



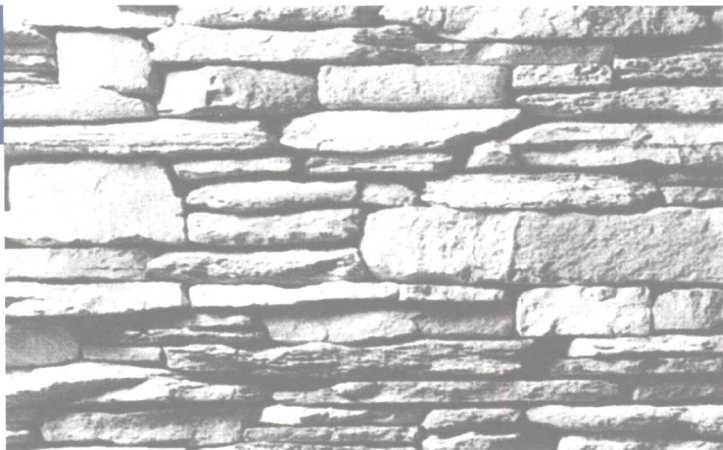
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思马得学校“掌上名著”英语系列丛书

Great Expectations

Charles Dickens 原著

远大前程



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远大前程

Great Expectations



苑 涛

世界图书出版公司

上海·西安·北京·广州

(思马得英语掌上名著系列)

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

远大前程:英文/(英)狄更斯(Dickens, C.)著. —上海:
上海世界图书出版公司, 2001. 2

I. 远… II. 狄… III. 英语-语言读物, 小说
IV. H319. 4: I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2000)第 49435 号

远 大 前 程

王 怡 编著

上海**世界图书出版公司**出版发行

(上海市武定路 555 号, 邮编: 200040)

江苏昆山市亭林印刷总厂印刷

各地新华书店经销

开本: 880 × 1230mm 1/32 印张: 6.125 字数: 203 580

2001 年 10 月第 1 版第 2 次印刷

印数: 12 001 - 22 000 册

ISBN 7-5062-4902-2/H·276

全套定价: 48.00 元

(共 6 册, 每册 8.00 元)

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前言

阅读英文名著是提高英文水平的最佳方式,但很多学生往往会走入追求故事情节的误区,读完之后收获甚微。

我们的调查结果令人瞠目:大多数学生在读完英文名著之后却不能正确拼出书名、作者名与主要人物名,更不知道其中的经典名句。因此,思马得呼吁读者要走上正确的阅读之路,这套“引导式”的掌上名著便应运而生了。

本书的特点与使用方法如下:

1. 特别设有“背诵部分”,精选出了背诵与记忆要点,要求读者将此部分完全背熟;
2. 将复杂且难以理解的句子用下划波浪线标出,并加以中文注释;
3. 将难词标出并进行注释,省去查字典的麻烦;
4. 将好句子用**黑体加斜体**标出,让读者随时得到“老师”的指导;
5. 编排方式上采取左右对照的方式,特设“~~读书记~~”区,不仅有全方位的注释,还可以让读者做好属于自己的笔记。

由于时间有限,疏忽之处在所难免,欢迎读者指正。

思马得学校图书编辑部

2001年2月



Brief comment and general introduction

简 评 与 梗 概

This is perhaps Dicken's most profound, and personal novel. The readers will share in the sentimental education of Pip, the poor boy from the village forge who risks losing himself in snobbery and selfishness when he mysteriously inherits a fortune. The story opens with the poor orphan who meets Magwitch, an escaped convict in an encounter that is to haunt both their lives. Blending gripping drama with penetrating satire, Dickens, with moral and psychological intensity, successfully provides the readers with a compelling story in comedy and pathos.



背诵部分

1. 书名: Great Expectations 远大前程
2. 作者: Charles Dickens 查尔斯·狄更斯 (1812-1870)
3. 主要人物:

Pip	(皮普)
Miss Havershaw	(郝维仙)
Joe	(乔)
Estella	(艾丝黛拉)

4. 叙述方式: First person plus third person narration
(第一人称与第三人称穿插叙述)

5. Good Quotations: (好句子)

(1) "My sister brought me up 'by hand'."

(2) I didn't want to be a common labouring boy. I wished I would be different.

