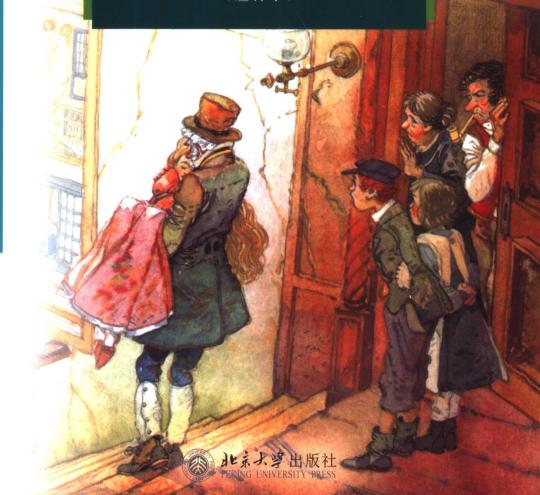




ROS DOS

大卫・科波菲尔

〔英〕 查尔斯・狄更斯 原著 (注释本)



DAVID COPPERFIELD 大卫・科波菲尔

(注释本)

[英]查尔斯·狄更斯 原著 [荷]安妮·德赫拉夫 改写 袁宪军 注





著作权合同登记 图字:01-2005-5548

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

大卫·科波菲尔 /(英)狄更斯(Dickens, C.)原著;袁宪军注. —北京: 北京大学出版社. 2006.1

(世界名著英文简本读物系列)

ISBN 7-301-09859-6

I. 大 ··· II. ① 狄 ··· ② 袁 ··· III. ① 英语-语言读物 ② 长篇小说-英国-近代-缩写本 IV. H319. 4: I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2005)第 142398 号

Original edition:

David Copperfield

Retold by Anne de Graaf

Illustrated by José Pérez Montero

Graphic designs by Nils V. Glistrup

Copyright © 1997 Scandinàvia Publishing House

书 名: 大卫·科波菲尔

著作责任者:[英] 查尔斯·狄更斯 原著 [荷] 安妮·德赫拉夫 改写

袁宪军 注

策 划:徐万丽

责任编辑:徐万丽

标准书号: ISBN 7-301-09859-6/H·1566

出版发行:北京大学出版社

地 址:北京市海淀区成府路 205 号 100871

| 址: http://cbs.pku.edu.cn

电 话:邮购部 62752015 发行部 62750672 编辑部 62765014

电子邮箱: xuwanli50@yahoo.com.cn

排 版 者: 华伦图文制作中心

印刷者,北京飞达印刷有限责任公司

经 销 者:新华书店

650毫米×980毫米 16 开本 8 印张 100 千字 2006年1月第1版 2006年8月第2次印刷

定 价: 13.80 元

前 言

广泛地阅读英语文学作品,是我们提高运用英语的能力并达到熟练掌握该语言的重要途径,这是毋庸赘言的。文学家都是语言大师,他们运用语言的丰富多彩和驾驭语言的得心应手,都表现在其作品里。我们学习英语与学习母语有很大的差别。学习母语可以听说领先,读写跟上;但是学习英语,听说英语的环境缺乏优势。因此我们学习英语的最好方法只能是通过大量的阅读,也就是在读得懂的前提下,才能听得懂、说得出和写得好。文学作品不但给我们提供了丰富的阅读材料,而且还因为它们的趣味性和新颖感培养了我们良好的阅读习惯。

广泛阅读英语的文学作品可提高英语能力,这仅仅是一方面。大家知道,伟大的文学作品,无不凝聚着作家对真善美的追求和向往,对假恶丑的鞭笞和扬弃。作家在现实生活中所撷取的各种各样的材料,在文学的语境里凭借其丰富性和多样性赋予我们对生活的感悟,它们引发的动态的、活生生的、充满着审美情趣的力量,会在我们阅读的过程中激发我们的生活热情,孕育积极向上的灵魂。文学浓缩着人类生活整个过程中特定的社会和历史,它从与我们生活不同的新的深度和广度来揭示生活。文学紧密地关联着人类要在现实生活中形象地创造自己而努力的目标,它蕴藏着无穷的力量,有待我们在阅读的时候汲取。

