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(英语课程标准五级之六)

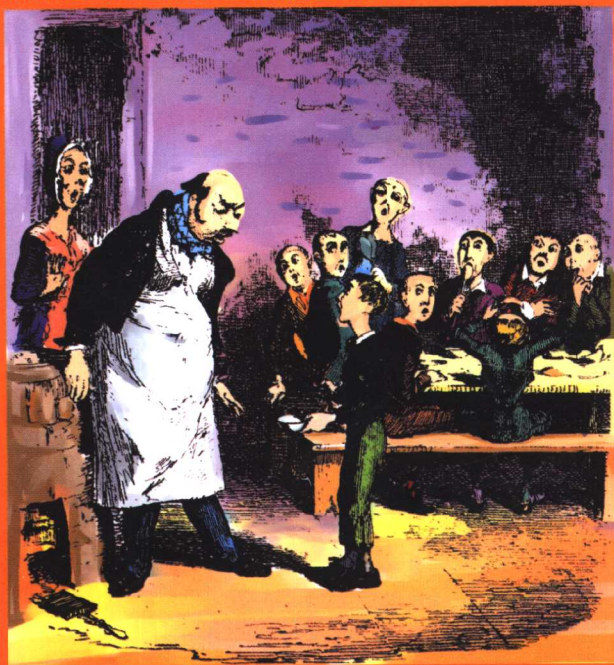
Oliver Twist

雾都孤儿

CHARLES DICKENS

原著 查尔斯·狄更斯

奥利弗从残酷无情的师傅那里逃出来，孤身一人到了伦敦，在那里他孑然一身，很快就落入了邪恶的费金和他的盗窃集团之手。不过，他们捕获奥利弗真的仅仅是出于偶然吗？为什么险恶的莫克斯会对奥利弗如此感兴趣？关于奥利弗身世的真相又到底是什么呢？



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Adapted by Katharine Lang

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注释 陈 荣



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出版说明

为了促进我国中学生的英语学习,培养他们的文化素养和文学修养,上海外语教育出版社经过长时间的酝酿和市场调研,决定将英国麦克米伦出版公司的一套文学名著简写本引荐给我国的中学生。

麦克米伦出版公司是从20世纪初开始陆续出版这套文学名著简写本的。为了满足世界各地英语为非母语国家、也包括英语国家不同程度中学生的阅读需要,他们请专家对一些大家耳熟能详的世界文学名著进行了改写,在保留原著的故事情节和原著者的创作风格的同时,适当地降低了语言的难度,至今已经推出了200多本。若干年过去了,这些书仍然受到世界各地读者的欢迎。

外教社从麦克米伦出版公司的这套文学名著简写本中精心挑选了40本,汇成一套“轻松读经典丛书”,难易程度跨越“英语课程标准”的3级—8级。这套丛书选编了英、美、法等国文学大师的经典之作,包括莎士比亚、狄更斯、马克·吐温、哈代、大仲马等著名作家的作品。为了让中学生在阅读过程中更好地把握原书的精髓和作家的创作历程,外教社还特地对读物中的语言难点做了注释;并加入了一篇关于作家、作品的背景介绍。

我们衷心希望“轻松读经典丛书”能够有助于提高我国中学生的文学欣赏水平,陶冶他们的道德情操,增强他们的英语阅读能力,成为开启中学生英语文学名著阅读之门的金钥匙。

外教社编辑部

2002年11月

简介

查尔斯·狄更斯(1812—1870)是英国19世纪最伟大的小说家,也是批判现实主义的杰出代表。他的小说不仅反映了整整一代人的生活经历,而且生动地揭示了19世纪中叶整个英国的社会现实,使人们意识到当代社会的黑暗,其广度和深度远远超过了同时代的任何文学作品。《雾都孤儿》是他最喜爱的一本小说,在该小说中,狄更斯描述了穷人所遭受的不公正及残酷的待遇,表现了在救济院孤儿们怎样挨饿、受忽视,以及在骇人听闻的恶劣环境中成长的经历。其中小奥利弗代表受虐待的同伴多要食物的场景已成为文学作品中的经典,也是感人至深、让人刻骨铭心的片段。在《雾都孤儿》中,狄更斯还将读者带到了维多利亚时代伦敦阴暗的黑社会,在那儿恶毒的成年人教唆天真烂漫的小孩们以偷窃为生。

