

企鹅文学经典



英语简易读物

3

# 弗罗斯河上的磨坊

The Mill on the Floss

乔治·爱略特 著

GEORGE ELIOT



北京)

561

外文出版社 ● FOREIGN LANGUAGES PRESS

## 图书在版编目(CIP)数据

弗罗斯河上的磨坊:英文/(英)爱略特著.

—北京:外文出版社,1996

ISBN 7-119-01829-9

I. 弗… II. 爱… III. ①感伤小说-英国-当代-英语

②英语-语言读物 IV. ① I 561.4 ② H319.4; I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(95)第 18622 号

英国企鹅出版集团授权外文出版社

在中国独家出版发行英文版

企鹅文学经典

英语简易读物

(阶梯三)

**弗罗斯河上的磨坊**

乔治·爱略特 著

责任编辑:余军

外文出版社出版

(中国北京百万庄路 24 号)

邮政编码 100037

煤炭工业出版社印刷厂印刷

1996 年(32 开)第一版

(英)

ISBN 7-119-01829-9/I·403(外)

著作权合同登记图字 01-95-485

定价:3.40 元

## GLOSSARIES

<b>coal</b>	煤
<b>rabbit</b>	兔子
<b>crippled</b>	跛足的, 残废的
<b>court case</b>	官司
<b>events</b>	事件, 事情
<b>sword</b>	剑, 军刀
<b>owed</b>	欠, 负(某人的)债( <b>owe</b> 的过去式)
<b>whip</b>	马鞭
<b>expect</b>	盼望, 期待, 料想
<b>row</b>	划船
<b>coach</b>	四轮马车
<b>priest</b>	牧师
<b>flood</b>	洪水
<b>grave</b>	坟墓, 墓穴

\* 注: 以上所列单词为书中黑体字

# 弗罗斯河上的磨坊

The Mill on the Floss

这是一个凄切感人的故事。故事的主人公是生活在英国一个小村庄里的年轻女子玛吉·图利瓦。在家庭和她深爱的恋人中间，她只能选择一个。她实在不知如何是好，陷入了无穷无尽的痛苦深渊。

江苏工业学院图书馆  
藏书章

外文出版社



# ***The Mill on the Floss***

**GEORGE ELIOT**

**Retold by Andy Hopkins and Joc Potter  
Series Editor: Derek Strange**

**FOREIGN LANGUAGES PRESS**

PENGUIN ENGLISH

Published by the Penguin Group

Penguin Books Ltd, 27 Wrights Lane, London W8 5TZ, England

Penguin Books USA Inc., 375 Hudson Street, New York, New York 10014, USA

Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Ringwood, Victoria, Australia

Penguin Books Canada Ltd, 10 Alcorn Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4V 3B2

Penguin Books(NZ)Ltd, 182-190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand

Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England

*The Mill on the Floss* was first published in 1880

This adaptation by Penguin Books in 1992

Text copyright © Andy Hopkins and Joc Potter, 1992

Illustrations copyright © David Cuzik, 1992

All rights reserved

The moral right of the adapter and illustrator has been asserted

Published by arrangement with the Penguin Group

27 Wrights Lane, London W8 5TZ, England

Reprinted in the People's Republic of China

by the Foreign Languages Press 1996

24 Baiwanzhuang Road, Beijing 100037, China

Except in the United States of America,  
this book is sold subject to the condition  
that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise,  
be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated  
without the publisher's prior consent in any form of  
binding or cover other than that in which it is  
published and without a similar condition  
including this condition being imposed  
on the subsequent purchaser

ISBN 7-119-01829-9

Not for sale outside the People's Republic of China

## ***The Mill on the Floss***





## INTRODUCTION

The river Floss runs through flat, empty countryside in the north of England. In the middle of the last century, when our story begins, you could stand on the banks and watch large ships carrying wood and **coal** slowly down the river towards the town of St Ogg's and, beyond that, to the sea ports on the coast. Fields of rich, brown earth stretched as far as the eye could see on both sides, and in summer the land turned green and gold.