然而,对于中学生以及刚进入大学的学生来说,阅读英语原著



是颇为困难的,因为生词和句式的变化使他们读而生畏,常常事倍 功半。针对这种情况、编者精选了一批经过改写的文学经典,并加 以必要的汉语注释,使学生不查词典或者少查词典就能够顺畅地 阅读。这些经过名家改写的文学经典.一方面保持了原著的精神和 风格,另一方面也反映了当代英语的语言特点.它们都是在欧洲许 多国家甚至英语国家畅销的英语读物。 在精选的第一辑里,包括被 誉为英国维多利亚时期最伟大的小说家查尔斯·狄更斯(1812--1870)的四部作品,它们是《圣诞颂歌》、《雾都孤儿》、《大卫·科波菲 尔》和《尼古拉斯·尼克贝》。查尔斯·狄更斯不仅给后世留下了多部 经典小说,他还是那个时代旺盛的创造力和时代精神的象征.也正 是这一点使他的小说具有永久的魅力。斯托夫人的《汤姆叔叔的小 屋》是一部被林肯誉为引起了一场革命的著作。华莱士的《宾虚》被 好莱坞拍成电影,赢得多项奥斯卡大奖。在笛福的《鲁滨逊漂流记》 中,不畏艰难、勇于创业的精神永远闪烁着光芒。《海蒂》和《皮诺 曹》尽管是儿童故事,但是它们在表现人类情怀时候的细腻、深刻, 同样会令我们感动得热泪盈眶。我们相信《世界名著英文简本读物 系列》不但对提高人们英语水平大有裨益,还会有助于培养人们高 尚的情操。



Charles Dickens

was born in England in 1812. He was the second of eight sons in a poor family. Much of what he writes is based on personal experience. When Dickens' father could not pay his bills, he was sent to prison. Dickens' mother and brothers were forced to work hard at different jobs in order to pay off the debts. Charles Dickens knew firsthand about the misery and hunger of a poor life.



David Copperfield

David Copperfield is the story of a boy who is sent away from home to a school where he is beaten. He is forced to fend for himself in dark and dangerous London. Yet he becomes even more optimistic and sensitive, despite all the evil the world throws at him. Good conquers evil, compassion triumphs over indifference.

Now Anne de Graaf has rewritten this moving story, using simpler, more modern language.

Here is one of Dickens' classic stories, taken from the past and made readable for children in the present.

Anne de Graaf is the author of 27 children's books published in more than 30 countries. Nearly 3 million of her books have sold worldwide. She lives in The Netherlands with her husband and their two children.

José Pérez Montero has illustrated more than sixty children's books. He studied Fine Arts in Madrid and has been painting professionally for more than thirty years. He lives in Madrid with his wife and their two sons.



Contents

Chapter Page	?
1. I Am Born 1	ł
2. I Observe	5
3. I Have a Change)
4. I Fall into Disgrace	5
5. I Am Sent Away from Home	2
6. My Holidays 26	5
7. I Have a Memorable Birthday	2
8. I Become Neglected and Am Taken Care Of 36	
9. I Begin Life on My Own 4.	1
0. I Make Another Beginning	8
1. Looking Back	3
2. Some Old Scenes, and Some New People	7
3. Good and Bad Angels 65	2
4. A Greater Loss 6	8
15. My Aunt Astonishes Me 7.	3
6. Wickfield and Heep79	9
17. The Wanderer 8.	3
18. Daily Life 8	6
19. Mr. Peggotty's Dream Comes True 9	1
20. I Am Involved in Mystery	4



21. Looking Back Again	99
22. The Beginning of a Long Journey	102
23. The Storm	106
24. A Light Shines on My Way	112
25. A Visitor	116





I Am Born

Whether I will turn out to be a hero will be told in these pages. To tell the story of my life I begin at the beginning. I was born on a Friday at midnight, and I began to cry right away. Some said I was destined to be unlucky, and the story which follows will prove them either right or wrong.

I was born after death. What this means is I was born after my father's death. His eyes had closed upon the light of this world³ before mine even opened on it. It is strange to me that he never saw me. My first memory of him is of the white gravestone in the churchyard⁴, and the strange feeling I had been thinking about it out there in the dark night, while we sat in a warm house, bright with fire and candles.

Probably the most important person in our family was my father's

aunt Miss Trotwood, or Miss Betsey, as my poor mother always called her. My father had once been a favorite of hers⁵, I believe, but she had not liked his marrying my mother. He was twice my mother's

- 1 结果会是
- 2 注定
- 3 他的眼睛闭上了,再也看 不见这个世界的光明
- 4. 墓地里的墓碑
- 5. 她非常喜欢的人



age¹ when they married, and not in good health. In fact, my father died a year after the wedding², six months before I came into the world.

If being born on a Friday has brought me bad luck then it is Miss Betsey's fault³. For she came to Suffolk to visit my mother on that Friday. She walked right up the garden and pressed her nose against the window⁴. My mother was sitting by the fire, looking at it through her tears. It was a bright, windy March afternoon. When she saw Miss Betsey she cried out, but Miss Betsey motioned for her⁵ to open the door.

"Mrs. David Copperfield, I think," said Miss Betsey.

"Yes," said my mother faintly6.

