

SFLEP-MACMILLAN CLASSICS READERS

—— 轻松读经典丛书 ——

(英语课程标准六级之一)

Wuthering Heights

呼啸山庄

EMILY BRONTË

原著 艾米丽·勃朗特

我刚刚拜访了希斯克里夫先生。当我到达呼啸山庄时才刚过中午，他正站在大门口。希斯克里夫先生很英俊，但看上去像个吉普赛人。他有一对深色的眼睛和一头乌黑的头发。“你是希斯克里夫先生吗？”我问道。他点点头，却不和我说话。“我是洛克伍德，你的新房客，住在画眉山庄，”我礼貌地说，“我想我应该来拜访你。”他靠着门瞪了我一会才说“进来。”然后就转身离开我独自向屋里走去。



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Retold by F. H. Cornish

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注释 刘思远



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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

艾米丽·勃朗特于1818年出生在英国北部约克的霍瓦斯镇。她和姐姐夏洛特·勃朗特都是19世纪英国很有影响的女性作家。艾米丽幼年丧母,父亲是个贫苦的牧师。由于家境贫寒,艾米丽只在慈善学校上过学。不过艾米丽从小就喜欢读书写作,对文学艺术有着浓厚的兴趣。她尤其偏爱那些具有神秘色彩的小说和具有怪诞主题或幻想成分的戏剧。艾米丽曾为生计而做过家庭教师,在此期间遭受了许多屈辱和冷遇。1846年她和姐姐夏洛特、妹妹安妮共同发表了一本诗集。《呼啸山庄》是艾米丽一生中创作的惟一一部小说,故事描述了19世纪英国偏僻小镇的生活,同时也展现了艾米丽独特的想像力。

这个故事围绕着居住在偏僻山区的恩肖和林顿两个家庭展开。恩肖先生进城谈生意,路遇一个无家可归的小男孩,富有同情心的恩肖先生将这流浪儿带回了家,并给他取名叫希斯克里夫。希斯克里夫的出现打破了恩肖家平静的生活,也改变了林顿一家人的命运。

The People in This Story

WUTHERING HEIGHTS

Mr Earnshaw
d. October 1777



m. — **Mrs Earnshaw**
d. spring 1773



Frances — m. — **Hindley**
b. October 1778 (1777) b. summer 1757
d. September 1784



Cathy — m. —
(Catherine) (spring 1783)
b. summer 1765
d. 20 March 1784



Hareton — m. —
b. June 1778 (1 January 1803)



Joseph

Catherine —
b. 20 March 1784



THRUSHCROSS GRANGE

Mr Linton
d. autumn 1780



m.

Mrs Linton
d. autumn 1780



Edgar
b. 1762
d. September 1801



Isabella
b. late 1765
d. summer 1797



m.
(January
1784)

Heathcliff
b. 1764
d. May 1802



m.
(September 1801)

Linton
b. September 1784
d. September 1801



Nelly Dean b. 1758



Mr Lockwood

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PART ONE

1

Mr Heathcliff

Lockwood's diary

THE year is 1801 and it is now the end of November. Two days ago I came to live in this old house—Thrushcross Grange. The countryside here in Yorkshire is beautiful—the most beautiful in England! There is a park¹ around the house, and beyond the park there are the moors². I have come to this wild and lonely part of northern England because I want to be alone—away from everyone I know. The housekeeper here at Thrushcross Grange is a middle-aged woman called Nelly Dean. She looks after me well, but she is very quiet. So I shall have a peaceful time.

This is a lonely place and no one lives nearby. The village of Gimmerton is six miles away. I have rented Thrushcross Grange for a year from my nearest neighbour, Mr Heathcliff. He lives four miles away. I have just returned from a visit to Mr Heathcliff. He

1 park: (乡村别墅四围的)园林 2 moor: 荒野

is an unfriendly man who likes to be alone.

He was standing by a gate as I arrived at his house, early this afternoon.

‘Are you Mr Heathcliff?’ I asked.

He nodded his head, but did not speak to me.

‘I’m Lockwood, your new tenant¹ at Thrushcross Grange,’ I said politely. ‘I thought I should call on you.’

He leant on the gate and stared at me. At last he said, ‘Come in.’ Then he turned and walked away from me towards the house.

I had thought that Mr Heathcliff would look like a farmer, but I was surprised. His clothes are made of fine cloth. He is a handsome man but he looks like a gypsy². His eyes are dark and his hair is black.

