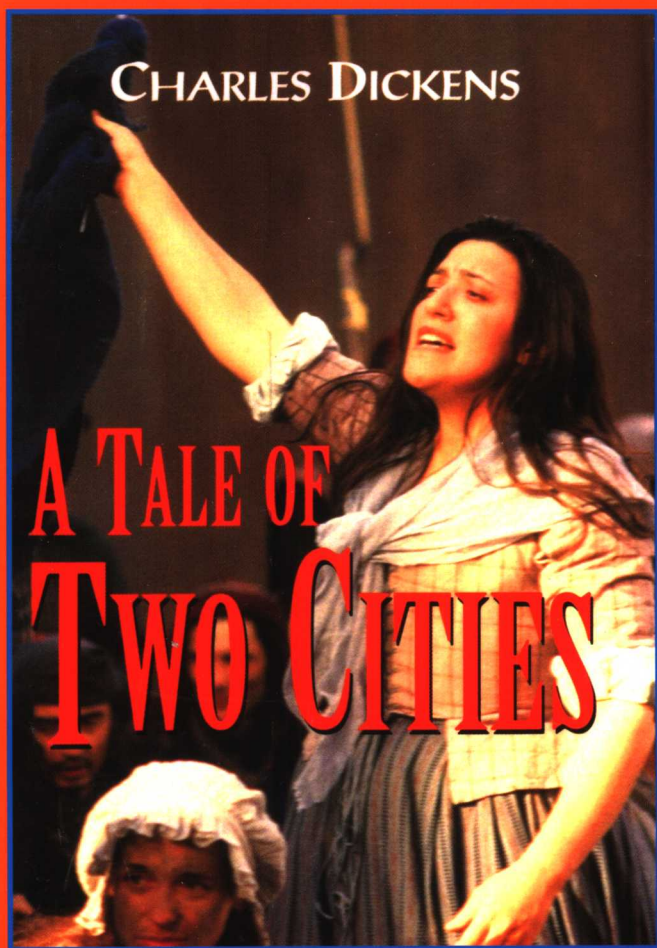




企鹅英语简易读物精选

# 双城记



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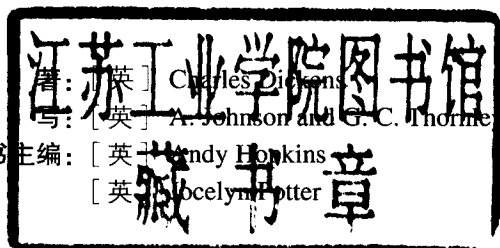


① 企鹅英语简易读物精选 (大一学生)

# *A Tale of Two Cities*

## 双城记

原 著: [英] Charles Dickens  
改 写: [英] A. Johnson and G. C. Thorpe  
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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。

北京外国语大学英语教授、博士生导师 胡文仲

## Introduction

Charles Dickens is one of the most popular writers of all time, and is responsible for some of the best-known characters in English literature.

He was born in Portsmouth, England, in 1812 and moved to London with his family when he was about two years old. The family was very poor, and John Dickens, a clerk with the navy, could not earn enough to support his wife and eight children. Charles, the second oldest, attended school for a time; his formal education did not last long, though, since the family's situation forced him to leave school at the age of twelve, and it was his mother who taught him to read and helped him develop a deep love of books. After leaving school, Dickens found a job in a shoe polish factory; at about the same time, his father was sent to prison as a debtor.

The difficulties the family suffered and the general hopelessness he saw around him as he was growing up shaped Dickens's view of the world and strongly influenced the subject matter, events and characters that featured in his later writing. Determined to leave behind the anxieties of his childhood, Dickens started writing for a newspaper. He soon made a name for himself as a reporter in London's courts and at the House of Commons.

His first success came with the appearance, in monthly parts, of what came to be known as *The Pickwick Papers*. By the age of twenty-four he was famous, and he remained so until he died. While successful in public life, though, Dickens's personal life was not happy. He married Catherine Hogarth in 1836 and they had ten children together. As time passed they became increasingly unhappy, and they separated in 1858. Apart from his writing, Dickens found the time and energy to work for a number of

organizations set up to help the poor and needy, showing the concern for people and social conditions that underlies so much of his writing. Under the pressure of these many activities his health became worse, and he died suddenly in 1870.

Dickens wrote 20 full-length fictional stories and many works of non-fiction. He was a keen observer of people and places, had a great understanding of human nature, and showed a particular sympathy for young people. He was at his best describing memorable characters and scenes which were typical of life in mid-nineteenth-century London.

