

世界名著丛书（增订） 英文对照读物

大卫·科波菲尔

DAVID COPPERFIELD

Charles Dickens



◆ 世界名著丛书
◆ 上海译文出版社

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这一缩写版本的《大卫·科波菲尔》讲述的是著名的故事，年轻的大卫以及他与狄更斯创作的一些最生动的人物的巧遇，其中包括米考伯先生、摩德斯通小姐、贝茜·特拉伍德以及辟果提一家。狄更斯以其自己的生活为基本素材创作的这部小说，成为他最受欢迎也最引人入胜的作品之一。

查尔斯·狄更斯大概是读者面最广，最受人喜爱的英国小说家。他出生于1812年，在他整个的一生中，一直是个多产作家，创造了大量丰富多采的人物形象，倾倒了一代又一代的读者。

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Charles Dickens

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致 读 者

在你看过并欣赏一部由名著改编的电影或电视剧后,你或许想读一读这本名著。

那么会是一种什么情景呢?你找到这本书,并且极有可能为之一振。你翻了一二十页,却好像什么也没“发生”。那些可爱的人物和动人的故事都哪儿去了?哎呀,作者什么时候才真正开始讲故事呢?最后你很可能把书丢在一边,不读了。这到底是怎么回事?

其实,可能作者是针对成年人而不是青少年写的这本书。也许这本书是好多年前写的,当时人们有充裕的时间读书,并且没有任何一种别的东西能像书那样让他们享受好几周。

但是,今天我们的想法不同了。这就是要为你改编这些好书的原因。如果你喜欢这个简明读本所写的作品的话,你在年龄大些时会再找来原著去欣赏和品评她的原汁原味。

这儿的每本书分英文、中译文两部分,分别独立成篇,但又相互对应,便于读者在阅读时对照查看。

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作者简介

查尔斯·狄更斯于 1812 年生于英国的朴次茅斯，1870 年在盖德席尔去世。他的童年历经苦难。1824 年查尔斯·狄更斯的父亲因债务被投入监狱，因而他很小时就不得不进工厂谋生。这些早期的经历在他的小说中都有所反映。

狄更斯的小说主要描写当时英国社会中发生的一些骇人听闻的事情。他在自己的小说中创造了诸多生动形象的人物，至今脍炙人口。

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Chapter One

The Stranger at the Gate

To begin the story of my life with the beginning of my life, I must record that I was born on a Friday, at twelve o'clock at night. I have been informed that the clock began to strike, and I began to cry, at exactly the same moment of time.

My father had been dead six months when I opened my eyes on the world. There is something strange to me in the reflection that he never saw me; and something stranger yet in my first memories of his white gravestone in the churchyard, and the pity I used to feel for him lying out there in the cold and the dark, when our little house was warm and bright, and the doors were locked against him.

Our only relative was Miss Betsey Trotwood; a quick-tempered and difficult person, who was an aunt of my father's. My father had once been a favourite of hers, but she was annoyed by his marriage, on the grounds that my mother, whom she had never seen, was a "wax doll". However, she came to visit my mother just before I was born, and announced her intention of helping to bring up my father's child—if it was a girl! When she heard that I had arrived, she put on her hat, walked out, and never came back any more.

The first clear picture I have, as I look back, is of my mother with her pretty hair and youthful shape; and of Peggotty, my nurse, with no shape at all, and cheeks and arms so hard and

red that I wondered the birds didn't peck them in preference to apples.

What else do I remember? Let me see.

There comes out of the cloud, our house, with all the windows standing open to let in the sweet-smelling summer air, and the garden at the back where the fruit hangs thick on the trees, riper and richer to me than fruit has ever been since in any other garden. A great wind rises, and the summer is gone in a moment. We are playing on a winter's evening, dancing about the parlour. When my mother is out of breath and sits down by the fire to rest, I watch her winding her bright curls round her fingers, and straightening her dress, and nobody knows better than I do that she likes to look so well, and is proud of being so pretty.

I have good reason to remember one evening when Peggotty and I were sitting by the fire alone. It was well after my bedtime, but I had permission to sit up until my mother came home from spending the evening at a neighbour's. I had grown tired and dead sleepy, but I would rather have died (of course) than have gone to bed.

We both jumped when the garden-bell rang. We went out to the door, and there was my mother, looking unusually pretty, I thought. Standing at her side was a gentleman with beautiful black hair and whiskers, who had walked home with us from church last Sunday.

My mother took me in her arms and kissed me. The gentleman patted me on the head, but I didn't like him or his deep voice, and I was jealous that his hand should touch my mother's in touching me. I pushed it away, as well as I could.