(3) I had cherished a profound conviction that her bringing me up BY HAND, gave her no right to bring me up by jerks.

(4) "And the communication I have got to make is, that he has GREAT EXPECTATIONS".

(5) In all the broad expanse of tranquil light they showed to me, I saw no shadow of another parting from her.



1

MY father's family name being Pirrip, and my Christian^① name Philip, my infant tongue could make of both names nothing longer or more explicit^② than Pip. So, I called myself Pip, and came to be called Pip.

I give Pirrip as my father's family name, on the authority of his tombstone and my sister—Mrs Joe Gargery, who married the blacksmith. As I never saw my father or my mother, and never saw any likeness of either of them, for their days were long before the days of photographs.

Ours was the marsh country, down by the river, within, as the river wound, twenty miles of the sea. My first most vivid and broad impression of the identity of things, seems to me to have been gained on a memorable raw afternoon towards evening. That afternoon, at the churchyard, I heard something which gave me a big surprise.

“Hold your noise!” cried a terrible voice, as a man started up from among the graves at the side of the church porch. “Keep still, you little devil, or I’ll cut your throat!”

This was a fearful man, all in coarse grey, with a great iron on his leg. A man with no hat, and with broken shoes, and with an old rag tied round his head. A man who had been soaked in water, and smothered in mud, and lamed by stones, and cut by flints^③, and

①[ˈkristʃən] *adj.* 基督教的

②[ɪkˈsplɪt] *adj.* 清楚的

[记得我第一次眺望这四周的景色,在脑海里留下无比鲜明的印象,好像是在一个难忘的寒冬下午至傍晚时分。]

③[flɪnt] *n.* 火石



stung by thorns, and torn by brier^①; who limped, and shivered, and glared and growled; and whose teeth chattered in his head as he seized me by the chin.

'Tell us your name!' said the man. 'Quick!'

'Pip, sir.'

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

'Give it mouth!'

'Pip. Pip, sir.'

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

I pointed to where our village lay, on the flat in-shore among the birch-trees and pollards^②, a mile or more from the church.

'You young dog,' said the man, licking his lips, 'what fat cheeks you've got.'

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

'Darn me if I couldn't eat them,' said the man, with a threatening shake of his head, 'and if I han't half a mind to't!'

I earnestly expressed my hope that he wouldn't, and held tighter to the tombstone on which he had put me; partly, to keep myself upon it; partly, to keep myself from crying.

'Now look here!' said the man. 'Where's your mother?'

'There, sir!' said I.

He started, made a short run, and stopped and looked over his shoulder.

① ['braiə] n. [植] 石南

② ['pɒləd] n. 被修剪的树木

[我要是吃不了你的脸蛋儿那才叫怪呢!]

[= haven't]

[= to it]



'There, sir!' I timidly explained. 'Also Georgiana. That's my mother.'

'Oh!' said he, coming back. 'And is that your father alongside your mother?'

'Yes, sir,' said I, 'him too; late^① of this parish.'

'Ha!' he muttered then, considering. 'Who do you live with—supposing you're kindly let to live, which I haven't made up my mind about?'

'My sister, sir—Mrs Joe Gargery—wife of Joe Gargery, the blacksmith, sir.'

'Blacksmith, eh?' said he, looking down at his leg.

Then he gave his orders, 'You get me a file.' He tilted^② me. 'And you get me some bread.' He tilted me again. 'You bring 'em both to me.' He tilted me again. 'Or I'll have your heart and liver out.' He tilted me again.

I was dreadfully frightened, and so giddy that I clung to him with both hands, and said, 'If you would kindly please to let me keep upright, sir, perhaps I shouldn't be sick, and perhaps I could attend more.'

He gave me a most tremendous dip and roll, so that the church jumped over its own weather-cock. Then, he held me by the arms, in an upright position on the top of the stone, and went on in these fearful terms:

'You bring me what I need tomorrow morning early, or I'll kill you like a rat'.

①[leit] *adj.* 已故的, 前任的

②[tilt] *v.* (使)倾斜
[= them]

[他松开手,把我一推,我一个倒栽葱滚下地来,那股势头也真猛,我觉得整个教堂一跃而起,跳得简直比屋顶上的风信鸡还要高。]



I said that I would get him the file, and I would get him what broken bits of food I could, and I would come to him at the Battery, early in the morning.