*Oliver Twist* (1837–9) tells of the adventures of a poor unloved child in London's criminal underworld, while the cruelty of the private school system is attacked in *Nicholas Nickleby* (another early story). During the 1840s, Dickens wrote five "Christmas books". The first of these, *A Christmas Carol*, tells the story of rich and mean Ebenezer Scrooge who, late in life, learns the meaning of Christmas and discovers happiness by helping others less fortunate than himself.

In his later works, including *Hard Times*, *Little Dorrit* and *Our Mutual Friend*, Dickens presents a much darker view of the world. His humour is used to attack the evil side of human experience; in particular, the inhuman social effects of industry and trade. *Bleak House* shows the unfairness of the legal system and how lawyers could lengthen the legal process for their own financial gain without any regard for the damage done to the lives of those involved in their cases. *David Copperfield* is an exception from this period: a much more light-hearted story and a moving description of a young man's discovery of adult life.

*A Tale of Two Cities* (1859) is the second of the two works of historical fiction written by Dickens. Like many of his stories, *A Tale of Two Cities* was originally written and sold one part at a time, and the book depends less on character for its interest than on the excitement of the developing tale. It is set in London and

Paris at the time of the great social uprising of the French Revolution (1789–99), including the terrible period between April 1793 and July 1794 when 40,000 people died. The book shows the causes of revolution and its effects on people's day-to-day lives. The historical detail of the book is based on the great work *The French Revolution*, by Dickens's friend Thomas Carlyle. Dickens himself made many journeys to Paris, and visited the remaining historical sights of the Revolution. Britain in Dickens's time was socially much less settled than it is today, and many people felt that a popular uprising against the wealthier classes was an ever-present danger. They therefore took a great interest in the lessons to be learned from the French experience.

The story also tells the more private tale of Sydney Carton, and his final decision to put the good of others before his natural sense of self-preservation. The passage at the end of the book in which he explains his decision has become one of the most famous in English literature.

Dr Manette, a French doctor, has been held in the terrible Bastille prison for many years. He is found, half crazy, by his daughter Lucie and Mr Lorry, who have gone to Paris to search for him. They take him back to London, where his health and his memory gradually improve. Five years later, the Frenchman Charles Darnay is tried in London on charges of spying. He is freed, partly because he is very similar in appearance to the lawyer Sydney Carton; this similarity becomes even more important later in the story. Both Darnay and Carton are in love with Lucie. At the same time, the Revolution is breaking out in France. Darnay is forced to put his own life in danger by going back there to help the tax collector, Gabelle. Darnay is followed by Lucie and Dr Manette, who are also caught up in the exciting events that follow.

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## **Chapter 1    The Shop of Monsieur Defarge**

Saint-Antoine was one of the poorest parts of Paris. The children who lived there had the faces and sad voices of old men, and hunger seemed to be written on the face of every man and woman. The shops contained only the worst bits of meat and only the cheapest loaves. Nothing brightened the streets except the shops that sold tools or weapons; these contained the sharpest of bright knives and the most murderous of guns, shining weapons which seemed to be waiting for the time when they would be brought out to do terrible work.

A large barrel of wine had been dropped and broken in one of the streets of Saint-Antoine. Red wine began to run over the rough stones. Little pools of it formed in the hollows and cracks among the stones.

Immediately, everyone left whatever they were doing, and ran to the spot to collect some of the wine before it disappeared into the ground. Some knelt down and tried to drink it from their hands, but most of it ran through their fingers. Some brought cups and tried to fill them; others dipped cloths in the wine and then put them in their mouths. For a time, in that street of poor and miserable people, the joyful sound of laughter rang out. But soon all the wine was gone; the laughter died down and the people returned to what they had been doing before.

A tall man dipped his finger in some mud made red with the wine and wrote on the wall five big letters: BLOOD. The time would come when blood would flow in the streets of Saint-Antoine and would turn its stones red again.

The barrel of wine had been on its way to the wine shop at the corner. Outside stood the owner of the shop, Monsieur Defarge.

He was a strongly built man of about thirty, with a face that was good-natured on the whole, but which showed signs of strong determination and a complete absence of any kind of weakness. He was a man who would be an enemy to be feared.

Monsieur Defarge stood looking at the struggle for the wine for some time. 'It isn't my affair,' he said to himself. 'As that barrel is broken, they must bring me another.' Then his eye caught sight of the man who had written the terrible word on the wall. He called to him: 'Say, Gaspard, are you crazy? Why do you write in the public street? Are there no better places to write such words?'

Madame Defarge was sitting in the shop when her husband re-entered it. She was a woman of about his own age, with a very keen eye, a strong face and a great calmness of manner. As her husband came in, she gave a little cough and looked in a certain direction as if to call his attention to some people who had just come into the shop.

The shopkeeper looked around until his eye rested on an oldish gentleman and a young woman who were seated in a corner. There were other people in the shop, but only these two were strangers. As he passed he noticed that the old man attracted the attention of his young companion as if to say, 'This is our man'.

