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The Secret Agent

特务

Joseph Conrad (英) 著
马睿 注



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外语教学与研究出版社

FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS

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Joseph Conrad (英) 著

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前言

亲爱的老师们，同学们，“外研社·企鹅英语分级有声读物”丛书是由外语教学与研究出版社和培生教育出版集团(Pearson Education)联合推出的又一力作。本丛书为广大学生提供了充分享受阅读乐趣的大平台！

我们出版此套分级读物的宗旨是为了给学习者提供大量的、不同题材的阅读材料。材料不仅要适合读者的语言能力水平，更要能够激发阅读兴趣——让读者感到自己是在读故事，听故事，而不是在学(study)英语，从而卸去教材课本中枯燥的语法知识的沉重负担，真正做到寓教于乐。更重要的一点是，读完一本小册子后你会很有成就感，觉得学习英语就是这么轻松、愉快！

本套丛书内容丰富，由易渐难，主要突出了以下特色：

分级明确 结合最新颁布的国家《英语课程标准》(实验稿)的精神划分适用年级，遵循语言学习的规律，充分考虑到不同年龄段学生生理和心理发展的特点和需求；

配有音带 有助于提高听力水平，加强学生对语言的理解力；

插图生动 带你进入“读图时代”，意向直观、准确；

题材丰富 涵盖现代流行、经典名著和精彩原创三大类别，内容还涉及名人、名著、电影、戏剧等不同的领域；

注释简洁 帮助减少阅读过程中可能遇到的阻力，并激发学习者的自信心；

配有练习 理解题目按照阅读图式认知理论精心设计，为阅读提供了方向性指导与检测手段。

如果你们喜欢这套读物，请把它推荐给朋友们。如果你们对这套读物有什么意见和建议，也请告诉我们。愿这套读物让广大的读者受益匪浅，成为大家课外的良师益友！

很多具有丰富教学经验的中小学老师为这套读物做了注释和相关练习，我们在此表示衷心的感谢！

Introduction

"When I say we want action," Mr Vladimir went on, "I don't mean that people have to die. We just want to frighten* people. Buildings are enough. But which buildings? That's the question. What do you think, Mr Verloc?"*

Mr Verloc didn't know. He said nothing ...

Mr Verloc is a fat man who owns a bookshop in London. He is happily married to a pretty young woman called Winnie. Winnie's brother, Stevie, lives with them. Stevie is a good-looking boy but he has a problem. There is something wrong with his head and he can't remember things. So Mr Verloc and Winnie have to look after him.

Mr Verloc is very lazy. He just wants to be comfortable and to look after his shop. But he is also an anarchist*. He belongs to a group of anarchists who have meetings in his house. They all want to see a revolution* in Britain, but Mr Verloc doesn't really want to do very much about it. He wants a revolution just to happen.

Mr Vladimir works in the Russian Embassy*. He orders Mr Verloc to bomb* an important scientific building in London. This is very difficult for Mr Verloc. Will he do the job? *Can* he do the job? And what happens when the plan all goes terribly wrong?

*The Secret Agent** (1907) takes place in London in the late 1880s. At this time in Europe and Russia the political movement called anarchism, which disagreed with all forms of government, was becoming popular. Conrad's story is very exciting, with surprises on every page. But it is far more than just an adventure* story. It is also a study of the badness that can lie* at the heart of man.

Joseph Conrad was very unusual. He was an adventurer as well as a great writer. He was born Joseph Teodor Konrad Korzeniowski

themselves. In *The Secret Agent*, Winnie loves Verloc, her husband, and is badly hurt by him. Almost none of the people in *The Secret Agent* are good people. The anarchists are either lazy or cold-blooded. The detectives* are just interested in money and getting information. Only Winnie and Stevie are good, but at the end of the story Winnie also becomes bad. All the people in the story do things that neither they nor* the reader think they will do. Conrad's own family was political and *The Secret Agent* is the world's first political story, with spies*, dishonest policemen, bombs and murder. The story shows Conrad's feelings of hatred towards Russians, who took over Poland*, his country, and killed his parents.

Conrad wrote many books. The most famous ones are *Lord Jim*, *Nostromo*, *Heart of Darkness* and *The Secret Agent*. Many people think that this book is one of the best books that anyone has ever written in the English language. *The Secret Agent* is also a film, with Bob Hoskins, Gerard Depardieu, and Patricia Arquette.

