

大学英语阶梯阅读系列教程

Band 3

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Great Expectations

远大前程

(附注释、练习、答案)



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北京航空航天大学出版社

内 容 简 介

《远大前程》是英国现实主义文学大师狄更斯的名著之一。故事描写了少年皮普的成长经历。皮普是个孤儿,从小跟姐姐、姐夫生活。后来他在哈维莎小姐家遇到了高傲、美貌的埃斯苔拉并爱上了她,尽管埃斯苔拉对他非常傲慢无礼。皮普后来受到一位不愿透露姓名的恩人资助,到伦敦学做绅士。最后埃斯苔拉另嫁他人,皮普伤心之极去了非洲。一年后,当他回到哈维莎小姐的旧屋前时竟与婚姻不幸的埃斯苔拉不期而遇,两人终于走到了一起。

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前 言

在进入新世纪的时候,大学生们无不在通过各种途径提高英语水平,以使自己拥有一个得心应手的交际工具,在激烈的人才竞争中占据有利位置。强烈的学习欲望应该令人称道,但也容易出现饥不择食、把别人成功的方法不加分析地照搬过来,或是人云亦云,受一些商业广告的诱惑,尝试那些似乎是有效的作法。这样做,其学习成效之低犹如寒流到来,学习愿望也会一下子降到零度。这的确令人十分遗憾。究其原因,恐怕是浮躁的学习心态使然。

语言知识的学习是一个认知过程,语言技能的掌握是一个在大量实践活动中一点一滴积累的过程。指导学习活动的方法只有符合了语言能力形成的规律才会发生作用。既然语言能力的形成是个相对漫长的过程,因而不能将提高英语水平寄希望于什么“捷径”或“速成”上。学好一种语言,非得下苦功不可,学好英语除了要多听、多说外,还要大量阅读。在阅读中,可以巩固课堂里学过的知识;可以扩大眼界;可以实践各种各样的阅读技巧;可以熟悉了解西方文化、社会习俗、风土人情、最新科技动态;可以了解英语各种文体的写作方法……。一句话,你可以在轻松自然的状态下吸收语言,获得乐趣。何乐而不为!

在大学阶段,教师的主导作用逐渐转化为指导作用,语言环境和学习材料的重要性相对上升,学习者的能动性将发挥很大的作用。英语教学将从单纯课堂教学的模式,转化为大学英语课堂教学与学生课外自主学习相结合的双渠道模式。北京航空航天大学面向 21 世纪,在双渠道教学模式方面进行了探索和实践,要求学生每月读一本外语书,并且以不同方式进行检查。实践证明这不仅可行,而且得到学生的认同。

基于上述认识,我们组织编写了这套课外阶梯阅读系列教程。由学生根据个人兴趣爱好选读。由于不是指令性阅读,在很大程度上要靠阅读材料本身能够吸引学生。因此每一级读物有若干本,使学生有选择余地。在每一级读物中,有经典名著的简写本,有英美短篇小说选,有介绍最新科技的科技荟萃,有汇集西方社会热门话题的时文选读。此外,由于课外阅读的目的是巩固扩展语言知识,实践阅读技巧,熟悉了解西方文化,因此我们每四五千字设计了一个练习。练习分为内容理解和语言知识两部分,以主观题为主,题型多样。在适当的时候,有的书还要配上磁带,把文字阅读和有声阅读结合起来。

编者 1999年6月
于北京航空航天大学

导 读

狄更斯(Charles Dickens 1812~1870)于1812年2月7日出生于朴次茅斯的波特西地区。父亲是海军中的小职员,嗜酒好客,挥霍无度,经常入不敷出。他从小能演会唱,常被父亲带到酒店表演节目。10岁时,全家被迫迁入负债者监狱,11岁起就承担了繁重的家务。他在皮鞋油作坊当学徒时,由于包装熟练,曾被雇主放在橱窗里当众表演操作,作为广告任人围观,在他心上留下了永久的伤痕,从而产生了对不幸的儿童深厚的同情和坚决摆脱贫困的决心。他只上过几年学校,主要靠自学和深入生活获得广博的知识和文学素养。16岁时在一家律师事务所当缮写员,走遍伦敦的大街小巷,广泛了解社会。后提任报社的采访记者,熟悉议会政治中的种种弊端。24岁时与报社出版人霍加斯的女儿凯瑟琳结婚,由于性格和趣味上的差别,给他的创作、特别是晚年的生活带来了不幸。他在采访之余开始文学创作。他常带着笔记本在伦敦偏僻的角落和乡村漫游,为日后的创作搜集了丰富的素材。他一生刻苦写作。晚年常常白天写作,晚上被邀请去朗诵自己的作品。繁重的劳动、家庭和社会上的烦恼,以及对改变现实的失望,损害了他的健康。1870年6月9日在写作小说《艾德温·德鲁德之谜》时去世。

