



企鹅英语简易读物精选

远大前程



世界图书出版公司

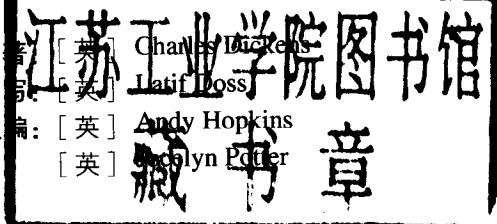


① 企鹅英语简易读物精选 (大二学生)

Great Expectations

远大前程

原
改
丛书主



(2300 - 3000 词)

世界图书出版公司



图书在版编目 (CIP) 数据

远大前程/[英]狄更斯 (Dickens, C.) 著; [英]多斯 (Doss, L.) 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·大二学生)

ISBN 7-5062-8534-7

I. 远… II. ①狄… ②多… III. 英语—语言读物 IV. H319.4

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字 (2006) 第 103215 号

This edition of *Great Expectations*, First Edition is published by arrangement with Pearson Education Limited and Penguin Books Limited.

This edition copyright ©Penguin Books Ltd 1999

企鹅英语简易读物精选 (大二学生)

远大前程

原 著 者: Charles Dickens

改 写 者: Latif Doss

责任编辑: 张颖颖 王志宇

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: 北京朝阳印刷厂有限责任公司

开 本: 889×1194 1/32

印 张: 4

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 - 5073

ISBN 7-5062-8534-7/H.944

版 权 所 有 翻 印 必 究

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。

Introduction

Charles Dickens was one of the most popular writers of all time, creating 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 short time, but his formal education was cut short. It was his mother who taught him to read and helped him develop a deep love of books. The family's circumstances forced him to leave school at the age of twelve. He found a job in a shoe polish factory and, at about the same time, his father was arrested for debt and sent to prison.

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 break out of a life of insecurity, Dickens started writing for newspapers. He soon made a name for himself as a reporter in London's courts and at the House of Commons.

His first literary success came with the publication, in monthly parts, of what came to be known as *The Pickwick Papers*. By the age of twenty-four he was famous, and remained so until he died. In contrast to his public success, though, Dickens's personal life was not happy. He married Catherine Hogarth in 1836 and they had ten children together. However, 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 various charities, demonstrating the concern for people and social conditions that underlies so much of his writing. Under the strain of many different activities his health suffered

and he died suddenly in 1870.

Dickens wrote 20 novels, nearly all of which originally appeared in weekly or monthly parts. By presenting his work in this way in newspapers and magazines, Dickens was able to reach people who would never normally buy full-length books. His wide readership loved the scenes and characters he created that reflected life in mid nineteenth-century London so well. He displayed a great understanding of human nature, a strong sympathy for young people, and a keen eye for people and places. He also wrote a number of works of non-fiction.

Oliver Twist is one of his most famous early books and is based on the adventures of a poor boy whose parents are both dead. It was very influential at the time it was published because it showed the workings of London's criminal world and brought into perspective how the poor were forced to live. The private school system is the main subject of *Nicholas Nickleby*, another early novel. Dickens himself had experienced this world of money-making school owners who mistreated their pupils and taught them nothing. Then, 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 more pointed, concentrating on the evil side of human experience; in particular, the inhuman social consequences of industry and trade. *Bleak House* shows the unfairness of the contemporary legal system and how lawyers could extend the legal process for their own benefit without any regard for the damage done to the lives of their clients. *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.

Great Expectations was written while Dickens's own life was hardly ideal: he was in the process of separating from his wife. And yet it is quite brilliant. The book is similar to *David Copperfield* in that it is the story of a boy growing up. It is told by the central character himself, whose name is Pip; Dickens takes the reader right inside the boy's mind, and we live through the events and discoveries of his life with him. Pip has lost his parents and is brought up by his sister and her husband, a blacksmith who takes Pip on as an apprentice and teaches him his trade. The boy's fortunes suddenly change as he is provided with money by a secret benefactor and is able to move to London, receive an education and live as a gentleman. Pip's 'great expectations' do not, however, turn out as he had hoped when one day he makes a surprising discovery.

This is a story of excitement and danger, adventure and murder, but most of all one of self-discovery as Pip painfully rethinks the values on which he has built his life. The reader will enjoy meeting the wide variety of characters – the rich and strange Miss Havisham; honest and kind Joe Gargery; beautiful, heartless Estella, and many others whose influence shapes Pip's life in deep and mysterious ways.