'Say Lord strike you dead if you don't!' said the man.

I said so, and he took me down.

'Now,' he pursued, 'I ain't alone. There's a [= am not] young man hid with me. If you don't do as I told you, or let anybody know about it, he has a secret way peculiar to himself of getting at a boy's heart, and at his liver. Now remember what you've undertaken, and now you can go home!'

'Goo... oo... oo... good night, sir,' I faltered as I saw him leaving. I did not move, walk, and run away until I was pretty sure that he was gone.



2

MY sister, Mrs Joe Gargery, was more than twenty years older than I, 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 upon her husband as well as upon me, I supposed that Joe Gargery and I were both brought up BY HAND.

She was not a good-looking woman, my sister; and I had a general impression that she must have made Joe Gargery marry her BY HAND. Joe was a fair man, with curls of flaxen^① hair on each side of his smooth face, and with eyes of such a very undecided blue that they seemed to have somehow got mixed with their own whites. He was a mild, good-natured, sweet-tempered, easy-going, foolish, dear fellow—a sort of Hercules^② in strength, and also in weakness.

'Mrs Joe has been out a dozen times, looking for you, Pip. And she's out now, making it a baker's dozen,' Said Joe.

'Is she?'

'Yes, Pip,' said Joe; 'and what's worse, she's got Tickle^③ with her.'

At this, I twisted the only button on my waistcoat

[只知道她的手又粗又重,动不动就啪的一下落在她丈夫和我身上,我就想:大概葛吉瑞和我都是她“一手”打大的吧。]

①['flæksn] *adj.* (头发)亚麻色的,淡黄色的

②['hækjulɪz] *n.* 海格力斯, 希腊神话中的大力英雄

③['tɪklə] *n.* 使人发痒的人或事, <英口>难题



round and round, and looked in great depression at the fire. Tickler was a wax-ended piece of cane, worn smooth by collision with my tickled body.

'She sat down,' said Joe, 'and she got up, and she made a grab at Tickler, and she rampaged out. That's what she did,' said Joe, slowly clearing the fire between the lower bars with the poker, and looking at it: 'she rampaged out, Pip.'

'Has she been gone long, Joe?' I always treated him as a larger species of child, and as no more than my equal.

'Well,' said Joe, glancing up at the Dutch clock, 'she's been on the Rampage, this last spell^①, about five minutes, Oh, Pip.' he suddenly changed his tone, 'She's a coming back! Get behind the door, old chap, and have the jack-towel betwixt^② you.'

I took the advice. My sister, Mrs Joe, throwing the door wide open, and finding an obstruction behind it, immediately divined^③ the cause, and applied Tickler to its further investigation.

'Where have you been, you young monkey?' said Mrs Joe, stamping her foot. 'Tell me directly what you've been doing to wear me away with fret and fright and worrit^④, or I'd have you out of that corner if you were fifty Pips, and he was five hundred Gargerys.'

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

'Churchyard! If it weren't for me, you'd have

[暴跳如雷]

①[spel] n. 符咒

[大毛巾]

②[bi'twikst] prep. 介于两者之间

③[di'vain] v. 预言, 看透

④['warit] n. 烦恼, 焦虑

[否则, 我就动手把你从角落里揪出来, 哪怕你变成五十个匹普, 他变成五百个葛吉瑞, 也休想拦得住我!]



been to the churchyard long ago, and stayed there." said Mrs. Joe, restoring Tickler to his station.

While I was having my supper, I knew I must have some food in reserve for my dreadful acquaintance and his ally, the still more dreadful young man. My slice of bread and butter was not enough, so during the night, I went to the kitchen to steal more: cheese, meat, a meat bone, and a beautiful round compact pork pie. After pouring some brandy from a bottle, I diluted^① the bottle with something from a jar so that the theft would be concealed.

As for the file, I went to the forge and got it from Joe's tool box.

Early in the rimy morning, I ran along the damp road for the misty marshes. The mist was heavier yet when I got out upon the marshes, so that instead of my running at everything, everything seemed to run at me. This was very disagreeable to a guilty mind. The gates and dykes^② and banks came bursting at me through the mist, as if they cried as plainly as could be, 'A boy with Somebody else's pork pie! Stop him!'

