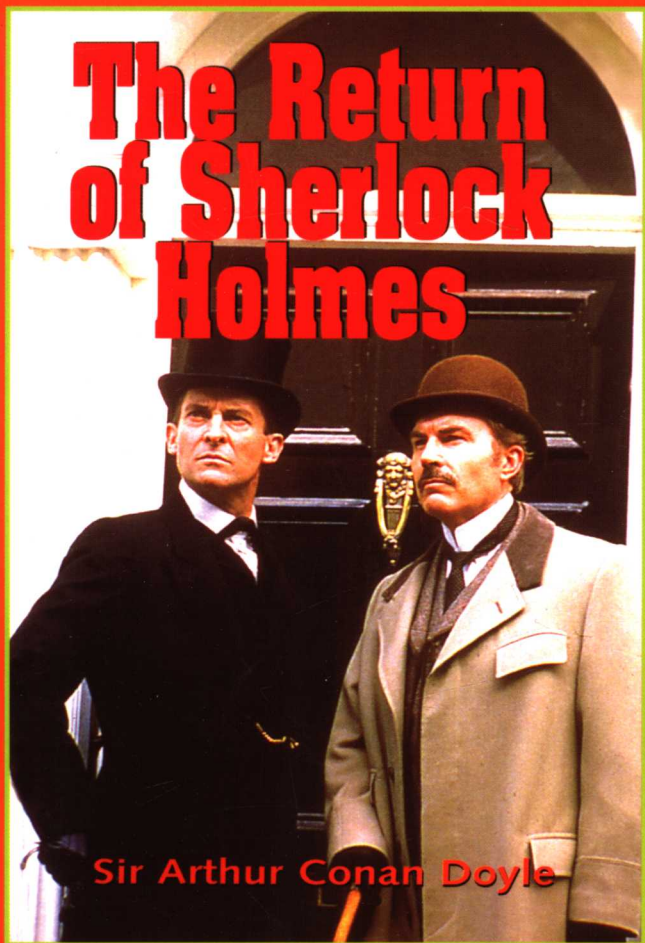




企鹅英语简易读物精选

福尔摩斯归来记



世界图书出版公司



企鹅英语简易读物精选 (高一学生)

The Return of Sherlock Holmes

福尔摩斯归来记

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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。“企鵝英语简易读物精选”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

'The police are coming?' said Holmes. He looked very happy. I knew that he was hoping for an interesting case. Then he remembered poor Mr McFarlane and said, 'I'm sorry, Mr McFarlane. This seems very interesting. Please tell me more. Why are the police looking for you?'

As a detective, Sherlock Holmes has a very clever mind. He also notices things that other people do not see. There are many examples of his skills in this book. In *The Six Napoleons* he soon realizes that the busts, not Napoleon, are important. In *The Norwood Builder* he realizes that one passage is shorter than the passage below it. In *The Golden Glasses* he looks at a pair of glasses and he is able to give a good description of their owner.

When Sherlock Holmes has to solve an interesting case, his friend Dr Watson is usually at his side. Watson helps the great detective with his work, and makes notes. Later, he uses his notes to write the history of the case.

Dr Watson is not specially clever. Some films of the Sherlock Holmes stories have made him quite stupid, but he is an ordinary, sensible man. Watson tries to understand how Holmes is thinking. This helps the reader to understand too. Watson is also a brave man. He is often able to help the detective in times of danger.

The writer of the Sherlock Holmes stories, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was, like Dr Watson, a doctor of medicine. He too stopped being a doctor when he discovered a more interesting activity.

Conan Doyle was born in Edinburgh in 1859 and died in 1930. He studied medicine at Edinburgh University, and then in 1882 he started working as a doctor in Southsea. While he was waiting for patients, he began to write. Much of the character of Sherlock Holmes is taken from one of his teachers, Joseph Bell.

Bell often told his patients about their jobs, their activities and perhaps their illnesses before they said a word. He taught his students that it was important to notice small things. This is one of the skills of the great detective. Sherlock Holmes is more interested in the activities of the brain than in human emotion. He shows no interest in women, and his only friend is Dr Watson. He is often very cold.

Conan Doyle's first story about Holmes, *A Study in Scarlet*, was printed in a magazine in 1887, and it was immediately popular. More stories followed, and after 1890 Conan Doyle became a full-time writer.

