

SFLEP-MACMILLAN CLASSICS READERS

轻松读经典丛书

(英语课程标准七级之一)

Bleak House

荒凉山庄

CHARLES DICKENS

原著 查尔斯·狄更斯

“埃丝特，你母亲是你的耻辱，你也是她的耻辱。”

这是埃丝特能记起的记忆深处的话。但谁是埃丝特的母亲？是什么耻辱？鬼魂为什么在切斯山庄出没？



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注释 张 春



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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。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·狄更斯是最伟大的英语作家之一。他于1812年2月17日生于英格兰南部，靠近朴茨茅斯。父亲是位办公室职员。

狄更斯的父亲不善理财，挣钱不多，很快便无力支付账单，并因此坐牢。母亲、查尔斯和他们兄弟姐妹与父亲一道住在监狱。查尔斯当时12岁，被送到一家工厂干活，给瓶子贴标签，一天要干十几个小时的活。报酬低，劳动强度大，狄更斯的日子过得很苦。这段经历他终生难忘。

1827年，狄更斯满15岁，找了份办公室的文职工作。薪水不高，但他结交了好些朋友。他还喜欢去剧院。

1833年狄更斯开始写作。第一篇文章发表在《老月刊杂志》上。

查尔斯·狄更斯开始出名了，也变得富有了。他创作了英国文学中一些最著名、最流行的小说。他了解英国穷人的生活，他的好多故事是讲述穷人的事。他对当时社会中孩子们受到的待遇极为不满，因为孩子们挨打，被迫干脏活和危险的活，缺吃少住。他的故事让世人了解了19世纪英国儿童和穷人的生活状况。

狄更斯是位多产作家，写了大量的小说、文章和短篇故事；还创办、编辑过期刊杂志，并在上面发表其小说、诗歌。他还去欧洲、美国旅行过。无数的人曾聆听

过他的演讲,欣赏过他朗读自己的小说。

《雾都孤儿》发表于1838年,写的是一位无家可归的穷孩子。别的著名小说还有《圣诞颂歌》(1843),《荒凉山庄》(1853),《双城记》(1859),《远大前程》(1861),《我们共同的朋友》(1864)等。

查尔斯·狄更斯由于创作辛苦积劳成疾,于1870年6月7日逝世于英格兰南部的格雷夫森德附近,享年58岁。他被安葬于伦敦著名的威斯敏斯特大教堂。

《荒凉山庄》的主要情节围绕一桩神秘的财产诉讼案展开。很久以前,一位叫贾迪斯的人发了大财,临死前留下遗嘱。该遗嘱稀奇古怪,几乎无人能读懂。其后代中有的因为弄不懂遗嘱而自杀,有的变疯,而有的则劳累身亡,耗尽了几代人的青春与幸福。无数精明的律师为它忙碌,大法官庭为之开过无数次庭,但案子始终没有结果。直到最后遗产不足以支付诉讼费用,该案才不了了之。该故事展示了人性中邪恶与贪婪的一面,以及善良与富有同情心的另一面,还揭示了当时的英国司法并不能给人们带来真正的公平与正义。

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1

The Court of Chancery

London in November. The Lord Chancellor¹ is in his High Court of Chancery². Ada Clare, Richard Carstone and Esther Summerson meet the Lord Chancellor. He tells the three young people that they are going to live at Bleak House.

LONDON, 1852. London in November. It was cold winter weather. There was mud in the streets. Dogs were covered in mud, almost drowned in it. Horses, pulling carriages through the city streets, were splashed up³ to their eyes. Shivering crossing-sweepers⁴ tried hard to sweep back the mud and dirt on the busy roads.

There was fog too. The fog was everywhere. It came up the river and down the river. Fog covered the boats on the river and filled the boatmen's eyes. Street lamps sent a pale, yellow light through the thick, foggy air.

1 Lord Chancellor: 大法官 2 High Court of Chancery: 大法官庭
3 splash up: 溅起 4 crossing-sweeper: 人行横道清洁工人

Cold, mud and fog filled the streets of London. And the fog was thickest and the mud was deepest near Lincoln's Inn, the very heart of London. The Lord High Chancellor was there, sitting in his High Court of Chancery.

Some of the fog and the mud had got into the courtroom too. Perhaps a little fog and mud had got into the minds of the people in the High Court of Chancery.

Chancery had ruined¹ many men and driven others to madness². Whole families had been destroyed by Chancery and Chancery had brought great houses to decay and destruction. The streets of London were dark that day and in the Court of Chancery it was darker.

The case³ before the Court was the case of Jarndyce and Jarndyce, and that case had never done anyone any good. The lawyers⁴ had lost all interest in Jarndyce and Jarndyce many years before. Whole families had been born and died during the history of Jarndyce and Jarndyce. Pretty young wards⁵ of court had grown old and sad; strong young men had lost hope, and still the case had not ended. Over the years, Jarndyce and Jarndyce had slowly ruined the lives of many innocent people.

No decision was reached on that foggy afternoon. The Lord Chancellor moved a little on his high seat.

1 ruin: 毁灭 2 drive ... to madness: 把...逼疯 3 case: 官司
4 lawyer: 律师 5 ward: 被监护人



*London. London in November. It was
cold winter weather.*

‘We Will continue the case on Wednesday fortnight¹,’ said the Lord Chancellor. He stood up. The court stood up. But the Lord Chancellor had something more to say. He looked down at a paper in his hand. Then he spoke.

‘The young girl, Ada Clare, and the young man, Richard Carstone, are claimants² in Jarndyce and Jarndyce. I am making them wards of court. They will stay at Bleak House with John Jarndyce. I believe he is their cousin. I shall see them in my private room now.’