"Dear boy!" said the gentleman. "I cannot wonder that he is jealous of so lovely a mother!"

I never saw such a beautiful colour on my mother's face before. She thanked the gentleman for bringing her home, and, when she put out her hand, I saw him kiss her little glove. He tried to shake me by the hand, but I would not let him. He laughed, said that I was a brave fellow, and went away.

Gradually, since he came often after that, I became used to seeing the gentleman with the black whiskers, whose name, I learnt, was Murdstone. I liked him no better than at first, and had the same uneasy jealousy of him, for which there was no reason beyond a child's dislike.

We were sitting as before one evening, after my mother had gone out, when Peggotty several times opened her mouth as if she was going to speak, without ever doing so, but at last said:

"Master David, how would you like to go with me and spend a fortnight at my brother's place in Yarmouth?"

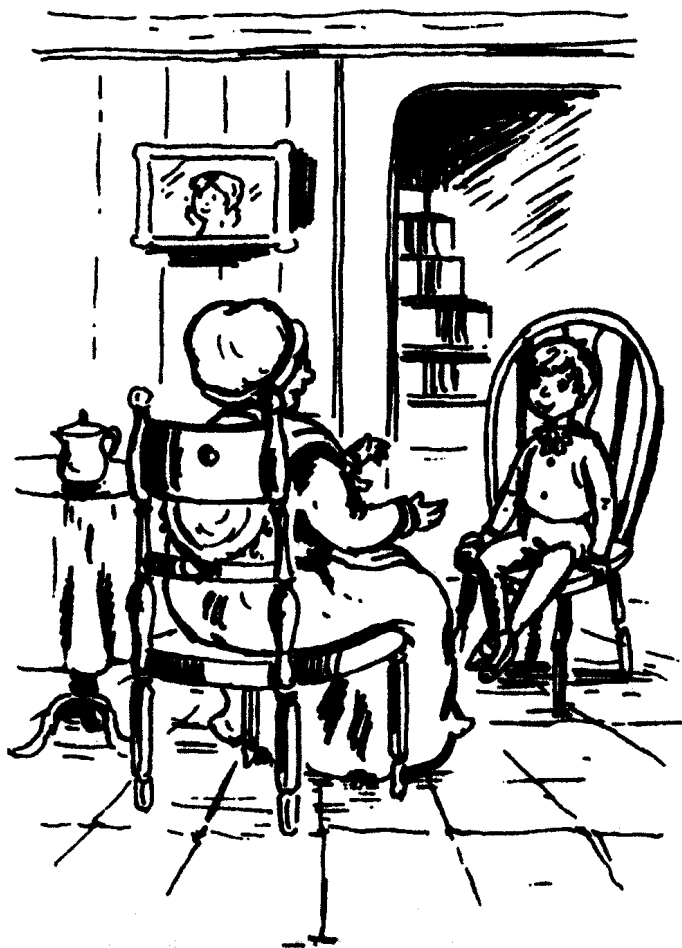
"Is your brother a kind man, Peggotty?" I asked.

"Oh, yes!" cried Peggotty, holding up her hands. "And then there's the sea, and the ships, and the fishermen, and the beach, and Ham to play with—"

Peggotty meant her nephew Ham, of whom she had often spoken. I was very excited to hear of all these promised delights, and replied:

"I should like it very much—but what will my mother say?"

"She'll let us go, you'll see," answered Peggotty. "I'll ask her, if you like, as soon as she comes home."



Without being nearly as surprised as I had expected, my mother willingly agreed to the plan, and it was all arranged that night.

The day came for our going. The fact that I had never left my mother before made me cry. I am glad to know that my mother cried too, and that I felt her heart beat against mine when she put her arms around me.

As we left her standing in the road, Mr. Murdstone came up to where she was, and seemed angry with her for being so moved. I was looking back, and I remember wondering what business it was of his.

We travelled to Yarmouth by the carrier's cart. Ham was waiting for us at one of the inns, and took me on his back to carry me home. He was a huge, strong fellow, six feet tall and very broad, but he was rather round-shouldered.

With me on his back and a small box of ours under his arm, and Peggotty carrying another small box, we walked through some narrow, twisting lanes until we came out on the shore.

"There's our house, Master Davy," said Ham.

I looked in all directions, as far as I could stare, away at the sea, and away at the river, and all along the shore, but no house could I make out. There was an old boat not far off, high and dry on the ground, with a roof built over it and a chimney sticking out of it.

"That's not it?" said I. "That ship-looking thing?"

"That's it, Master Davy," replied Ham.

I could not imagine anything more wonderful. There was a delightful door cut in the side, and there were little windows in it; but the great charm of it was that it was a real boat