狄更斯生活在英国由封建社会向资本主义社会过渡时期。资本主义的发展使大批小资产者贫困、破产,无产阶级遭到残酷的剥削而沦为赤贫。当时在英国发生的无产阶级革命运动,即宪章运动,给予狄更斯很大的影响,他的作品反映了宪章运动时代人民群众的情绪和要求,但他始终是个改良主义者。他同情劳苦人民,又害怕革命。他抨击资本主义制度,不断揭露它的罪恶,但他不主张推翻这一制度。他希望通过教育和感化来改造剥削者,并依靠他们的善心和施舍来消除社会矛盾。他以生动、幽默的笔触,真实、

深刻地反映了生活。在他从事创作的 34 年中，他写了 14 部长篇小说（其中有一部未完成），许多中、短篇小说以及杂文、游记、戏剧等。

《远大前程》(1861)是一部具有深刻的社会意义和强烈的艺术感染力的小说。主人公皮普是个孤儿，由姐姐抚养，受雇于地主哈维莎家，与地主的养女埃斯苔拉相爱，一心想成为上等人。他无意中搭救的一个逃犯在国外发财致富，为报答救命之恩，送他去伦敦接受上等教育，并让他继承一笔遗产。正当皮普满怀希望之际，埃斯苔拉却另嫁他人。同时由于逃犯就擒，遗产被充公，皮普只好前往海外谋生。后回国与埃斯苔拉相逢时，得悉她的丈夫已死，饱经忧患的一对情人终于结为伴侣，离开了象征着吞噬一切的地主哈维莎的颓败的旧宅。

狄更斯其它著名作品还有《匹克威克外传》、《老古玩店》、《大卫·科波菲尔》、《艰难时世》、《双城记》、《荒凉山庄》、《小杜丽》等。

狄更斯的创作具有浓重的浪漫主义气息，他所描写的事物似乎也都是有某种能与人物的感情、气质相契合的“灵性”，增强了作品的感染力。狄更斯的文学成就对世界文学的影响是巨大的。他的作品很早就被介绍到中国。1908 年林纾与魏易同译了《块肉余生述》（即《大卫·科波菲尔》）、《贼史》（即《奥列佛·特维斯特》）和《孝女耐儿传》（即《老古玩店》）。此后，又陆续翻译出版了狄更斯的多种重要作品，都受到广大读者的喜爱。狄更斯在创作中表现的人道主义与社会批判精神以及艺术技巧，对中国现代小说创作有很大的影响。

——摘自《中国大百科全书》

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CHAPTER 1

I AM TOLD TO STEAL

My father's family name being Pirrip, and my Christian name¹ Philip, my infant tongue could make of both names nothing longer than Pip. So, I called myself Pip, and came to be called Pip. Having lost both my parents in my infancy, I was brought up by my sister, Mrs. Joe Gargery, Who married the blacksmith².

Ours was the marsh³ country, down by the river, within twenty miles of the sea. My earliest memory is of a cold, damp afternoon towards evening. At such a time I found out for certain that this windy place overgrown⁴ with coarse grass was the churchyard⁵; and that my father, mother and five little brothers were dead and buried there; and that the dark flat wilderness beyond the churchyard was the marshes; and that the low leaden line further down was the river; and that the distant place from which the wind was rushing was the sea, and that the small boy growing afraid of it all and beginning to cry was Pip.

"Hold your noise," cried a terrible voice, as a man started up from among the graves, "Keep still, you little devil, or I'll cut your throat."

