And then I want to go to Paris.’

‘Yes, of course, Dantes. But come back again in one month. The *Pharaoh* can’t sail without her captain.’

‘Without her captain!’ cried Dantes. His eyes were bright and he was very happy. ‘Are you really going to make me captain of the *Pharaoh*? Oh, Mr Morrel! I thank you for my father and for Mercedes.’

‘Good, Edmond. Go to your father, go and see Mercedes, and then come to see me.’

‘Shall I take you to the shore with me?’ Dantes asked.

‘No, thank you. I’ll stay and do some work with Danglars. Were you pleased with him on this journey?’

‘Do you mean, “Is Danglars a good friend?” No, we aren’t friends. We disagreed one day near the island of Monte Cristo,

and he doesn't like me. But he works well. I can say nothing against him.'

The shipowner watched Dantes until he reached the shore. Danglars stood on the ship behind Morrel. He also watched the young man as he went away. But he did not look kindly at Dantes.

Chapter 2 Father and Son

Dantes turned into a narrow street and went into a small house.

'My dear Edmond,' cried his father. 'My boy, my son! You are here in Marseilles! Tell me all your news.'

'I have some sad news. The good Captain Leclerc is dead. But I am now captain of the *Pharaoh*! Just think! I am only twenty years old and the captain of a great ship. I will earn good money. I can buy you a new house. What is the matter, father? Aren't you well?'

'It is nothing,' his father said.

'You need food and a drink. Where will I find food and drink for you?'

'There is nothing in the house,' answered the old man. 'But I don't need anything, because you are here.'

'When I left, three months ago, I gave you plenty of money,' Dantes said.

'Yes. But I paid some money back to our friend Caderousse. He asked me for it.'

'But you gave Caderousse more than half of the money! Why did you do that? Here, father, take this and send for some food.' Edmond put all his money on the table.

'No, no,' said the old man. 'I don't need all that money. But here comes Caderousse. He knows that you are home. He wants to welcome you.'

'Hello! You have returned, Edmond?' Caderousse said.

'Yes, neighbour,' replied Dantes. He tried to hide his real feelings. 'I am ready to help you in any way.'

'You are rich now,' said Caderousse, looking hungrily at the money on the table.

'Oh that,' said Dantes. 'That is my father's money. But of course, you are our neighbour. If you want money, we will lend it to you.'

'Thank you, but I don't need anything. I met my friend Danglars. So I heard that you were here. I wanted to see you.'

'Good Caderousse!' said the old man. 'He is a great friend to us.'

There was an ugly look on Caderousse's face. 'Well, Morrel is pleased with you,' he said. 'Are you hoping to be the next captain of the *Pharaoh*?'

'Yes. I believe that I will be the next captain. But, dear father, I must leave you. Now I must visit another person in the town.'

'Go, my dear boy. And God protect your wife.'

'His wife!' said Caderousse. 'She isn't his wife yet. Mercedes is a fine girl, and fine girls have plenty of young men. But, you will be captain of the *Pharaoh*, so—'

'My opinion of women — and of Mercedes — is better than yours,' Dantes said. 'I know that she will always love me.'

Edmond left the house, and Caderousse joined Danglars. The seaman was waiting for him at the corner.

'He isn't captain yet,' said Danglars quietly. 'We can stop him. Let's go. We will stop at "La Résérve" and drink a glass of wine there.'

'Right, then,' Caderousse said. 'But *you* must pay for the drink.'

Chapter 3 Mercedes

Danglars and Caderousse sat at a table under a tree. In a house about a hundred metres away, a young girl was at the window. Her hair was as black as night, and her eyes were as dark and wonderful as the shadow of a forest.

'Mercedes!' a voice shouted happily outside the house. 'Mercedes!'

'Ah!' cried the girl. And she ran to the door and opened it. 'Here, Edmond, here I am!'

Edmond took Mercedes in his arms. The golden sunshine of Marseilles shone on them. They were together, the only two people in the world.

Edmond and Mercedes walked past 'La Résérve'. Caderousse and Danglars were still there.

'Hey, Edmond!' cried Caderousse. He got up from his seat. 'Are you too proud to speak to your friends?'

'No, my dear man!' Dantes replied. 'I am not proud, but I am happy. I was thinking about Mercedes.'

'When is the wedding?' asked Danglars.

'Soon – tomorrow or the next day, here at "La Résérve". We hope that you and Caderousse will be there.'

'Tomorrow or the next day! You are in a hurry, captain,' said Danglars.

'I am not a captain yet, Danglars,' said Dantes. 'But, yes, we are in a hurry because I must go to Paris.'

'To Paris! Do you have business there?'

