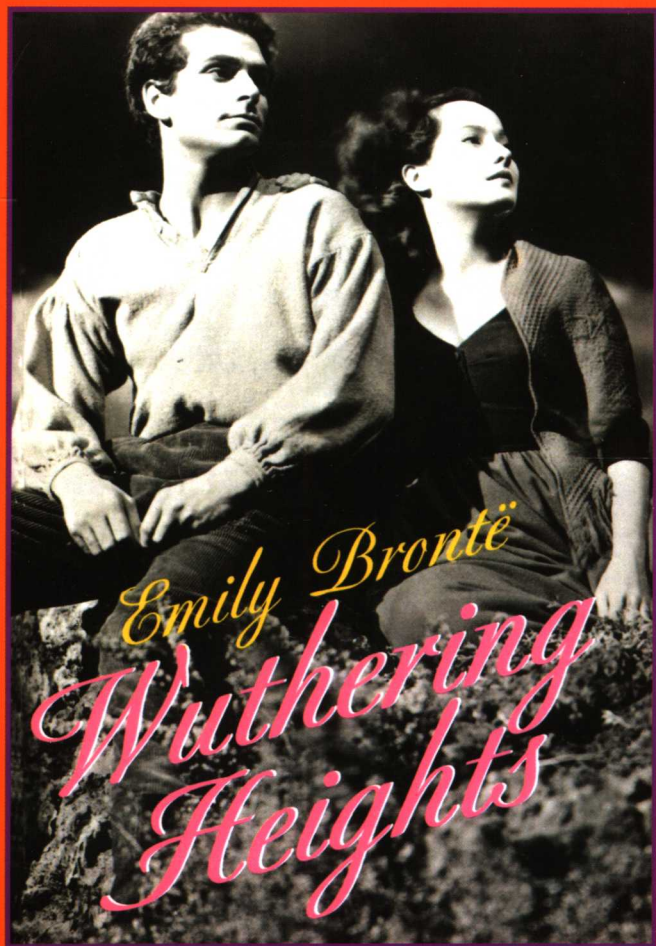




企鵝英語簡易讀物精選

# 呼嘯山庄



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⑧ 企鹅英语简易读物精选 (大二学生)

# *Wuthering Heights*

## 呼啸山庄

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呼啸山庄

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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。

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*

Emily Jane Brontë was born in Yorkshire, England, in 1818, the fifth of six children in a family of writers. Their father, Patrick, was an Irishman who became the minister of a church in Haworth in 1820. Their mother, Maria Branwell, died in 1821, and her older sister came to look after the household. Mr Brontë himself educated Branwell, the one boy in the family, at home. But their aunt was not able to deal with the girls' education and in 1824 Maria and Elizabeth were sent away to a religious school in Cowan Bridge, where Charlotte and Emily joined them later. Conditions at the school were difficult and Maria and Elizabeth were taken ill and sent home. Maria died in May 1825 and Elizabeth in June of the same year. Charlotte and Emily were then taken away from the school.

For the next five years the four remaining children stayed at home. Branwell received lessons from his father and the girls, Charlotte, Emily and Anne, educated themselves as well as they could. The children all read widely. They saw little of other families and to make their dull life in the small village where they lived more interesting, they began to invent stories. Many of those stories still exist today.

In 1831 Charlotte went away to school again, returning a year later to teach her sisters. She went back to the school as a teacher in 1835 and took Emily with her, but she found teaching difficult both at the school and in the two positions as governess that followed. During this period she had two offers of marriage, which she refused. She was keen to open a school of her own, and in 1842 she went to Belgium with Emily to improve her French. When their aunt died, the girls returned home. Charlotte then went back to Brussels by herself but was lonely, became ill and left again for Haworth. Her brother Branwell had failed at

every job he tried and increasingly turned to alcohol and drugs. To add to her unhappiness, Charlotte's attempts to open a school in Haworth failed.

In 1846, Charlotte persuaded her sisters Emily and Anne to allow their poems to appear in a book with her own poems. The book, which they paid for themselves, was not a financial success, but they all continued to write. Charlotte's story *Jane Eyre* came out first, in 1847, and was an immediate popular success. Later the same year Anne's *Agnes Grey* and Emily's *Wuthering Heights* appeared.