小奥利弗·特威斯特怎样战胜其悲惨的生存环境,最终寻求到平安和幸福的故事引人入胜,激动人心,再现了小说大师的精妙手笔,而该小说的意义则更为深远,在这部社会纪实性的小说中,狄更斯激发了读者的良知,加深了他们对当时社会不公正的认识。

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CHAPTER ONE

OLIVER ASKS FOR MORE

ABOUT the year 1837, in a certain English town a baby boy was born in the local poorhouse¹. For several minutes after his birth, the sickly baby struggled feebly to breathe. The doctor, who was paid only a small sum by the town to look after the poor, and the old poorhouse woman who acted as nurse, did little to help him. However, the child, Oliver, won his first lonely battle in life and, setting up a feeble cry, announced to the poorhouse that it had yet another mouth to feed. As the baby gave this first cry, his mother stirred under the thin coverlet on the iron bedstead and muttered feebly, 'Let me see the child, and die.'

The doctor turned round from the small fire where he was warming himself and said with unexpected kindness, 'Oh, you mustn't talk about dying yet.'

1 poorhouse: 救济院

‘Bless your heart, no!’ said the wretched nurse, hastily putting down the bottle whose contents she was trying, ‘wait till you’ve had thirteen children, like me, and seen them all die except two, and those two in the poorhouse with me!’

But it was no good. The mother shook her head, stretched out her arms for her child and the doctor gave it to her. She kissed it desperately, then put her hands to her face and fell back dead.

‘It’s all over,’ said the doctor, when they had done what they could to revive her, and had failed. ‘She was a good-looking girl, too. Where did she come from?’

‘She was brought here last night,’ replied the old woman. ‘She was found lying in the street. She’d walked a long way, for her shoes were worn out, but nobody knows where she came from or where she was going.’

The doctor leaned over the body and raised the left hand. ‘The old story,’ he said, shaking his head, ‘no wedding ring, I see. Ah! Good-night!’ and he went away to his dinner. The nurse sat down before the fire and dressed the baby in the old cotton robes worn by all poorhouse infants. Oliver cried loudly. If he could have known he was an orphan—a poorhouse child, de-



spised by all and pitied by none, he might have cried even louder.

* * *

Oliver was given the surname Twist by Mr Bumble, the town beadle¹. The beadle named the nameless infants of the poorhouse in alphabetical order, and he had reached the letter 'T'. This official was a stupid, fat and self-important man, but unfortunately he had great power over the miserable poor people of the town. He ill-treated and starved the poorhouse inhabitants, and when anything went wrong or someone died, he was quite prepared to swear to whatever would keep the jury from asking any awkward questions.

His early childhood was spent under the care of an elderly woman, Mrs Mann, who took in numbers of such destitute orphans on payment by the town authorities of sevenpence halfpenny for each child for each week. The greater part of this money Mrs Mann used for herself and she did not feed or clothe the miserable children at all adequately. Great numbers of them died. But whenever the authorities visited the house they sent the beadle to say they were coming so that all the children were neat and clean by the time they saw

1 beadle: 负责救济院的教区官员

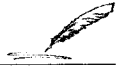
them.

It is not surprising, then, that by the time Oliver was nine, he was a pale, thin child, very small for his age. He was spending his birthday locked in the coal cellar with two other boys, after a sound thrashing, for the great crime of daring to be hungry, when Mr Bumble, the beadle, arrived. 'The child that was half-baptized Oliver Twist is nine years old today,' he announced to Mrs Mann, who had greeted him with a great show of false pleasure.

'Bless him!' said Mrs Mann, pretending to wipe tears from her eyes.

'And in spite of an offered reward of ten pounds and great efforts by the town authorities we've never been able to discover who is his father, or what was his mother's name or family. Oliver's now too old to remain here, so I've come to fetch him back to the poorhouse. Let me see him at once.'

'I'll fetch him directly,' said Mrs Mann and went out. Oliver, who had been hastily and inadequately scrubbed by Mrs Mann's slovenly helper, was led into the room. Mrs Mann, who wished to impress Mr Bumble with her love for her charges, wept over him and embraced him; she gave Oliver a slice of bread lest he should appear too hungry when he got to the poorhouse.



With the poorhouse cap on his head, Oliver was led away in tears. He wept for loneliness at parting from the only friends he had ever had—his little companions in misery in the wretched home, where no one had ever given him a kind word or look.