At a place not far from St Ogg's, a small stream fed the river and was crossed by a stone bridge. Next to the bridge stood Dorlcote Mill, home of the Tulliver family. All day the mill wheel turned while farmers worked busily in the fields around it.



*A small stream fed the river and was crossed by a stone bridge. Next to the bridge stood Dorlcote Mill, home of the Tulliver family.*

## CHAPTER ONE

### Brother and Sister

'Maggie,' Tom Tulliver said to his sister on the day he returned home for the school holidays, 'you don't know what I've got in my pocket.'

'What is it?' Maggie asked. 'Tell me. I can't guess.'

'Here. I've brought a new fishing line for you, so that we can go fishing together. I saved the money for it at school. Aren't I a good brother?'

Maggie threw her arms around his neck. Her long, dark hair brushed against his cheeks.

'Yes, very, very good. I do love you, Tom.'

Tom pushed her away. 'Now let's go and see my **rabbits**,' he continued. 'I hope you've been looking after them.'

Maggie's happiness disappeared. Her fear of her brother's darker moods made it difficult for her to tell him.

'I'll give you all my money,' she said quickly. 'To buy more rabbits.'

'I don't want your money,' he answered. 'And I don't need any more rabbits.'

'Oh, but Tom . . . I'm so sorry . . . they're all dead,' she whispered.

Tom looked at her. At thirteen, he was a handsome boy, but he was angry now and his face was red and hard.

'You forgot to feed them!' he shouted. 'I told you to feed them every day. I *don't* love you, Maggie, and I won't go fishing with you.'



*Maggie threw her arms around his neck. 'I do love you, Tom,'  
she said.*

'Oh, Tom, forgive me,' Maggie asked, with tears in her eyes. 'I'd forgive *you* and love *you*.'

'But *I* don't forget,' Tom replied, and ran off, leaving his sister crying on the path. She had not meant to do wrong. She had not wanted to hurt him. Oh, why was Tom so cruel to her?

## CHAPTER TWO.

### Schooldays

A few months after this argument, Tom was sent away to a new school. He was the only pupil of Mr Stelling, in whose home he also ate and slept. Poor Tom found the lessons very hard. He was interested in the outdoors, not in books or in languages that nobody had spoken for many centuries, and Mr Stelling made it clear that he thought the boy stupid.

Tom was also very lonely, but Mr Stelling had invited Maggie to visit her brother at any time and she came towards the end of Tom's first term. Maggie was happy to be with her brother again, and she liked Mr Stelling. She was especially enthusiastic about the teacher's books, which covered every wall in the house.

'Oh!' she cried. 'How I would like to have so many books!' 'You would not understand them,' Tom said, with an amused smile.

'Yes, I would! I would read them again and again,' his sister replied. 'Then I would understand them.'

For the two weeks that she was there, Maggie sat quietly and listened while Tom had his lessons. She enjoyed them greatly, and Mr Stelling liked her for her quick mind and even quicker tongue. Only one conversation spoilt this time for her.

'Mr Stelling,' Maggie said one evening, 'I could do all Tom's lessons if I tried, couldn't I?'

'No, you couldn't,' Tom said firmly. 'There are a lot of subjects that girls can't do.'

Mr Stelling nodded in agreement with Tom's words. 'Girls can be quite clever, but their cleverness is shallow. They will never understand anything that needs really careful thought.'

Maggie, who had always seen herself as clever, was

使困惑 使为难  
confused and embarrassed to discover for the first time that this was in fact a disadvantage.



When Maggie had to return home, Tom's days continued as before. The following term, though, he was joined by a second pupil. This new arrival was called Philip Wakem. He was quicker than Tom to learn and an excellent artist, but his crippled body stopped him enjoying himself outdoors in the way that Tom did. Philip's curved back was the result of an accident as a small child, and since then he had been weaker than other boys of his age.