Branwell died in September 1848. At his funeral Emily caught a fever and became very ill. She died in December. Anne died in May of the following year, at Scarborough, where she had hoped the sea air would help to improve her health. In spite of these terrible events, Charlotte struggled on with her writing and managed to complete two more books. She married in 1854, but died a year later. Her husband continued to look after Mr Brontë, who lived longer than all his children and died at the age of eighty-four.

*Wuthering Heights* is Emily Brontë's only full-length story. It is set on the wild and lonely Yorkshire moors that Emily knew and loved more than any of her sisters. The book is an imaginative and moving story, but was not well received when it first appeared. It was criticized as being cruel and miserable. The rough, hard emotions that fire the book are completely different from the gentle touch and polite subject matter of most stories written at the time. It was considered especially shocking that such scenes had been written by a woman. Only later was the book recognized as one of the most powerful and important works of fiction of the nineteenth century.

*Wuthering Heights* is the name of an old house, set high up on the wind-swept Yorkshire moors. At the end of the eighteenth

century it is home to the Earnshaw family. Another family, the Lintons, live in the valley at the more comfortable Thrushcross Grange. Mr Earnshaw, father of Catherine and Hindley, goes to Liverpool one day on business and brings home with him a child who has been living on the streets in the worst part of the city. Mr Earnshaw takes the child as his son, giving him the name of Heathcliff. Nothing is the same again. A chain of events begins which splits both families apart. Heathcliff's influence on the family, and particularly his emotional relationship with Catherine, the strong-willed daughter of the household, drive this beautiful and powerful story.

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## PART 1 A STRANGE HOUSEHOLD (NOVEMBER 1801)

*Told by Mr Lockwood, tenant of Thrushcross Grange*

### Chapter 1 A Rough Welcome

I have just returned from a visit to my landlord, the only neighbour I shall have for many miles. In all England, I don't believe I could have fixed on a country house more distant from society.

Mr Heathcliff and I are a suitable pair to share this loneliness. As I rode up, his black eyes stared at me in a most unfriendly manner from under his dark forehead.

'Mr Heathcliff?' I said.

He nodded.

'I am Mr Lockwood, your new tenant at Thrushcross Grange, sir. I felt I should call on you as soon as possible after my arrival.'

He made no offer to shake hands. His hands remained in his pocket.

'Walk in!' He spoke with closed teeth, and continued to lean over the gate. When he saw my horse's chest pushing against it, he did take out his hand to unchain it, and then walked in front of me up the stone path, calling, as we entered the yard: 'Joseph, take Mr Lockwood's horse, and bring up some wine.'

'There must be only one servant,' I thought. 'That must be why the grass is growing up between the stones, and the plants are growing wild.'

Joseph seemed an unpleasant old man. 'The Lord help us!' he murmured in a disapproving voice, as he took my horse.

Wuthering Heights is the name of Mr Heathcliff's house. 'Wuthering' is a local word, used to describe the wildness of the

weather in this part of Yorkshire in time of storm. One may guess the power of the north wind by the way the few poorly grown trees at the end of the house lean towards the ground, and by a row of bushes all stretching their branches in one direction, as if begging for the warmth of the sun.

Before I entered the house, I paused to admire some unusual decorative stonework over the front. Above it I saw the date '1500' and the name 'Hareton Earnshaw'. I would have asked for a few details about the place, but the owner appeared impatient.

One step brought us into the family sitting room. On the wall at one end there was row after row of large metal dishes, with silver pots and drinking cups right up to the roof. There was no ceiling. Above the fireplace were several evil-looking guns. The floor was of smooth white stone. The chairs were high-backed and painted green. In a corner lay a large dog and her young ones. Other, smaller dogs sat in other corners.

The room and furniture would have been nothing out of the ordinary if they had belonged to a simple Yorkshire farmer, but Mr Heathcliff seems out of place in his home and way of living. He is a dark-skinned gypsy in appearance, but in manners and dress a gentleman: that is, as much a gentleman as many country landowners – rather careless of his dress, perhaps, but upright and good-looking. His expression is rather severe and unsmiling.

I took a seat by the fire and filled up a few minutes of silence by trying to make friends with the largest dog.

'You'd better leave her alone,' said Heathcliff roughly, pushing the animal away with his foot, as she showed me all her teeth. Then, crossing to a side door, he shouted again, 'Joseph!'