I had seen the damp lying on the outside of my little window, as if some goblin^③ had been crying there all night, and using the window for a pocket-handkerchief. Now, I saw the damp lying on the bare hedges and spare grass, like a coarser sort of spiders' webs; hanging itself from twig to twig and blade to blade.

All this time, I was getting on towards the river; but however fast I went, I couldn't warm my feet, to

①[dai'ljʊt] v. 冲淡, 稀释

②[daɪk] n. (= dike) 沟, 渠, 堤坝

③['goblin] n. 顽皮的丑小鬼, 小妖精



which the damp cold seemed riveted^①, as the iron was riveted to the leg of the man I was running to meet.

I knew my way to the Battery, pretty straight, for I had been down there on a Sunday with Joe, and Joe, sitting on an old gun, had told me that when I was prentice^② to him regularly bound, we would have such Larks there! However, in the confusion of the mist, I found myself at last too far to the right, and consequently had to try back along the river-side, on the bank of loose stones above the mud and the stakes that staked the tide out. Making my way along here with all despatch, I had just crossed a ditch which I knew to be very near the Battery, and had just scrambled^③ up the mound beyond the ditch, when I saw the man sitting before 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 glad 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 coarse grey, too, and had a great iron on his leg, and was lame, and hoarse, and cold, and was everything that the other man was; except that he had not the same face, and had a flat broad-brimmed low-crowned felt hat on. All this, I saw in a moment, for I had only a moment

①['rivit] v. 固定, 钉死

②['prentis] n. (= apprentice)
学徒, 徒弟; adj. 徒弟的, 无经验的

③['skræmbl] vi. 爬, 攀登



读书笔记

to see it in: he swore an oath^① at me, made a hit at me—it was a round weak blow that missed me and almost knocked himself down, for it made him stumble—and then he ran into the mist, stumbling twice as he went, and I lost him.

‘It’s the young man!’ I thought, feeling my heart shoot as I identified him. I dare say I should have felt a pain in my liver, too, if I had known where it was.

I was soon at the Battery, after that, and there was the right man—hugging himself and limping to and fro, as if he had never all night left off hugging and limping—waiting for me. He was awfully cold, to be sure. I half expected to see him drop before me and die of deadly cold. I opened my bundle and emptied my pocket.

The man was eating like a wolf. After he finished, I mentioned to him the other man I had seen on my way here, and he regarded me with the keenest scrutiny^② and the greatest surprise.

“Where? When? Tell me, be quick!”

He then, like a mad man, began to fidget at his iron, as if he wanted to fly away to get the man I had described to him. I had no idea what the reason was.

①[əʊθ]n. 誓言, 宣誓, 诅咒

②[ˈskrutɪni]n. 仔细看



3

Mrs Joe was prodigiously^① busy in getting the house ready for the festivities of the day. Mr. Wopsle, the clerk at church, and Uncle Pumblechook, Joe's uncle, were to dine with us. No discovery was made of what I had done.

At the dinner party I was still worrying about what I had done when a file of soldiers came to our door-step, one of them holding a pair of handcuffs^②. I thought they came to catch me, but I was wrong.

'Excuse me, ladies and gentleman,' said a sergeant, 'I am on a chase in the name of the king, and I want the blacksmith.'

'And pray what might you want with him?' retorted my sister, quick to resent his being wanted at all.

'Missis,' returned the gallant sergeant, 'speaking for myself, I should reply, the honour and pleasure of his fine wife's acquaintance; speaking for the king, I answer, a little job done.'

This was received as rather neat in the sergeant insomuch^③ that Mr Pumblechook cried audibly, 'Good again!'

'You see, blacksmith,' said the sergeant, who had by this time picked out Joe with his eye, 'we have had an accident with these, and I find the lock of one of 'em goes wrong; and the coupling don't act pretty. As they are wanted for immediate service, will you throw your eye over them?'

①[prə'dɪdʒiəsli] *adv.* 非常地, 不同寻常地

②['hændkʌf] *n.* 手铐

③[ɪnsəu'mʌtʃ] *adv.* 由于

[= them]

[你能帮我们看一下吗?]