Philip's father was a lawyer in St Ogg's, the nearest town to the Mill which Mr Tulliver owned and managed. Tom and Philip were sometimes friendly, but they both knew that their fathers disliked each other and were at present on different sides in a court case. It was Maggie, on her occasional visits, who felt sorry for Philip with his poor, weak body. She enjoyed talking to him because he was clever and kind, and she soon became very fond of him.

Certain events that took place on her last visit stayed in her memory for many years to come.

Mr Stelling had arranged for Tom to have lessons with a soldier, who taught him how to stand and walk and told him stories of great wars. The soldier had a sword that the boy loved to look at and touch, and one day he agreed that Tom could take it to his room for the night without telling Mr Stelling.

The next day Maggie came to stay. She saw at once that Tom had a secret, but he refused to tell her what it was until his lessons were finished for the day.

'Come upstairs with me, Magsie,' Tom whispered, pulling her by her hand. 'I want to show you something, but you mustn't tell anyone.'

'It's not a trick, is it?' Maggie asked, not knowing whether to be worried or excited.

'No,' he promised, as they reached his bedroom. 'Now close your eyes until I tell you to open them again. You mustn't scream, though.'

Maggie closed her eyes, feeling a little frightened, but when she was told to open them she laughed. Tom had tied a red handkerchief around his head and had painted thick black eyebrows over his own. In his hand was the shining sword. But when he pointed the sword towards her she quickly stopped laughing.

'Tom, don't!' she cried. 'I *shall* scream!'

Tom smiled in delight as he danced around the room, waving the sword above his head. Maggie watched, and her fear grew. Tom waved the sword one last time . . . and it fell from his hands on to his foot. It went straight through. Hearing Maggie's cries, Mr Stelling came running up the stairs. He found Tom lying on the floor and Maggie sitting next to him, her tears falling on to her brother's grey and lifeless face.

A doctor came, and it was Philip who met him on his way out of the house.

'Excuse me, sir,' Philip said nervously, 'but will Tulliver walk again?'

'Oh, certainly,' the doctor answered, 'after his foot is better.'

'And did you tell him that?' Philip asked, thinking of his own fear after his accident.

'No, nothing was said on the subject.'

So Philip was the one who put Tom's mind at rest, and he then spent many hours with the brother and sister, helping the time pass until Tom was able to get out of bed. For the moment there was peace between the boys, although they both knew that they could never be true friends.

Maggie, though, had little understanding of the bad feeling



between her father and Mr Wakem. One day, while the doctor was with Tom, Philip found her sitting alone.

'Maggie,' he asked, 'if you had a brother like me, could you love him as well as you love Tom?'

'Oh, yes,' she said immediately. 'I would be so *sorry* for you.'

Philip's face turned red. He had wanted to know if she could love somebody who was <sup>very</sup> crippled, but he had not wanted her to speak of it so openly. Young as she was, Maggie realized her mistake.

'But you are so very clever, Philip,' she said quickly, 'and you can play and sing. I am very fond of you, and you could teach me so much.'

'I am fond of *you*, Maggie. When I am unhappy I shall think of you and your dark eyes. Yours are not like any other eyes. They speak to the person they are looking at, and they always speak kindly.'

Maggie was pleased by this. Only her father had ever told her she had beautiful eyes.

'Would you like me to kiss you, as if I were your sister?' she asked, smiling at him.

'Yes, very much,' Philip answered. 'Nobody kisses me.'

Maggie put her arm round his neck and kissed him warmly.

## CHAPER THREE

### Growing Up

One terrible day, nearly two years later, Maggie arrived at Mr Stelling's house without warning. She was tall now, and looked older than her thirteen years. Her face was serious as she kissed her brother.

'Why are you not at school?' Tom asked. Maggie too had