The Lord Chancellor left the court. The lawyers left too. A little old woman, seated in the front of the court, left last of all. The lights were put out and the doors were locked.

How much better for the wards of court if those doors had never opened again. How much better if Richard Carstone and Ada Clare had never heard of Jarndyce and Jarndyce and had never seen the High Court of Chancery.

Richard and Ada were in the Chancellor’s private room standing by the smoky fire trying to keep warm. There was a quiet girl with a calm face and smooth, dark hair standing close to Ada. This was Esther Summerson. Esther was not a ward of court, but the case of Jarndyce and Jarndyce was going to darken her life too. The three young people looked up as the Lord Chancellor came into the room.

‘Miss Clare?’ said the Lord Chancellor to his

1 fortnight: 两周 2 claimant: 原告



clerk. 'Who is Miss Ada Clare?'

'This is Miss Clare,' said the clerk.

Ada was a beautiful young girl with golden hair. What was such a young and beautiful girl doing in that dark place?

'You are to stay at Bleak House,' said the Lord Chancellor, looking at his papers, 'with your cousin, John Jarndyce.'

The Lord Chancellor looked up again. 'Richard Carstone?'

Richard Carstone was the young man standing by the fire. His face was eager and happy. As yet, Jarndyce and Jarndyce had not darkened it. Richard bowed.

'And this,' said the clerk, turning to the other girl, 'is Miss Esther Summerson. She will be a companion for Miss Clare and live at Bleak House too.'

The Lord Chancellor nodded.

'Very well. You will all go to stay at Bleak House. But you are to stay in London for tonight.'

'Yes, sir,' Richard Carstone answered. 'We are to stay at the house of Mrs Jellyby.'

'Ah, yes,' he said. The Lord Chancellor had heard of Mrs Jellyby. 'She is a remarkable woman. My clerk will tell you the way to her house.'

The Lord Chancellor left the room and he was soon lost in the fog and darkness. The clerk told the three young people the way to Mrs Jellyby's house and left them outside the court. As they turned to go, a little old woman came smiling out of the shadows.

'The wards-in-Jarndyce,' she said. 'I am very

happy to meet you. I am Miss Flite. Everyone knows me here. I come to the court every day. I am waiting for a judgement¹. It is good to see youth and beauty here.' And Miss Flite smiled again and bowed.

'She's mad,' whispered Richard to Ada, not thinking that the old woman would hear him. But she did.

'That's right, young gentleman,' said Miss Flite. 'I'm mad, quite mad. I was once a ward myself, like you. I was not mad then. I had youth, hope and perhaps a little beauty. But they have all gone. I have come to this court every day for many years. I am waiting for a judgement. But it is a long time. Good-bye, my dears. You will always find me in court.'

The old lady turned and walked quickly away. The fog covered her.

'Poor creature,' said Esther softly and took Ada by the hand.

The three young people moved away from Lincoln's Inn towards Chancery Lane and Mrs Jellyby's house. A poor crossing-sweeper stood with his broom, waiting to make a way for them through the mud and dirt of the road. Dirty and ragged, he shivered with cold and gladly accepted a little money from Richard. Jo was this boy's name and he was one of the poorest of the London poor. Jo looked at the three young people as, laughing and talking together, they walked away into the fog and darkness.

1 judgement: 判决

2

The Dedlocks at Home

The Dedlocks are in their country-house, Chesney Wold. Mr Tulkinghorn, Sir Leicester Dedlock's lawyer, shows the Dedlocks some papers about Jarndyce and Jarndyce. Lady Dedlock is taken ill.

WHILE darkness and fog were covering London, it was raining in Lincolnshire. The rain fell and the rain dripped from the roof of Chesney Wold, the country-house of the Dedlocks. Sir Leicester Dedlock was a proud old man. He was sometimes troubled by illness. Lady Honoria Dedlock, his wife, was a proud and beautiful woman.

My Lady Dedlock had come to Chesney Wold to get away from the fogs of London. But she found Lincolnshire very dull. Water covered the parkland¹. Even the trees seemed wet through. The animals in the park and in the stables² were cold and miserable.

As darkness fell, the rain dripped on the pave-

1 parkland: 公共用地 2 stable: 马厩

ment¹ of the terrace² in front of the great house. People called this terrace the Ghost's Walk³. Sometimes footsteps were heard on this pavement. They belonged to another Lady Dedlock who had died many years before. She had brought disgrace⁴ to her family before she died. Now, when death or disgrace was coming to the Dedlock family, these footsteps were heard on the hard stones.

Had Lady Dedlock ever heard those footsteps? No one knew. Her face—no longer young, but still beautiful—never showed her thoughts. Lady Dedlock was a very proud woman and she had married an even prouder man.

Lady Dedlock was sitting in the library on this wet November evening. She was sitting by the fire, shading⁵ her face with a beautiful white hand. Sir Leicester was sitting in the library too, his proud face half in shadow. He often looked at Lady Dedlock. Lady Dedlock was difficult to please, but Sir Leicester always tried hard to please her.

There was a third person in the room. This man was often at Chesney Wold and often at Sir Leicester's London house. He was an old man and he was dressed, as he always was, in dull, black, old-fashioned clothes. His name was Tulkinghorn. He was Sir Leicester's lawyer. Mr Tulkinghorn had brought some of the darkness of Chancery to Chesney Wold, for Lady Dedlock was also a claimant in the case of

1 pavement: 人行道 2 terrace: 街道 3 Ghost Walk: 鬼道
4 disgrace: 耻辱 5 shade: 遮盖



Chesney Wold, the country-house of the Dedlocks.