The short stories about Sherlock Holmes came out in books like *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes* (1892) and *The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes* (1894). Conan Doyle also wrote four longer stories. The best-known of these books is probably *The Hound of the Baskervilles* (1902). There have been many films and television programmes of the story.

When Conan Doyle wanted to stop writing Sherlock Holmes stories, he killed the great detective. This death was very unpopular with his readers.

Readers wanted more stories, so Conan Doyle had to write a new one. In the new story, Sherlock Holmes came back to life! This story, and the twelve after it, were printed in a book called *The Return of Sherlock Holmes* (1904). You can read three of those stories here.

The world remembers Conan Doyle as the writer of Sherlock Holmes stories, but he wanted people to remember him for his more 'serious' writing – for stories from history, like *The White Company* (1890), *Rodney Stone* (1896) and *Sir Nigel* (1906).

Conan Doyle was also famous for other activities. He went as a doctor to help in the Boer War. And in 1902 he wrote a paper of great national interest, 'The War in South Africa'. He worked to protect soldiers and sailors with better equipment.

He also worked hard to change bad laws. He helped people who were wrongly punished for crimes. But his greatest work was imagining Sherlock Holmes and Dr Watson. He made them real, and today many visitors to London look for their rooms in Baker Street.

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A Note from Dr Watson

My friend Sherlock Holmes was one of the cleverest and most important detectives in England some years ago. The police often asked him to help them. My name is Dr Watson, and I helped Holmes with many of his cases. I kept careful notes and wrote about them.

In 1891, Holmes and I had to leave England on a very dangerous case. While we were away, Holmes disappeared. Everyone thought that he was dead. I was very sad at the news.

Then, one day in 1894, Holmes returned to England. He was not dead! At first this was a secret, because he was working on another case. But when the case was finished, we were able to work together again. Holmes was now a better detective than ever before.

This little book is called *The Return of Sherlock Holmes*. The stories come from my notes of the cases that we worked on after his return. Three of the best cases are here: *The Six Napoleons*, *The Norwood Builder* and *The Golden Glasses*. I hope you will enjoy reading them.

Dr Watson



Sherlock Holmes and Dr Watson outside their home in Baker Street.

The Six Napoleons

Mr Lestrade, a detective from Scotland Yard, often visited my friend Sherlock Holmes and me in the evening. Holmes enjoyed talking to Lestrade because he learned useful facts about Scotland Yard – London's most important police station. Lestrade liked these visits too, because Holmes was a good detective. Holmes always listened carefully if Lestrade had a difficult case. He often helped Lestrade.

On one of these evening visits, Lestrade talked about the weather and other uninteresting things for a long time. Then he stopped talking and sat quietly. Holmes was interested in his silence.

'Have you got a good case for me today?' he asked.

'Oh, nothing important, Mr Holmes,' said the detective.

Holmes laughed. 'Please tell me about it,' he said.

'Well, Mr Holmes, there is something, but it doesn't seem very important. I don't want to trouble you with it. I know you like difficult problems. But I think that this will perhaps interest Dr Watson more than you.'

I was surprised when Lestrade said this. I like helping Sherlock Holmes with his detective work, but I am really a doctor, not a detective. So I said, 'What's the matter? Is somebody ill?'

'Yes, I think so. I think that somebody is very ill,' was Lestrade's answer. 'I think that he is completely mad! Someone is stealing cheap busts of Napoleon Bonaparte and breaking them. I think he hates Napoleon. Four days ago, he went into a shop in Kennington Road. The owner's name is Morse Hudson and he sells pictures and other works of art. When the shop assistant was busy, the madman ran in. He picked up a bust of Napoleon, broke it into pieces and then ran away. Nobody saw his face.'

'Why are you so interested in this?' said Holmes.

‘Because he’s done it again,’ replied Lestrade. ‘Yesterday he got into the house of a doctor – Dr Barnicott. This doctor is very interested in Napoleon. He lives near Morse Hudson’s shop, and he bought two busts there. He kept one bust at home and the other in his office, two miles away. The thief took the bust from his home and broke it against the garden wall. Dr Barnicott found it when he got up in the morning. He then went to his office – at about twelve o’clock. To his surprise, the second bust was broken too. The pieces were all over the room.’

‘This is more interesting,’ said Holmes. ‘Now please tell me, were these three busts exactly the same?’

‘Yes, they were.’