At the poorhouse Oliver appeared before the board which administered it and was told that he had come there to be educated and taught a useful trade since he had no father or mother. Therefore he would start to pick oakum¹ at six o'clock the next morning. 'I hope you say your prayers every night,' said one gentleman to Oliver, 'and pray for the people who feed you and take care of you—like a Christian².' 'Yes, sir,' stammered poor Oliver, whom nobody had ever taught to do anything, let alone pray, and he bowed low to the board, and was hurried away to a large dormitory, where on a rough hard bed he sobbed himself to sleep.

The board of the poorhouse had recently decided that life for the inmates must be made even more unpleasant for them than it had been before, if that were possible. They were to be slowly starved in the hope that they would leave the poorhouse and the town would no longer have

1 oakum: 麻絮, 填絮 2 Christian: 基督徒, 信徒

to support them from public funds. This system was put into full operation during the first six months after Oliver's arrival there.

The boys had three meals a day. At each one the master of the poorhouse served each boy with one bowl of watery porridge. Now growing boys have good appetites and this slow starvation had its effect. One tall boy, who had known better times, was heard to say that, unless he had another bowl of porridge each day, he might eat the boy, a very small one, who slept next to him. As all the boys were quite wild with hunger, they believed him. A meeting was held and the boys drew lots¹ to decide who should walk up to the master after supper to ask for more. The lot fell to Oliver Twist.

The evening came, the porridge was served as usual, and quickly eaten. The boys whispered to each other and his neighbours pushed Oliver to his feet.

Quite reckless with misery and hunger, he rose from the table, walked up to the master, bowl in hand, and said, 'Please, sir, I want some more.'

The master was a fat, healthy man, but he turned quite pale on hearing these words.

1 lot: 签, 抽签



‘What!’ he said, astonished.

‘Please, sir,’ replied Oliver, ‘I want some more.’

The master aimed a blow at Oliver’s head, seized him by the arms and shouted for the beadle.



George Cruikshank

Oliver Twist asking for more

The board were holding a meeting, when Mr Bumble rushed into the room in great excitement.

‘ Oliver Twist has asked for more!’ he said.

‘ Asked for *more!* ’ exclaimed the Chairman, ‘ and *after* supper!’

‘ That boy will be hung, I know he will!’ said a gentleman in a white waistcoat.

Oliver was at once locked up to spend the night alone. Next morning a notice was put up outside the gate offering five pounds to anyone who would take Oliver off the hands of the poor-house.

For a week Oliver remained locked up. Every other day, he was carried to the hall where the other boys ate and publicly beaten as a warning to the others. Nobody seemed to want him, even with the reward of five pounds.

At last, one evening, Mr Bumble came to fetch him. Oliver’s cap was put on his head, his worldly goods¹, in a small brown paper parcel, were put into his hands and he was led away to a new scene of suffering. Mr Sowerberry, the local undertaker², had agreed to take Oliver to work for him.

1 worldly goods: 全部的个人财产 2 undertaker: 葬礼承办者



Mr Sowerberry was a tall thin man, dressed always in black, as suited his trade. His wife was a short, thin, unkind-looking woman. They were both unkind to Oliver; and Charlotte, the maid, and Noah Claypole, the other apprentice, were also unkind to him. He was cursed, beaten, fed on scraps which the dog refused and made to sleep under the workshop bench among the coffins. He did not like his work, but he could do nothing except stay there for several months.

Then one day at dinner-time, Noah went too far with his cruelty.

‘How’s your mother, poorhouse?’ he said.

‘She’s dead,’ replied Oliver. ‘Don’t you dare say anything about her to me!’

Noah, pleased that Oliver was angry, continued to tease him. Suddenly Oliver could bear it no longer. Red with fury, he upset the table and attacked Noah, who shouted for help. Charlotte and Mrs Sowerberry came running and between the three of them, they beat and scratched and overpowered poor Oliver and threw him into the cellar and locked the door. Noah was sent to fetch Mr Bumble; Mr Sowerberry came home and, in spite of the fact he himself almost liked Oliver, he was forced by his wife to beat him. Mr Bumble, not to be outdone, beat him again. After which Oliver was locked up for the rest of

the day with a slice of bread.

That night, among the coffins, Oliver wept bitterly. When the first light of dawn showed through the shutters, he rose, silently unbarred the door and crept out into the empty street. Then he started up the hill out of the little town. Oliver had determined to run away!