Contents

	page
Introduction	v
Chapter 1 I Am Told to Steal	1
Chapter 2 I Rob Mrs Joe	3
Chapter 3 The Two Men on the Marshes	5
Chapter 4 Mr Pumblechook Tastes Tar Water	6
Chapter 5 The Convicts Are Chased	10
Chapter 6 I Am to Go and Play at Miss Havisham's	13
Chapter 7 I Visit Miss Havisham and Meet Estella	17
Chapter 8 I Try to Be Uncommon	23
Chapter 9 I Fight with a Pale Young Gentleman	25
Chapter 10 Joe at Miss Havisham's	29
Chapter 11 Old Orlick	34
Chapter 12 I Tell Biddy My Secrets	38
Chapter 13 I Have Great Expectations	40
Chapter 14 In London with the Pockets	46
Chapter 15 Joe Comes to Barnard's Inn	53
Chapter 16 Estella Has No Heart	56
Chapter 17 I Open My Heart to Herbert	61
Chapter 18 I Take Estella to Richmond	63
Chapter 19 We Fall into Debt	67

Chapter 20	I Come of Age	70
Chapter 21	Estella and Miss Havisham Opposed	72
Chapter 22	My Strange Visitor	77
Chapter 23	Provis and Compeyson	81
Chapter 24	Miss Havisham's Revenge	85
Chapter 25	A Satisfactory Arrangement for Provis	88
Chapter 26	Estella's Mother	91
Chapter 27	I Learn More of Provis's History	94
Chapter 28	I Am Trapped	95
Chapter 29	Our Plan of Escape and How it Failed	99
Chapter 30	Death of Provis	103
Chapter 31	The Best of Friends	104
Chapter 32	For Estella's Sake	107
	Activities	109

Chapter 1 I Am Told to Steal

My father's family name being Pirrip, and my Christian name Philip, my infant tongue could make of both names nothing longer than Pip. So I called myself Pip, and came to be called Pip. Having lost both my parents in my infancy, I was brought up by my sister, Mrs Joe Gargery, who married the local blacksmith.

Ours was the marsh country, down by the river, within 20 miles of the sea. My earliest memory is of a cold, wet afternoon towards evening. At such a time I found out for certain that this windy place under long grass was the churchyard; and that my father, mother and five little brothers were dead and buried there; and that the dark flat empty land beyond the churchyard was the marshes; and that the low line further down was the river; and that the distant place from which the wind was rushing was the sea, and that the small boy growing afraid of it all and beginning to cry was Pip.

'Hold your noise,' cried a terrible voice, as a man jumped up from among the graves. 'Keep still, you little devil, or I'll cut your throat.'

A fearful man, in rough grey clothes, with a great iron on his leg. A man with no hat, and with broken shoes, and with an old piece of cloth tied round his head. He moved with difficulty and was shaking with cold as he seized me by the chin.

'Oh! Don't cut my throat, sir,' I begged him in terror. 'Please, don't do it, sir.'

'Tell me your name,' said the man. 'Quick!'

'Pip, sir.'

'Once more,' said the man, staring at me. 'Speak out.'

'Pip. Pip, sir.'

'Show me where you live,' said the man. 'Point out the place.'

I pointed to where our village lay, a mile or more from the church.

The man, after looking at me for a moment, turned me upside down and emptied my pockets. There was nothing in them but a piece of bread, which he took and began to eat hungrily.

‘You young dog!’ said the man, talking as he ate noisily. ‘What fat cheeks you’ve got!’

I believe they were fat, though I was at that time small for my years, and not strong.

He asked me where my father and mother were. When I had pointed out to him the places where they were buried, he asked me who I lived with. I told him I lived with my sister, wife of Joe Gargery, the blacksmith.

On hearing the word ‘blacksmith’ he looked down at his leg and then at me. He took me by both arms and ordered me to bring him, early the next morning at the old gun placements, a metal file and some food, or he would cut my heart out. I was not to say a word about it all. ‘I’m not alone,’ he said, ‘as you may think I am. There’s a young man hidden with me, in comparison with whom I am kind and friendly. That young man hears the words I speak. That young man has a secret way, particular to himself, of getting at a boy, and at his heart. No boy can hide himself from that young man.’

I promised to bring him the file, and what bits of food I could, and wished him goodnight. He moved away towards the low church wall, putting his weight on his one good leg, got over it, and then turned round to look for me. When I saw him turning, I set my face towards home, and made the best use of my legs.

Chapter 2 I Rob Mrs Joe

My sister, Mrs Joe Gargery, was more than 20 years older than I, tall, bony and plain-looking, and had established a great reputation with herself and the neighbours because she had brought me up 'by hand'. Having at that time to find out for myself what the expression meant, and knowing her to have a hard and heavy hand, and to be much in the habit of laying it on her husband, as well as on me, I supposed that Joe Gargery and I were both brought up by hand.