‘Well,’ said Holmes, ‘why did the man choose these three busts? I’m sure that there are hundreds of other busts in London. I think the thief was only interested in the busts, not in Napoleon.’

‘That’s possible,’ Lestrade replied, ‘but can we be sure? There is no other shop that sells busts in that part of London. Perhaps the madman lives in that area and began with the nearest busts. What do you think, Dr Watson? Can someone hate Napoleon so much?’

‘Yes, it’s possible,’ I said, and I told them some interesting examples from the history of medicine. ‘But,’ I said, ‘how did this madman know where these three busts were?’

‘It’s very interesting,’ said Sherlock Holmes. ‘Please tell us, Mr Lestrade, if you learn more.’



Next morning I was dressing when Holmes came into my room. ‘Lestrade wants to see us immediately,’ he said. ‘He’s at a house in Kensington.’

I quickly finished dressing. We had a cup of coffee, then we went to Kensington.

The house was in a quiet street, but it was not far from the busy centre of London. That morning there was a large crowd of people standing outside.

Lestrade was waiting for us. He was looking very serious. I noticed that there was a lot of blood outside the front door of the house.

Lestrade told us to come inside. There we met Horace Harker, the man who lived there. He worked for a newspaper, and today he had a good story. But he could not write about it; he was too frightened.

‘Please tell us what you know, Mr Harker,’ said Lestrade.

‘I was woken by a loud cry at about three o’clock this morning,’ he said. ‘I was very frightened, but I went downstairs. There was nobody in the room, but the window was open and my bust of Napoleon was not there. So I opened the front door to call a policeman. I found a dead man lying there. He was covered in blood – I felt very sick.’

‘Who is the dead man?’ asked Holmes.

‘We don’t know,’ Lestrade answered. ‘He had a cheap street map of London and a photograph of a very ugly man in his pockets. There was a small knife near him. But I don’t know if he was killed with that knife.’

‘What about the bust of Napoleon?’ asked Holmes.

‘We found it quite near here, in the garden of an empty house,’ said Lestrade. ‘It was broken, like the others.’

Lestrade took us to look at the broken bust. Mr Harker stayed at home. He was beginning to feel better and he wanted to write the story for his newspaper.



We soon arrived at the empty house. The pieces of the bust were lying in the grass by the garden wall. Holmes picked up some pieces and looked at them carefully.

‘What do you think?’ said Lestrade.

Holmes looked at him. ‘There’s a lot more work for us to do,’ he said. ‘But there are some interesting questions here that we

must think about. For example, why did a man kill someone for a cheap bust like this? And if he only wanted to break the bust, why didn't he break it at Mr Harker's house? Why did he take it away with him?'

'Maybe he carried it away because he didn't want Mr Harker to hear him,' said Lestrade.

'Perhaps that's the reason,' said Holmes. 'But why did he bring it to this house and not another one?'

'Because this house was empty,' replied Lestrade.

'But there's another empty house in this road, nearer to Mr Harker's house. Why didn't he break it there?'

'I really don't know,' replied Lestrade.

Holmes pointed to the street light above our heads. 'He could see what he was doing here. The garden of the other house was too dark.'

'That's true!' said the detective. Then he asked, 'But how does this help us, Mr Holmes?'

'I don't know yet,' my friend answered, 'but I'm going to think about it. What are you going to do next, Mr Lestrade?'

'I want to find out who the dead man was. I need to know why he was in Kensington last night. Then I'll know who killed him outside Mr Harker's house. Isn't that a good idea?'

'Perhaps,' replied Sherlock Holmes. 'But it isn't my way.'

'So what are you going to do?' asked Lestrade.

'I'll do things in my way and you can do things in your way,' said Sherlock Holmes. 'Then we can talk about the case together later.'

Then he added something surprising. 'If you see Mr Harker, please tell him this. I'm sure that a dangerous, Napoleon-hating madman was in his house last night.'

Lestrade was surprised. 'Do you really think that's true?'

Holmes laughed. 'Not really,' he said, 'but I think the readers of Mr Harker's newspaper will be interested. We must go now,

but please visit us in our rooms in Baker Street at six o'clock this evening. Until then, can I keep the photograph that the dead man had with him? After you come to Baker Street, you must come out somewhere with me. Goodbye and good luck!



Mr Harker's bust was from Harding Brothers' shop in the High Street, so Sherlock Holmes and I walked there together. Mr Harding was not there.