A fearful man, all in coarse grey, with a great iron on his leg. A man with no hat, and with broken shoes, and with an old rag tied round his head. He limped⁶ and shivered⁷, and his teeth chattered in his head as he seized me by the chin.

"Oh! Don't cut my throat, sir," I begged him in terror. "Pray, don't do it, sir."

"Tell me your name," said the man, "Quick."

"Pip, sir."

"Once more," said the man, staring at me, "Speak out."

"Pip. Pip, sir."

"Show me where you live," said the man "Point out the place."

I pointed to where our village lay, a mile or more from the church.

The man, after looking at me for a moment, turned me upside down, and emptied my pockets. There was nothing in them but a piece of bread, which he took and began to eat greedily.

"You young dog!" said the man, licking his lips. "What fat cheeks you have got!"

I believe they were fat, though I was at that time undersized⁸ for my years, and not strong.

He asked me where my father and mother were. When I had pointed out their tombstones⁹ to him, he asked me with whom I lived. I told him I lived with my sister, wife of Joe Gargery, the blacksmith.

On hearing the word "blacksmith" he looked down at his leg and then at me. He took me by both arms and ordered me to bring him, early the next morning at the old Battery, a file¹⁰ and some food, or he would have my heart and liver¹¹ out. I was not to say a word about it all. "I ain't alone," he said, "as you may think I am, There's a young man hid with me, in comparison with whom I am an angel. That young man hears the words I speak and has a secret way, peculiar¹² to himself, of getting at a boy, and at his heart, and at his liver. It is in vain¹³ for a boy to attempt to hide himself from that young man."

I promised to bring him the file, and what broken bits of food I could, and wished him good-night. He limped towards the low church wall, got over it, and then turned round to look for me. When I saw him turning, I set my face towards home, and made the best use of my legs.

1. Christian name 教名

2. blacksmith 铁匠

3. marsh 沼泽地

4. overgrow 长满

5. churchyard 墓地
6. limp 跛行
7. shiver 颤抖
8. undersize 比较矮小的
9. tombstone 墓碑

10. file 锉
11. liver 肝
12. peculiar 古怪的
13. in vain 徒劳地

CHAPTER 2

I ROB MRS JOE

My sister, Mrs. Joe Gargery, was more than twenty years older than I, tall, bony and plain-looking, and had established a great reputation¹ with herself and the neighbors because she had brought me up “by hand²”. Having at that time to find out for myself what the expression meant, and knowing her to have a hard and heavy hand, and to be much in the habit of laying it upon her husband, as well as upon me, I supposed that Joe Gargery and I were both brought up by hand.

Joe was a fair man, with light brown hair and blue eyes. He was a mild, good-natured³, foolish, dear fellow.

When I ran home from the churchyard, Joe’s forge⁴, which adjoined⁵ our house, was shut up, and Joe was sitting alone in the kitchen.

Joe and I being fellow-sufferers, he told me that my sister had been out a dozen times, looking for me, and that she had got Tickler (a stick) with her. Presently he saw her coming, and advised me to get behind the door, which advice I took at once.

My sister, throwing the door wide open, and finding an obstruction⁶ behind it, immediately guessed the cause, and applied the stick to me. She concluded by throwing me at Joe, who, glad to get hold of me on any terms, passed me on into the chimney corner and quickly fenced me up there with his great leg.

"Where have you been, you young monkey?" said Mrs. Joe, stamping her foot. "Tell me directly what you've been doing to wear me away⁷ with fright and worry, or I'd have you out of that corner if you were fifty Pips, and he was five hundred Gargerys."

"I have only been to the churchyard," said I, crying and rubbing myself.

"Churchyard!" repeated my sister. "If it wasn't for me you'd have been to the churchyard long ago, and stayed there."

She applied herself to set the tea-things; she buttered a loaf, cut a very thick slice off, which she again cut into two halves, of which Joe got one, and I the other.

Though I was hungry, I dared not eat my slice, for I must have something in reserve⁸ for my dreadful acquaintance⁹, and his ally¹⁰, the still more dreadful young man. I took advantage of a moment when Joe was not looking at me, and got my bread and butter down the leg of my trousers.

Joe was shocked to see my slice disappear so suddenly, and thought that I had swallowed¹¹ it all in one mouthful. My sister also believed this to be the case, and insisted on giving me a generous dose of a hateful medicine called "Tar Water"¹² which she poured down my throat.