Joe was a fair man, with light brown hair and blue eyes. He was a calm, good-natured, foolish, dear fellow.

When I ran home from the churchyard, Joe's forge, which was joined to our house, was shut up, and Joe was sitting alone in the kitchen.

Joe and I being fellow sufferers, he told me that my sister had been out a dozen times looking for me, and that she had got Tickler (a stick) with her. Soon after that he saw her coming, and advised me to get behind the door, which I did at once.

My sister, throwing the door wide open, and finding something behind it, immediately guessed it was me, and beat me with her stick. She concluded by throwing me at Joe, who, glad to get hold of me on any terms, passed me on into the chimney corner and quickly put himself between her and me.

'Where have you been, you young monkey?' said Mrs Joe, stamping her foot. 'Tell me immediately what you've been doing to wear me away with fear and worry, or I'd have you out of that corner if you were 50 Pips, and he was 500 Gargerys.'

'I have only been to the churchyard,' said I, crying and rubbing myself.

'Churchyard!' repeated my sister. 'If it wasn't for me you'd have been to the churchyard long ago, and stayed there.'

She turned away and started to make the tea; she buttered a

loaf, cut a very thick piece off, which she again cut into two halves, of which Joe got one, and I the other.

Though I was hungry, I dared not eat mine, for I had to have something in reserve for the frightening man on the marshes, and his friend, the still more frightening young man. I took advantage of a moment when Joe was not looking at me, and got my bread and butter down the leg of my trousers.

Joe was shocked to see my bread disappear so suddenly, and thought that I had swallowed it all in one mouthful. My sister also believed this to be the case, and insisted on giving me a generous spoonful of a hateful medicine called "Tar Water", which she poured down my throat.

The guilty knowledge that I was going to rob Mrs Joe and, the constant need to keep one hand on my bread and butter as I sat or walked, almost drove me out of my mind. Happily I managed to slip away, and put it safely in my bedroom.

On hearing big guns fired, I inquired from Joe what it meant, and Joe said, 'Another convict's escaped. There was a convict off last night, escaped from the hulks, and they fired warning of him. And now it appears they are firing warning of another.'

I kept asking so many questions about convicts and hulks that my sister grew impatient with me, and told me that people were put in hulks because they murdered and robbed and lied, and that they always began by asking questions.

As I went upstairs in the dark to my bedroom I kept thinking of her words with terror in my heart. I was clearly on my way to the hulks, for I had begun by asking questions, and I was going to rob Mrs Joe.

I had a troubled night full of fearful dreams, and as soon as the day came I went as quietly as I could to the kitchen, which was full of food for Christmas. I stole some bread, a hard piece of cheese, some sugared fruits, some whisky from a stone bottle, (adding water to replace what I had taken), a bone with very

little meat on it, and a beautiful round meat pie, which I thought was not intended for early use, and would not be missed for some time.

Having also taken a file from among Joe's tools in the forge, I ran for the misty marshes.

Chapter 3 The Two Men on the Marshes

It was a freezing cold morning, and very wet. On the marshes the mist was so heavy that gates and fences appeared unexpectedly and seemed to rush towards me.

I was getting on towards the river, but however fast I went, I couldn't warm my feet. I knew my way to the gun placements, but in the confusion of the mist I found myself too far to the right, and had to turn back along the riverside. Suddenly I saw the man sitting in front of me. His back was towards me, and he had his arms folded and was nodding forward, heavy with sleep.

I thought he would be more pleased if I came upon him with his breakfast, in that unexpected manner, so I went forward softly and touched him on the shoulder. He instantly jumped up, and it was not the same man, but another man.

And yet this man was dressed in rough grey clothes, too, and had an iron on his leg, and was shaking with cold, and was everything that the other was, except he had not the same face. He swore at me and hit out wildly but missed me. Then he ran away and disappeared into the mist.

'It's the young man!' I thought, feeling my heart jump as I identified him.

I was soon at the gun placements after that, and there was the right man waiting for me. He was very cold, and his eyes looked awfully hungry. As soon as I emptied my pockets he started forcing the food I had brought into his mouth, pausing only to

take some of the whisky. He shook with cold as he swallowed bread, cheese, fruit and meat pie, all at once, staring distrustfully at me and often stopping to listen to any sounds coming through the mists. Suddenly he said: 'You're not a deceiving little devil? You brought no one with you?'