"I am Miss Trotwood. I'm sure you've heard of me," said the visitor.

My mother said she had and invited Miss Betsey inside⁷. The two women sat down and there was a short silence, and then my mother began to cry again.

"Oh poor thing, why you're just a child. Now I came to tell you that this baby must be a girl, and I beg⁸ you'll call her Betsey Trotwood Copperfield. I will be her friend and godmother⁹. Now tell

me, was David good to you? How did you two meet?"

"We were very happy," said my mother. "I took care of the children in a family where Mr. Copperfield came to visit. He was very kind and later asked me to marry him."

"And how much money did Mr. Copperfield leave you?"

"A hundred and five pounds a year," said my mother. And then she became so sick that my aunt called for the maid¹, who was named Peggotty, and my mother was brought upstairs².

The doctor was called for and when he arrived Miss Betsey asked him each time he came downstairs, "Well, how is she?"

Each time he answered, "We are ... we are progressing³ slowly." Then Miss Betsey would stuff⁴ her ears with cotton⁵.

Finally, after one especially long trip upstairs⁶, the doctor returned to Miss Betsey and said, "Well, ma'am, I am happy to congratulate⁷ you."

"How is she?" Miss Betsey asked again.



"She will soon be fine. You may visit her soon. It may do her good."

"And *she*. How is *she*?" said my aunt sharply. "The baby, how is she?"

The doctor cocked⁸ his head to one side like a friendly bird.



"Ma'am, it's a boy."

My aunt said nothing. She took her bonnet¹ by the strings², hit the doctor on the head with it and walked out, never to come back again. She vanished3 into the land of dreams and shadows, the very place from where I had just been born.

(女士的)帽子 消失





I Observe¹

I can remember many things from when I was small. I can remember my mother being young and pretty, and the smell of Peggotty's storage room² off the kitchen: soap, pickles³, pepper⁴, candles and coffee, all in one whiff⁵. I can remember in the yard there was an empty dog kennel⁶. I can remember going to charel⁷ and I can remember the first time a gentleman with beautiful black hair wasked us home⁸ from church.

This man's name was Mr. Murdstone. He liked to watch my mother and he liked to touch her hand. Peggotty did not like the way

my mother started wearing all her pretty dresses again, instead of the black she had been wearing since my father's death. And Peggotty especially did not like the way Mr. Murdstone leaned so close to my mother whenever they were walking in the garden.

Peggotty and I saw this one day

- 观察
- 2 贮藏室
- 3 腌菜;泡菜
- 4 胡椒粉
- 5 所有的都是一个味儿
- 5 狗窝
- 7 去教堂做礼拜
- 8 陪我们走回家
- 9 倾身



1 给我梳头 2 头皮 坐在他的身后 雪茄 骑马走近 迷人的 7 寡妇 把……塞进 9 少女的:少女似的 10 红润的 11 尽管我知道它 已经不存在了 12 温柔的

from the window when she was brushing my hair¹. She pushed the brush into my scalp² way too hard. On that day I was going away with Mr. Murdstone on his horse, to visit some of his friends.

I rode behind him³ all the way to a hotel by the sea. The two gentlemen who met us were smoking cigars⁴ when we rode up⁵. "Hello Murdstone! Who's your little friend?"

"That's Davy Copper-

field," said Mr. Murdstone.

"What! Bewitching⁶ Mrs. Copperfield's boy?" cried the gentleman. "The pretty little widow⁷?"

1

These words I carried back to my mother later that evening, when she was tucking⁸ me into bed. I can remember her face even now, so girlish⁹, so lovely, flushed¹⁰ and laughing. "What was it they said, Davy? Tell me again. I can't believe it."

Can I say of her face, gone as I know it is¹¹, that it was never more beautiful?

Mr. Murdstone paid more and more attention to my mother, and she told me she had to go out visiting neighbors almost every evening. Then it seems like only a short time later that her tender¹² face was cry-

ing as she hugged¹ me goodbye. I was going away on a vacation² with Peggotty, to her brother's³ by the sea. I was half afraid that an earthquake⁴ or fiery⁵ mountain would stop our trip, so I looked forward to it. Peggotty was not just my mother's faithful maid, she was also my nanny⁶ and had helped raise⁷ me. I trusted her, yet knew I would be away from my mother for two weeks.

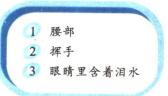


It is strange to me even now how eager I was to leave my happy home. To think how little I suspected⁸ I was leaving the life I had always known.





My mother stood there kissing me. I cried and my mother cried too. I felt her heart beat against mine. When I drove away with Peggotty Mr. Murdstone came



up to where my mother stood. He put his arm around her waist¹, even as she stood waving² through her tears³.