Mr Heathcliff’s house is called Wuthering Heights and it is not a comfortable house like Thrushcross Grange. The house is on the top of the moors where the weather is often very bad. There are strong winds and fierce storms so the house has been built with thick stone walls and very small, narrow windows. Above the front door, the date 1500 is carved into the stone. There is also a name—Hareton Earnshaw—cut into the stone. Perhaps Hareton Earnshaw was the first owner of the house.

I only saw one of the rooms inside the house. It had a stone floor, a large wooden table, a settle³ and a few wooden chairs. And there were lots of dogs

1 tenant: 房客 2 gypsy: 吉普赛人 3 settle: 木制有扶手的高背长椅



everywhere.

I decided that I liked my unfriendly landlord. But something unpleasant happened while I was at Wuthering Heights. Mr Heathcliff went out of the room to get some wine and I tried to make friends with one of the dogs. It immediately snapped and snarled¹ at me. Then some of the other dogs attacked me too.

‘You should never have left me alone with these dangerous dogs!’ I cried to him as he came back into the room.

‘Don’t touch the dogs,’ Mr Heathcliff said. ‘They won’t harm you if you leave them alone.’

I tried to forget about what had happened and I continued our conversation. I think Mr Heathcliff is a gentleman and an intelligent man, so I have decided to visit him again tomorrow. He was not very pleased when I said I would visit him again.

I have now decided that I do not understand my neighbour, Mr Heathcliff.

I visited Wuthering Heights again yesterday. It was a cold and misty afternoon when I left Thrushcross Grange after lunch to walk across the moors. I did not know that the moors are dangerous if the weather becomes bad.

The moors were bleak². I saw no one. A bitterly cold wind was blowing. By the time I arrived at my neighbour’s house, snow was falling and I was very, very cold. I knocked loudly on the door but no one

1 snarl: (狗)吠 2 bleak: 荒凉的, 光秃秃的

came to let me in. I went round to the farmyard at the back of the house and, at last, I found one of the servants in a barn. He spoke so strangely that it was difficult to understand what he said. But I did understand that he was a very rude, unpleasant old man.

‘You’ll find t’master¹ behind t’barns,’ he said. ‘Go and find him if you want. He won’t be pleased to see you. There’s no one in t’house except t’mmissis. She won’t let you in and I won’t ask her to let you in.’

The snow was falling fast and I was angry now. I decided to go and knock loudly on the front door again. But suddenly a young man wearing dirty, untidy clothes came into the barn.

‘You—come with me,’ he said rudely. He took me into the house, to the room where I had been the day before.

There was a bright fire and there were plates and knives and forks on the table ready for a meal. Immediately I started to feel happier. Sitting near the fire was a young woman. She must be ‘t’mmissis’—Mr Heathcliff’s wife—I thought.

She stared at me and said nothing.

‘It’s a very cold day,’ I said politely.

The woman still said nothing.

I spoke again to her. ‘I thought no one was in the house today,’ I said. ‘No one heard me knocking on the door.’

Then the young man spoke. ‘Sit down—he’ll be

1 t’master: 即 the master, 房屋主人



here soon. '

I sat down and there was silence.

The woman and the young man stared at me as if they hated me. Was the young man a servant or a relative of Mr Heathcliff? He was untidy and dirty, but he did not behave like a servant.

At last Mr Heathcliff arrived.

'Here I am,' I said cheerfully to him. 'I said I would visit you again. I will have to stay for a short time until it stops snowing.'

'It won't stop snowing today,' said my landlord. 'You were stupid to walk across the moors in this weather.'

'Oh. Could you ask someone to show me the way back to Thrushcross Grange?' I asked.

'No, I could not,' he replied.

Then he turned to the woman. 'Go and make the tea,' he said.

'Is he to have any tea?' she asked, pointing at me.

'Get the tea!' shouted Mr Heathcliff.

I now stopped believing that this savage, bad-tempered man was a gentleman. But I was polite to him. When the tea was ready and we were all sitting around the table, I spoke again.

'It must be difficult living in such a wild place,' I said to Mr Heathcliff. 'But you and your wife—'

'My wife is dead, sir,' he said.

He did not sound sad that his wife was dead.

'Oh!' I said, and I looked at the young woman.

‘Mrs Heathcliff is my daughter-in-law,’ said my landlord. He looked at her as if he hated her.