'It is not my business. Captain Leclerc asked me to finish some work for him.'

'Yes, yes, I understand,' said Danglars. And he added, speaking to himself, 'To Paris – he is taking Marshal Bertrand's letter there. Ah! I have an idea. Dantes, my friend, you are not captain of the *Pharaoh* yet!' He turned towards Edmond. 'A good journey!' he cried.

'Thank you, my friend,' said Edmond. And the two lovers continued on their happy path.

'Boy,' shouted Danglars, 'bring me a pen and paper.'

'It is a strange thought,' said Caderousse. 'You can kill a man with a knife, but you can also kill him with that pen!'

'I will tell you what I am going to do,' said Danglars. 'Dantes has just returned from a journey. He stopped at the island of Elba. We are going to send a letter to an officer of the government. We will write that Dantes is working for Napoleon. He wants to bring Napoleon back as ruler of France.'

Danglars wrote, using his left hand:

A friend of the king has information for the king's officers. Edmond Dantes, of the ship Pharaoh, brought a letter from Elba to the followers of Napoleon in Paris. You will find the letter in his coat, or at his father's house, or in his room on the ship.

He put the letter in an envelope and wrote a name on it: Villefort.

'So, I have done it,' Danglars said.

'Yes, you have done it,' said Caderousse. 'But it is a dirty piece of work.' He put out his hand to take the letter.



The cooks at 'La Réserve' prepared a wonderful meal for the wedding. Many of the men from the *Pharaoh* were there, and other friends of Dantes.

'Shall we start?' asked the sweet silvery voice of Mercedes. 'We must go to the church.'

Everyone in the party stood up and began to form a line.

Suddenly, there was a loud noise. A man knocked on the door and shouted, 'Open this door, in the name of the law!'

An officer came in. There were four soldiers with him.

'Where is Edmond Dantes?'

'That is my name,' said Edmond. 'Why?'

'I can't tell you. Someone will tell you the reason later.'

'Don't be afraid, my good friends,' said Dantes. 'They are making a mistake. That is all, I am sure.'

Dantes went into the courtyard with the soldiers.

'God go with you, my dearest,' cried Mercedes.

'And with you, sweet Mercedes. We shall soon meet again.'

Chapter 4 The Judge

Villefort, the judge, took a paper from one of the men. He said, 'Bring in the prisoner.'

Dantes came into the room. 'Who and what are you?' Villefort asked.

'My name is Edmond Dantes,' the young man replied. 'I am an officer of the *Pharaoh*, one of Morrel's ships.'

'Your age?'

'Twenty.'

'Where were you when the soldiers came?'

'I was at my wedding.' Dantes' voice was full of tears. Earlier in the day he was so happy and now . . .

'It is sad that this man missed his wedding,' thought Villefort. But he continued: 'Do you work for Napoleon?'

'I wanted to join one of his ships, but he lost power.'

'People think that you are a dangerous man. They say you want to bring Napoleon back to power.'

'Me? Dangerous! I am only twenty. I don't know about things like power. I love my father, I love Morrel, and most of all I love Mercedes. That is all that I can tell you.'

'Have you any enemies?'

'Enemies?' said Dantes. 'Only important men have enemies. I am not important.'

'True, you are only twenty,' Villefort said. 'But you will soon be captain of a ship. You are marrying a pretty girl. Does someone hate you because you are so lucky?'

'Perhaps. I don't know. You know men better than I do.'

'I received this letter. Do you know the writing?'

Dantes read it. A cloud of sadness passed over his face.

'No, I don't know the writing. But the writer of this letter is a real enemy.'

'Now,' said the judge, 'answer me. Are the words in this letter true?'

'No,' Dantes replied. 'I will tell you the facts. Captain Leclerc became ill soon after we left Naples. On the third day he was very ill. He called me and said, "Promise me something. It is very important." I promised. "After my death, you will become captain. Go to Elba and ask for Marshal Bertrand. Give him this letter, and he will give you another letter. He will tell you where to take it." That is what Captain Leclerc said.'

'And what did you do then?' the judge asked.

'I agreed. Leclerc was dying. On a ship, the last request of an officer is an order. I reached Elba and I went on shore alone. I gave the letter to Marshal Bertrand. He gave me a letter to take to a person in Paris. I came here, visited Mercedes and prepared for my wedding. I am going to Paris tomorrow.'

'Ah,' said Villefort. 'Perhaps you were unwise, but you followed the last orders of your captain. Give me the letter that you brought from Elba. Promise to see me again if I call you. You can go back to your friends now.'

'I am free, then?' said Dantes happily.

'Yes, but first give me the letter.'

'You have it already. The soldiers took it with some other letters. They are on the table.'