The guilty knowledge that I was going to rob Mrs. Joe, united to the necessity of always keeping one hand on my bread-and-butter as I sat or walked, almost drove me out of my mind. Happily I managed to slip away, and deposited¹³ it in my bedroom.

On hearing big guns fired, I inquired¹⁴ from Joe what it meant, and Joe said, "There's another convict¹⁵ off. There was a convict off last night, escaped from the Hulks¹⁶, and they fired warning of him. And now it appears they are firing warning of another."

I kept asking so many questions about convicts and hulks that my sister grew impatient¹⁷ with me, and told me that people were put in hulks because they murdered, and robbed and forged¹⁸, and that they

always began by asking questions.

As I went upstairs to my bedroom in the dark I kept thinking of her words with terror in my heart. I was clearly on my way to the hulks, for I had begun by asking questions, and I was going to rob Mrs. Joe.

I had a troubled night full of fearful dreams and as soon as the day dawned, I stole to the pantry¹⁹, which was abundantly²⁰ supplied with provisions²¹, for it was Christmas. I stole some bread, a hard piece of cheese, about half a jar of mincemeat²², some brandy from a stone bottle, (diluting²³ the stone bottle from a jug in the kitchen cupboard), a bone with very little meat on it, and a beautiful round pork pie, which I thought was not intended for early use, and would not be missed for some time.

Having also taken a file from among Joe's tools in the forge, I ran for the misty marshes.

- | | |
|----------------------|--------------------|
| 1. reputation 名声 | 13. deposit 存放 |
| 2. by hand 亲手 | 14. inquire 询问 |
| 3. good-natured 好脾气的 | 15. convict 罪犯 |
| 4. forge 铁匠铺 | 16. hulk 囚船 |
| 5. adjoin 临近 | 17. impatient 不耐烦的 |
| 6. obstruction 障碍物 | 18. forge 伪造 |
| 7. wear away 折磨, 磨损 | 19. pantry 厨房 |
| 8. reserve 保留 | 20. abundantly 大量地 |
| 9. acquaintance 熟人 | 21. provisions 食品 |
| 10. ally 伙伴 | 22. mincemeat 碎肉 |
| 11. swallow 吞咽 | 23. dilute 稀释 |
| 12. Tar Water 柏油水 | |

CHAPTER 3

THE TWO MEN ON THE MARSHES

It was a frosty morning, and very damp. On the marshes the mist was so heavy that everything seemed to run at me.

I was getting on towards the river, but however fast I went, I couldn't warm my feet. I knew my way to the Battery, but in the confusion¹ of the mist, I found myself at last too far to the right, and consequently² had to turn back along the riverside. I had just crossed a ditch³ when I saw the man sitting before me. His back was towards me, and he had his arms folded, and was nodding forward, heavy with sleep.

I thought he would be gladder if I came upon him with his breakfast, in that unexpected manner, so I went forward softly and touched him on the shoulder. He instantly jumped up, and it was not the same man, but another man.

And yet this man was dressed in coarse grey, too, and had a great iron on his leg, and was lame, and shivering, and was everything that the other was, except that he had not the same face. He swore an oath⁴ at me, made a hit which missed me, and then he ran into the mist.

"It's the young man!" I thought, feeling my heart jump as I identified⁵ him. I should have felt a pain in my liver, too, if I had known where it was.

I was soon at the Battery after that, and there was the right man waiting for me. He was awfully cold, and his eyes looked awfully hungry. No sooner had I opened my bundle and emptied my pockets than he started eating in a violent hurry, but he left off to take some of the brandy. He shivered as he swallowed mincemeat, bread, cheese and

pork pie, all at once, staring distrustfully and often stopping to listen. Suddenly he said: "You're not a deceiving⁶ little devil? You brought no one with you?"

"No, sir. No."

"Nor did you tell any one to follow you?"

"No."

"Well," said he, "I believe you. You'd be but a fierce⁷ young dog indeed, if at your time of life you could help to hunt a wretched⁸ man like me."

As he sat greedily and furtively⁹ eating the pie, I told him that I was afraid he would not leave any of it for the young man. He told me with something like a coarse laugh that the young man didn't want any food.