Holmes was not pleased by this. 'We'll come back in the afternoon,' he said to Mr Harding's assistant. 'And now, Watson, let's visit Mr Morse Hudson's shop. Dr Barnicot bought his busts there.'

Morse Hudson was very angry about the broken busts, but he answered all Holmes's questions. 'The busts were made by Gelder and Company, in another part of London,' he told us. 'I can't give you more help than that.' But when Holmes showed him the photograph from the dead man's pocket, he cried, 'That's Beppo!'

'Who's Beppo?' asked Holmes.

'He's an Italian. He worked in my shop for a time – a useful man – but he left last week. I don't know where he went. He left two days before the bust was broken.'

We thanked Morse Hudson and left his shop. Holmes was quite pleased with what the shopkeeper told us. He decided next to visit Gelder and Company, the factory where the busts were made.

We passed through many parts of London, rich places and poor places, before we came to Stepney. Stepney was a rich place in the past, but now poor working people lived there. Many of them came from other countries.

We soon found Gelder and Company. We spoke to a German. 'In the past we made hundreds of busts,' he told us, 'but this year

we only made six. Three were sold to Morse Hudson and three to Harding. The busts were cheaply made, usually by Italian workers.'

When Holmes showed him the photograph of the ugly Italian, he became angry.

'That's a very bad man,' he said. 'His name is Beppo and he worked here for me. But that was more than a year ago.'

'Why did he leave?' Holmes asked.

'He tried to kill another Italian with a knife, in the street,' replied the German. 'The police followed him here and caught him. The other Italian didn't die, so Beppo was only sent to prison for a year. One of his friends works here now. Do you want to speak to him?'

'No, no!' said Holmes. 'Please don't tell him anything – this is very important.'

'All right,' the man said.

'I have one more question,' said Holmes. 'It says here, in your book, that you sold the busts on 3rd June last year. When did the police come for Beppo? Can you remember?'

'Yes, I can. I paid Beppo for the last time on 20th May last year, and it was very soon after that.'

'You've helped me a lot,' said Holmes. 'I must go now. Remember, don't say anything to Beppo's friend.'

It was late in the afternoon and we were hungry. So we stopped to have some food in a restaurant. Holmes bought a newspaper. In it was an exciting story by Mr Harker about the madman who hated Napoleon. Most of the story was not true, but Holmes laughed a lot. He thought that it was a good joke.

'This is very helpful, Watson,' he said.

I did not really understand what he meant. But I laughed too at the silly story.

After our meal, we went to Harding Brothers. Mr Harding was a busy little man, and he answered our questions quickly and clearly. His three busts were all sold: one to Mr Harker of Kensington,

one to a Mr Josiah Brown of Chiswick, and the third to a Mr Sandeford. Mr Sandeford lived outside London, in Reading.

Holmes seemed very interested in these facts and thanked Mr Harding. It was late, so we hurried back to Baker Street. We had to meet Lestrade.



Lestrade was waiting for us when we arrived. He was very pleased with himself.

‘Have you found out anything, Mr Holmes?’ he asked.

‘Well, we know a lot about the busts now,’ replied Holmes.

‘The busts!’ said Lestrade, and laughed. ‘I know you’re a clever detective, Mr Holmes. But I think I’ve found out something more important than that!’

‘What have you discovered?’

‘I now know who the dead man was. And I think I’ve found the motive for his murder,’ was Lestrade’s reply.

‘Very good, Mr Lestrade.’ Holmes smiled and waited.

Lestrade continued. ‘We have a detective at Scotland Yard who knows many of the Italians in London. He knew this man well. His name was Pietro Venucci – a thief and a very dangerous man. Venucci worked for the Mafia. He punished people who broke the rules of the Mafia. That was his job. Usually he killed them. I think the man in the photograph broke the rules. Venucci was following him. They had a fight and Venucci was killed.’

Holmes smiled and said, ‘Very good, Mr Lestrade, very good. But I still don’t understand why the busts were broken.’

Lestrade almost shouted at Holmes, ‘Those busts aren’t important! Can’t you forget them, Mr Holmes? A man will only go to prison for six months for breaking busts. Pietro Venucci is dead. That’s what interests me.’

‘I see,’ said Holmes quietly. ‘What are you going to do next, Mr Lestrade?’