So she must be married to the young man who was sitting beside me, I thought. He was making loud noises as he drank his tea.

‘I understand!’ I said to the young man. ‘This young lady is your wife.’

The young man’s face went red with anger but he did not say anything.

‘I said she was my daughter-in-law,’ said Mr Heathcliff. ‘She was married to my son.’

‘But,’ he went on, ‘this young man is certainly not my son. My son is dead.’

He did not sound sad that his son was dead.

‘My name is Hareton Earnshaw,’ the young man said to me.

It was very difficult to talk to these people. I went to look out of the window. The snow was falling very fast and it covered everything.

‘How am I going to find my way home?’ I asked.

But no one was listening to me. Mr Heathcliff and the young man left the room. Mrs Heathcliff started to take the plates off the table. The old man, Joseph, brought some food for the dogs.

He spoke roughly to Mrs Heathcliff. I realized that Mrs Heathcliff and Joseph hated each other too. All the people who lived in this strange house hated each other.

‘You’re wicked like your mother,’ said the old man to Mrs Heathcliff. ‘You’ll go to the devil like



your mother. '

' Yes, yes, that's right, ' replied the young woman. ' The devil will help me to make you ill. '

The old man moved backwards away from her. ' You're wicked! Wicked! ' he said, as he left the room.

I tried again to get some help.

' Is there someone who can show me how to get back to Thrushcross Grange—a farmworker perhaps? ' I asked.

' No, ' she replied. ' There are no farmworkers—there's just Heathcliff and Hareton and Joseph and Zillah and me. '

' Then I will have to stay here tonight, ' I said.

The young woman did not know what to say. ' I don't know. You'll have to ask Heathcliff, ' she replied at last.

At that moment Heathcliff returned. I asked him if I could stay at Wuthering Heights for the night.

' There's no room for strangers here, ' he said. ' You'll have to sleep in a bed with Joseph or Hareton if you want to stay. '

I did not want to sleep in a bed with either of them!

' I'll sleep on a chair in this room, ' I said.

' You will not, ' replied Heathcliff. ' I will not have a stranger walking around in my house while I am asleep. '

I was so angry that I left the house immediately. It was very dark and the snow covered everything. I walked around outside, looking for the gate out of the

farmyard.

I was surprised when I heard Hareton speak from the door of the house. 'I'll go with him,' he said.

'No, you won't,' replied Heathcliff. 'You will go and feed the horses.'

'It is more important to look after a man than to look after the horses,' said the young woman.

'Keep quiet!' said Heathcliff savagely.

'When he dies on the moors,' she said, 'I hope his ghost comes back to haunt¹ you.'

Then I heard Joseph's voice behind me in the darkness. 'Oh, you're wicked, wicked! You'll go to the devil.'

I found Joseph in the barn with some cows. He had a small lantern and I quickly got hold of it. Then I made my way through the snow to the gate.

'I'll bring the lantern back tomorrow!' I shouted.

But Joseph called out to Heathcliff that I was stealing his lantern. Then the old man sent two dogs after me. They pulled me down onto the ground. The dogs would not let me stand up until Heathcliff and Hareton came to help me. Both men were laughing. My nose was bleeding and I was very angry, but I could not think of anything to say.

At last Zillah, the servant, came into the farmyard. She took me to the kitchen and gave me some brandy. Heathcliff stood and looked at me.

'Find him somewhere to sleep,' he said to Zillah.

1 haunt: (鬼魂)出没

Catherine Earnshaw

LATER in the evening, Zillah took me upstairs to a small bedroom.

‘Don’t make any noise,’ she said. ‘My master doesn’t like anyone to sleep in this bedroom. But this is the only bed in the house that no one uses.’

After she had left the room, I got into bed and looked around me. On the shelf where I had put my candle there was some writing. I could see it was a child’s writing. The words were cut into the wood. There were many different sizes of letters. At first I thought that they all spelt the same name: Catherine Earnshaw. Then, when I looked more carefully, I saw that the name was sometimes Catherine Heathcliff and sometimes Catherine Linton. The writer did not know what she wanted to be called.

On the same shelf I found some old books. They all had Catherine Earnshaw’s name in them. And she had written in them all. The girl had written about herself and her life.

Catherine’s story was not a happy one. Catherine Earnshaw and someone called Heathcliff were friends. They walked on the moors, they played together and they spent all their time together. Was this Mr Heath-