Joseph murmured in the room below, but gave no sign of returning, so his master went down after him, leaving me face to face with the dogs, who watched all my movements. I sat still, but could not help showing my dislike of the animals, and soon the biggest jumped at my knees. I knocked her back, and got the

table between us. This excited the others, who ran to join in. I was surrounded, and had to call for help.

Mr Heathcliff and his man were slow to answer. Luckily, a big strong woman with red cheeks rushed in from the kitchen and drove off the attack with a cooking pan. Heathcliff entered shortly after that.

‘What the devil is the matter?’ he asked.

I gave him my opinion of his dogs.

‘They won’t attack people who touch nothing,’ he remarked, putting a bottle in front of me, and moving the table back into position. ‘The dogs are right to be watchful. Take a glass of wine.’

‘No, thank you.’

‘Not bitten, are you?’

‘If I had been, I would have left my mark on the biter!’

Heathcliff laughed.

‘Come, come,’ he said, ‘you are upset, Mr Lockwood. Here, take a little wine. Guests are so rare in this house that I and my dogs, I’m prepared to admit, hardly know how to receive them. Your health, sir!’

I smiled, beginning to see that it was foolish to be annoyed by a lot of badly behaved dogs, and unprepared to provide my host with further amusement by losing my temper.

He probably realized the foolishness of offending a good tenant. He began to talk with greater politeness, and on a subject that he supposed might interest me. I found him very intelligent, and before I went home I was ready to offer another visit tomorrow. He showed no further wish for my company, but I shall go in spite of this.

## Chapter 2 Even Less Welcome

Yesterday afternoon was misty and cold. I nearly decided to spend it by my sitting room fire, but when I came up from dinner the servant was still trying to light it. I took my hat and, after a four-mile walk, arrived at Heathcliff's garden gate just in time to escape the first light feathers of a snowfall.

On that cold hill-top the earth was frozen hard and the air made me shiver. I knocked on the front door, and the dogs began to make a noise.

I knocked a second time. The head of the unfriendly Joseph appeared out of a round window of the storehouse.

'What do you want?' he shouted. 'The master's down at the farm.'

'Is there nobody to open the door?' I called.

'There's only the mistress, and she won't open, even if you shout until night-time.'

'Why? Can't you tell her who I am?'

'It's not my business.' His head disappeared.

The snow began to fall thickly. I was about to knock a third time, when a young man without a coat and carrying a spade came from the yard behind the house.

He called to me to follow him and, after marching through a wash-house and an area containing a coalhouse and a pump, we at last arrived in the large, warm cheerful room in which I was received before.

A fire was burning and near the table, which was laid for an evening meal, I was pleased to see the 'mistress'.

I greeted her and waited, thinking she would ask me to take a seat. She looked at me, leaning back in her chair, and remained silent and still.

'It's rough weather,' I remarked. 'I had hard work, Mrs Heathcliff, to make your servant hear me.'

She never opened her mouth, but kept her eyes on me in an extremely unpleasant manner.

'Sit down,' said the young man roughly. 'He'll be in soon.'

I obeyed.

One of the dogs now came up in a more friendly manner than before.

'A beautiful animal,' I began again. 'Do you intend to keep the little ones, Mrs Heathcliff?'

'They are not mine,' said the mistress of the house, more rudely than Heathcliff himself.

I repeated my remark on the wildness of the weather.

'You shouldn't have come out,' said the lady, rising and reaching two painted tea boxes from the shelf above the fireplace.

Her position until she stood up had been sheltered from the light. Now I had a clear view of her whole face and figure. She seemed little more than a girl, with an admirable form and the most delicate little face that I had ever had the pleasure of seeing.

The boxes were almost out of her reach. I made a movement to help her. She turned on me.

'I don't want your help,' she said sharply.

I quickly begged her pardon.

'Were you asked to tea?' she demanded, standing with a spoonful of tea held over the pot.

'No,' I said, half smiling. 'You are the proper person to ask me.'

She threw the tea back, spoon and all, and returned to her chair. Her lower lip was pushed out, like a child's, ready to cry.

The young man was looking down on me fiercely.

I began to doubt that he was a servant. Both his dress and his speech were rough, his hair was uncut, and his hands were as brown as a farm worker's; but his manner was free, almost proud, and he showed no sign of serving the lady of the house.