'What on earth are those two doing there?' said Defarge to himself. 'I don't know them.'

He pretended not to notice the two strangers, and fell into a conversation with three men who were drinking at the bar.

'How goes it, Jacques?' said one of them to Monsieur Defarge. 'Is all the wine drunk from the broken barrel?'

'Every drop of it, Jacques,' replied Defarge.

'It isn't often,' said the second man, 'that these miserable creatures know the taste of wine, or of anything but black bread and death. Isn't that so, Jacques?'

'It is so, Jacques,' replied Monsieur Defarge.

The third man put down his glass.

'Ah! Such poor cattle always have a bitter taste in their mouths; they lead a hard life. Am I right, Jacques?'

'You are right, Jacques,' replied Monsieur Defarge.

A movement from Madame Defarge attracted his attention. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'the room that you wish to see is at the top of the stairs. Go into the courtyard. One of you has been there before and will show you the way.'

They paid for their wine and left. The oldish gentleman walked towards Monsieur Defarge and asked permission to speak to him. Their conversation was short. Almost at the first word Monsieur Defarge's face showed keen attention. After a minute Defarge signalled his agreement and went out. The gentleman then called to the young lady, and they, too, went outside.

Madame went on with her knitting and took no notice.

Mr Jarvis Lorry (the gentleman) and Miss Lucie Manette joined Defarge in the courtyard to which he had recently directed the three men. In the courtyard Defarge did a surprising thing. He went down on one knee and put his lips to the young lady's hand.

Defarge at one time had been a servant of Dr Manette, Lucie's father. Lucie's mother had died, and her father had disappeared: no one knew what had happened to him. His money was in Tellson's Bank – an English bank. The baby Lucie was brought to England, and Mr Jarvis Lorry, an official of Tellson's Bank and an old friend of her father's, was put in charge of her money and her education. Mr Lorry had asked an Englishwoman, Miss Pross, to bring up the child. Over the years that followed, Miss Pross became like a mother to Lucie and would have given her life for her.

Lucie was now a young woman, and strange news had brought her and Mr Lorry to Paris – news that Dr Manette (who

all had thought to be dead) was alive. He had been a prisoner in the Bastille, the great prison of Paris. Now he had been set free and was in the care of his old servant, Defarge.

Defarge rose to his feet. A remarkable change had come over his face. A look of anger and hatred had replaced his good-natured expression – hatred for those who had harmed someone he loved,

‘The stairs are high,’ said Defarge. ‘Let us go up slowly.’

‘Is Dr Manette alone?’ whispered Mr Lorry.

‘Of course. He has been used to being alone for so long that now he cannot bear the presence of others.’

‘Is he greatly changed?’

‘Changed! You will not recognize him.’

As they neared the top of the stairs, Defarge took a key out of his pocket.

‘Do you keep his door locked?’

‘I think it safer to do so.’

‘Why?’

‘Why! Because he has lived so long locked up that he would be frightened if his door was left open.’

‘Is it possible?’ asked Mr Lorry in surprise.

‘It is possible,’ replied Defarge bitterly. ‘In this beautiful world such things are possible, and not only possible, they are actually done every day. Such is the state of France.’

This conversation had been held in so low a whisper that none of it reached the young lady’s ears, but as they neared the top of the stairs she was shaking. Her face showed such deep anxiety, such terror, that Mr Lorry spoke to her to calm her.

‘Courage, my dear! Courage! The worst will be over in a minute. Think only of the happiness you will bring him.’

As last they were near the top. Suddenly, at a turn in the stairs, they came upon the three men who were looking into a room through the cracks in a door. Hearing footsteps they turned and

rose: they were the three men who had been drinking in the wine shop.

'Leave us, boys. We have business here,' said Defarge.

The three went quietly down.

Mr Lorry was angry. He whispered to Defarge, 'Do you make a show of Monsieur Manette?'

'I show him to a few, to those to whom the sight is likely to do good. They are all men of my own name, Jacques. You are English and do not understand. Stay here a minute, please.'

Defarge ran his key along the door as if to give a warning to the person inside. Then he put it in the lock and turned it slowly. The door opened; he looked into the room and said something. A faint voice answered. Defarge looked back and signalled to them to enter. Mr Lorry put his arm round Lucie's waist and held her. 'Go in,' he said. 'Go in.'

'I am afraid,' she answered, still shaking.

'Afraid of what?'

'I am afraid of him, my father.'

He pulled her arm around his neck, lifted her a little and hurried into the room.

Work was going on in the room. With his back towards the door and his face towards the window, a white-haired man sat on a long bench, bent forward. He was very busy, making shoes.