'No, sir. No.'

'Nor did you tell anyone to follow you?'

'No.'

'Well,' said he, 'I believe you. You'd be a young dog indeed, if at your time of life you could help to hunt a pitiful man like me.'

As he sat eating the pie, I told him that I was afraid he would not leave any of it for the young man. He told me with something like a laugh that the young man didn't want any food.

I said that I thought he looked as if he did, and that I had seen him just then, dressed like him and with an iron on his leg, and I pointed to where I had met him. He asked excitedly if he had a mark on his left cheek, and when I replied that he had, he ordered me to show him the way to him and, taking the file from me, he sat down on the wet grass, filing at his iron like a madman. Fearing I had stayed away from home too long, I slipped off and left him working hard at the iron.

Chapter 4 Mr Pumblechook Tastes Tar Water

I fully expected to find a policeman in the kitchen waiting to take me away. But not only was there no policeman, but no discovery had yet been made of the robbery.

Mrs Joe was very busy getting the house ready for Christmas dinner. We were to have a leg of meat and vegetables, and a pair of stuffed chickens. A large pie had been made yesterday morning, and the pudding was already on the boil. Meanwhile, Mrs Joe put clean white curtains up, and uncovered the furniture

in the little sitting room across the corridor, which was never uncovered at any other time. Mrs Joe was a very clean housekeeper, but somehow always managed to make her cleanliness more uncomfortable than dirt itself.

Mr Wopsle, the clerk at church, was having dinner with us; and Mr Hubble, the wheel-maker, and Mrs Hubble; and Uncle Pumblechook (Joe's uncle, but Mrs Joe called him *her* uncle), who was a well-to-do corn dealer in the nearest town and had his own carriage. The dinner hour was half past one. When Joe and I got home from church, we found the table laid, and Mrs Joe dressed, and the dinner being prepared, and the front door unlocked for the company to enter by, and everything most perfect. And still not a word of the robbery.

The dinner hour came without bringing with it any relief to my feelings, and the company arrived.

'Mrs Joe,' said Uncle Pumblechook, a large, hard-breathing, middle-aged, slow man, with a mouth like a fish, dull staring eyes and sandy hair standing upright on his head, 'I have brought you, to celebrate the occasion – I have brought you, madam, a bottle of white wine – and I have brought you, madam, a bottle of red wine.'

Every Christmas Day he presented himself with exactly the same words, and carrying the same gift of two bottles. Every Christmas Day, Mrs Joe replied, as she now replied, 'Oh, Uncle Pumblechook! This is kind!' Every Christmas Day, he replied, as he now replied, 'It's no more than you deserve. And now are you all in good spirits, and how's the boy?' meaning me.

We ate on these occasions in the kitchen, and then returned to the sitting room for the nuts and oranges and apples. Among this good company I should have felt myself, even if I hadn't stolen the food, in a false position. Not because I was seated uncomfortably at the corner with the table in my chest and Mr Pumblechook's elbow in my eye, nor because I was not allowed

to speak (I didn't want to speak), nor because I was given the bony parts of the chickens and the worst parts of the meat. No, I would not have minded that, if they would only have left me alone. But they wouldn't leave me alone. They seemed to think the opportunity lost, if they failed to point the conversation at me, every now and then, and stick the point into me.

It began the moment we sat down to dinner. Mr Wopsle said a short prayer which ended with the hope that we might be truly grateful. Upon which my sister fixed me with her eye, and said, in a low voice, 'Do you hear that? Be grateful.'

'Especially,' said Mr Pumblechook, 'be grateful, boy, to those who brought you up by hand.'

Joe's position and influence were weaker when there was company than when there was none. But he always aided and comforted me when he could, in some way of his own, and he always did so at dinnertime by giving me gravy, if there was any. There being plenty of gravy today, Joe spooned onto my plate, at this point, about half a pint.

'He was a world of trouble to you, madam,' said Mrs Hubble, sympathizing with my sister.

'Trouble?' repeated my sister. 'Trouble?' and then entered on a fearful catalogue of all the illnesses I had been guilty of, and all the acts of sleeplessness I had committed, and all the high places I had fallen from, and all the low places I had fallen into, and all the injuries I had done myself, and all the times she had wished me in my grave, and I had continually refused to go there.

'Have a little whisky, Uncle,' said my sister.

Oh dear, it had come at last! He would find it was weak, he would say it was weak, and I was lost. I held tight to the leg of the table under the cloth, with both hands, and waited for what I knew would happen.

My sister went for the stone bottle, came back with it, and poured his whisky out; no one else taking any. He took up his