Five minutes later, Heathcliff arrived.

'I am surprised that you chose the thick of a snowstorm to

walk out in,' he said, shaking the white powder from his clothes. 'Do you know you run the risk of being lost? Even people familiar with these moors often lose their way on an evening like this.'

'Perhaps I can get a guide from among your boys? Could you do without one for a few hours?'

'No, I could not.'

'Are you going to make the tea?' asked the young man, looking at the lady.

'Is *he* to have any?' she asked, turning to Heathcliff.

'Get it ready, will you?' was the answer, so fiercely spoken that I moved in surprise.

When the preparations were completed, he invited me to join them: 'Now, sir, bring your chair forward.'

We all pulled out chairs round the table, and the meal began without further conversation.

I could not believe that they sat together every day in such an unfriendly silence. If I had caused the cloud, I thought, it was my duty to try to drive it away.

'Many could not imagine living in happiness so far from society,' I began, 'but you, Mr Heathcliff, with your wife—'

'My wife is no longer alive, sir.'

I realized that I had made a mistake. I looked at the young man.

'Mrs Heathcliff is my son's wife.' As he spoke, Heathcliff turned a strange look of hate in her direction.

'And this young man . . .'

'Is not my son. My son is dead.'

The youth became red in the face.

'My name is Hareton Earnshaw,' he said roughly, 'and I advise you to respect it!'

He fixed his eye on me in a threatening manner. I began to feel very much out of place in this strange family circle, and I

decided to be more careful about risking my presence under its roof a third time.

When the business of eating was over, I went to the window. Dark night was coming on, and the sky and hills were hidden from sight by the wild movement of the snow in the wind.

'I don't think it will be possible for me to get home now without a guide,' I said.

'Hareton, drive those sheep into shelter,' said Heathcliff.

'What must I do?' I continued.

There was no reply and, looking round, I saw only Joseph bringing in the dogs' food and Mrs Heathcliff leaning over the fire.

'Mrs Heathcliff,' I said anxiously, 'you must excuse me for troubling you. Do point out some landmarks by which I may know my way home.'

'Take the road you came by,' she answered, settling herself in a chair with a book and a candle. 'I can't show you the way. They wouldn't let me go beyond the garden wall.'

'Are there no boys at the farm?'

'No. There are only Heathcliff, Earnshaw, Zillah, Joseph and myself.'

'I hope this will be a lesson to you, to make no more foolish journeys on these hills,' cried the voice of Heathcliff from the kitchen. 'As for staying here, I don't keep rooms for visitors.'

'I can sleep on a chair in this room.'

'No! A stranger is a stranger, whether rich or poor. It will not suit me to have anyone wandering round this place when I am not on guard.'

With this insult, my patience was at an end. I pushed past him into the yard. It was so dark that I could not see the way out.

Joseph was milking the cows by the light of a lamp. I seized it and, calling that I would send it back the next day, rushed to the nearest gate.

‘Master, master, he’s stealing the lamp!’ shouted the old man. ‘Hold him, dogs, hold him!’

Two hairy animals jumped at my throat, bringing me to the ground and putting out the light, while rude laughter from Heathcliff and Hareton increased the force of my anger and shame. There I was forced to lie until they called the dogs off.

The violence of my anger caused my nose to bleed. Heathcliff continued to laugh, and I continued to shout angrily. At last Zillah, the big woman servant, came out to see what was happening.

‘Are we going to murder people right on our doorstep? Look at that poor young gentleman – he can hardly breathe! Come in, and I’ll cure that.’

With these words, she suddenly threw some icy water down my neck and pulled me into the kitchen.

I felt sick and faint. Heathcliff told Zillah to give me something strong to drink. I then allowed her to lead me to bed.

### **Chapter 3    An Uncomfortable Night**

On the way upstairs, Zillah advised me to make no noise, as the master had some strange idea about the room she was taking me to, and would never allow anyone to sleep there.

I locked my door and looked around. The only furniture in the room was a chair, a long heavy chest for clothes, and a large wooden box, with square windows cut in the top. I looked inside this piece of furniture, and found it was a strange, ancient kind of bed, forming a little room of its own, the broad edge of which conveniently served as a table. I slid back the doors, got in with my light, and pulled them together again.

The shelf, on which I placed my candle, had a few old books piled up in one corner, and was covered with handwriting. This