## Chapter 2 The Shoemaker

'Good day,' said Monsieur Defarge, looking down at the white head.

The white head was raised for a moment. Then a faint voice replied, 'Good day.'

'You are still hard at work, I see.'

After a long silence the head was lifted again for a moment

and the weak voice replied, 'Yes – I am still working.'

The faintness of the voice was pitiful. It seemed to be the result not only of bodily weakness but also of lack of practice. The old man was poorly dressed. He had a white beard, a hollow face and extremely bright eyes that appeared to be unnaturally large. He took no notice of his visitors; he hardly seemed to know that they were there. His mind had obviously been affected by the long years in prison.

Mr Lorry came silently forward, leaving Lucie by the door.

'Come,' said Defarge, 'you have a visitor. Show him the shoe that you are making. Tell him what kind of a shoe it is.'

The weak voice replied, 'It is a lady's shoe, a young lady's shoe. It is in the present fashion. But I have never seen such a shoe. I have only seen a pattern.' He looked at the shoe with a little pride, pride in his own work.

'And what is your name?' asked Mr Lorry.

'My name? One Hundred and Five, North Tower.'

'What? Is that all?'

'One Hundred and Five, North Tower.'

'But you are not a shoemaker by trade, are you?' asked Mr Lorry.

The old man paused for a while. 'No,' he said, 'I am not a shoemaker by trade. I learned it in prison. They gave me permission to learn.'

Mr Lorry looked steadily into his face.

'Dr Manette, don't you remember me?'

The shoe dropped to the ground. The old man looked in wonder at his questioner.

'Dr Manette, don't you remember Monsieur Defarge here? Don't you remember Jarvis Lorry, the old banker?'

The prisoner of many years looked from one to the other. A look of intelligence seemed to come over his face. Then it disappeared again. Darkness clouded his mind. He picked up the

shoe and continued his work.

Slowly, very slowly, Lucie drew near the bench of the shoemaker. She stood beside him as he bent over his work.

He dropped his knife, bent down to pick it up, and caught sight of her dress. He looked at her closely and breathed heavily. The two men were afraid; he had the knife in his hand and she was very near him. But she showed no sign of fear.

‘Who are you? Are you the prison guard’s daughter?’

‘No,’ she whispered.

‘Who are you?’

She could not speak, but she sat down beside him on the bench. He moved away from her, but she laid her hand on his arm. He dropped his knife and sat looking at her.

Her golden hair lay in curls on her shoulders. Nervously he put out his hand to touch it. Then he breathed deeply and went on with his shoemaking.

Again the old man stopped; he touched Lucie’s hair once more and looked closely at it.

‘It is the same,’ he said. ‘But how can it be?’

He put his hand to his neck and took off a blackened string that had a folded piece of cloth at the end of it. He opened this, carefully, on his knee. It contained a small quantity of hair – hairs which he had carefully saved long, long ago.

He took her hair in his hand again.

‘It is the same. But how can it be? She laid her head upon my shoulder that night when I was called out. And when I was brought to the North Tower I found these hairs on my coat.’

He turned to her with frightening suddenness. But she sat perfectly still and, when Defarge and Mr Lorry wanted to come to her help, only said, ‘I beg you, gentlemen, do not come near us, do not speak, do not move.’

‘Whose voice is that?’ he cried. ‘What is your name?’

‘Oh, sir, at another time you shall hear my name, and who my



mother was, and who my father. But I cannot tell you now, and I cannot tell you here. All that I can tell you is that I love you, and that I beg you to kiss me.'

She put her arm round his neck and held his head to her breast as if he were a child.

'Thank God your long sorrow is over. From here we are going to England to be at peace and at rest. Rest, rest. Give thanks to God, who has brought you through so much suffering into peace at last.'

For a long time he remained with her arm around him. Then he slipped softly to the floor. A great calm had followed the storm. He slept as peacefully as a child.

Mr Lorry bent over the sleeping man. 'We must take him away now, immediately.'

'But is he fit for the journey?' said Lucie.

'Fitter for the journey than to remain in this city, so terrible to him.'

'It is true,' said Defarge. 'And for many reasons Monsieur Manette would be better out of France. Say, shall I hire a carriage and horses?'

'That is business,' said Mr Lorry. 'And if business is to be done, I am the man to do it.'

'Then please leave us here,' said Lucie. 'You see how quiet he has become. Lock the door when you go out. Leave us together. Do not be afraid. He is quite safe with me, and I am quite safe with him.'

The two men went away to make arrangements for the journey. When they had gone, the daughter sat and watched her father. The darkness deepened and deepened. He lay quiet until a light shone through the cracks in the door. It was time to leave.

As one long used to being given orders, he ate and drank what they gave him, put on the clothes they had brought for him, and went with them. Lucie put her arm through his. He