I said that I thought he looked as if he did, and that I had seen him just then, dressed like him and having an iron on his leg, and I pointed to where I had met him. He asked excitedly if he had a bruise¹⁰ on his left cheek, and when I replied that he had, he ordered me to show him the way to him, and taking the file from me, he sat down on the wet grass, filing at his iron like a madman. Fearing I had stayed away from home too long, I slipped off and left him working hard at his fetter¹¹.

1. confusion 混乱

2. consequently 结果

3. ditch 沟

4. swear an oath 发誓

5. identify 认出

6. deceive 欺骗

7. fierce 凶猛的

8. wretched 可怜的

9. furtively 偷偷地

10. bruise 伤疤

11. fetter 镣铐

CHAPTER 4

MR PUMBLECHOOK TASTES TAR-WATER

I fully expected to find a policeman in the kitchen waiting to take me up. But not only was there no policeman, but no discovery had yet been made of the robbery.

Mrs. Joe was very busy getting the house ready for the festivities¹ of the day, for we were to have a splendid² dinner, consisting of a leg of pork and vegetables, and a pair of roast stuffed fowls³. A handsome mince pie had been made yesterday morning, and the pudding was already on the boil. In the meantime Mrs. Joe put clean white curtains up, and uncovered the little parlour⁴ across the passage, which was never uncovered at any other time. Mrs. Joe was a very clean house-keeper, but had a peculiar art of making her cleanliness more uncomfortable than dirt itself.

Mr. Wopsle, the clerk at church, was to dine with us; and Mr. Hubble, the wheel-maker and Mrs. Hubble; and Uncle Pumblechook (Joe's uncle, but Mrs. Joe called him her uncle) who was a well-to-do⁵ corn-dealer⁶ in the nearest town, and drove his own chaise-cart. The dinner hour was half past one. When Joe and I got home from church, we found the table laid, and Mrs. Joe dressed, and the dinner being prepared, and the front door unlocked for the company⁷ to enter by, and everything most splendid. And still not a word of the robbery.

The time came without bringing with it any relief⁸ to my feeling, and the company came.

"Mrs. Joe," said Uncle Pumblechook, a large, hardbreathing, middle-aged, slow man, with a mouth like a fish, dull staring eyes and sandy hair standing upright on his head, "I have brought you, as the compliments⁹ of the season — I have brought you, ma'am, a bottle of

sherry¹⁰ wine — and I have brought you, ma'am, a bottle of port¹¹ wine."

Every Christmas Day he presented himself with exactly the same words, and carrying the two bottles like dumb-bells¹². Every Christmas Day, Mrs. Joe replied, as she now replied, "Oh, Un-cle Pum-ble-chook! This is kind!" Every Christmas Day, he replied, as he now replied, "It's no more than your merits¹³. And now are you all in good spirits¹⁴, and how's Sixpennorth of halfpence?" meaning me.

We dined on these occasions in the kitchen, and then returned to the parlor for the nuts and oranges and apples. Among this good company I should have felt myself, even if I hadn't robbed the pantry, in a false position. Not because I was squeezed¹⁵ in at an acute angle of the tablecloth, with the table in my chest and the Pumblechookian elbow in my eye, nor because I was not allowed to speak (I didn't want to speak), nor because I was entertained with the bony parts of the fowls and with obscure¹⁶ corners of pork. No, I should not have minded that, if they would only have left me alone. But they wouldn't leave me alone. They seemed to think the opportunity lost, if they failed to point the conversation at me, every now and then, and stick the point into me.

It began the moment we sat down to dinner. Mr. Wopsle said a short prayer¹⁷, which ended with the hope that we might be truly grateful. Upon which my sister fixed me with her eye, and said, in a low reproachful¹⁸ voice, "Do you hear that? Be grateful."

"Especially," said Mr. Pumblechook, "be grateful, boy, to them who brought you up by hand."

Joe's position and influence were something weaker (if possible), when there was company, than when there was none. But he always aided and comforted me when he could, in some way of his own, and he always did so at dinner-time by giving me gravy¹⁹, if there were any. There being plenty of gravy today, Joe spooned into my plate, at this point, about half a pint.