内容简介

“我说我们需要行动，”弗拉迪米尔先生接着说，“可并不一定要死人。我们只是想吓唬吓唬人们罢了。建筑足够了。哪些建筑呢？那可得好好想想。您觉得呢，弗洛克先生？”

弗洛克先生脑中一片空白，说不出话来……

身材肥胖的弗洛克先生是伦敦一家小书店的店主，他非常开心地娶到了一个年轻漂亮的女人温妮为妻。温妮的弟弟史蒂夫和他们住在一起。史蒂夫是个英俊的男子，可是他有病。他的脑子有毛病，记不住事儿，所以离不开弗洛克先生和温妮的悉心照顾。

弗洛克先生是个懒人，他所想的，就是舒舒服服地过他的日子，安安宁宁地打理他的书店。但他同时还是一个无政府主义者。他所属的组织就常常在他家召开会议。他们都想在英国发动一场革命。但是弗洛克先生并不想为革命出多大的劲儿。在他看来，革命要发生就让它发生好了。

弗拉迪米尔先生在俄国大使馆工作，他命令弗洛克先生在伦敦引爆一个重要的科学建筑。这可真给弗洛克先生出了个难题。他会执行这项任务吗？他真能做到吗？计划出错时又发生了什么事情？

《特务》（1907年）的故事发生在19世纪80年代后期伦敦。当时，“无政府主义”正在欧洲大陆和俄国风行一时，这种政治运动反对任何形式的政府。康拉德的故事非常引人入胜，字里行间充满了悬念。但它远不止是一个冒险故事，它还对人性的深处的邪恶进行了研究。

作为一名探险家和伟大的作家，约瑟夫·康拉德是个了不起的人。康拉德原名约瑟夫·特奥多·康拉德·科泽尼奥斯基，1857年出生于波兰（现乌克兰境内）的一个地区。他的父母都是波兰人而且醉心于政治，反对在波兰拥有强大势力的俄国人，最后全家被迫离开家园。康拉德11岁时父母就双双去世，他是由舅舅抚养长大的。

17岁时，康拉德上了一条法国轮船，从此开始了二十多年的海上生涯。他

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Chapter 1 The Lazy Shopkeeper

Mr Verloc went out in the morning, leaving his wife's brother to look after the shop and his wife to look after her brother. This was all right, because very few customers came into the shop before the evenings.

The shop was small, and so was the house. They lived in a back room behind the shop, and in the bedrooms upstairs. The house was dirty, in a poor part of London. The shop was like a square box. In the daytime the door stayed closed; in the evenings it was open a little.

The shop window showed pictures of dancing-girls without many clothes on. There were also mysterious* boxes and packets*, some books and some newspapers. The books were not the sort that anyone showed to respectable* people. No one seemed interested in the newspapers, which were yellow with age. Mr Verloc's anarchist friends wrote them.

The shop's customers were either very young men, who waited by the window for a time before suddenly going in, or older men with dirty clothes. They pushed their hands into the pockets of their coats and pulled their hats low over their faces before going into the shop. Customers went into the shop quickly, but they could not escape* the old bell. As soon as anyone came into the shop, the bell made a loud sound.

At the sound of the bell Mr Verloc left the back room and came into the shop. He was a fat man, with heavy eyes. When you saw him, you thought that he slept in his clothes. In most businesses, people need to wear nice clothes and to look nice. But in Mr Verloc's business it didn't matter. His customers paid the high prices that Mr Verloc asked, without worrying about* the clothes of the shopkeeper.



*Sometimes Mrs Verloc came into the shop at the sound of the bell.
Winnie Verloc was a young, pretty woman.*

Sometimes Mrs Verloc came into the shop at the sound of the bell. Winnie Verloc was a young, pretty* woman. When she came into the shop, young customers couldn't meet her eyes. They bought something useless, like a pencil. They paid too much for the pencil, but as soon as they were out of the shop, they threw it away angrily.

Customers were not the only people to push through the dirty door. In the evenings Mr Verloc sometimes had visitors. They said hello to Mrs Verloc and walked past her into the back room.

Mr Verloc was a lazy man who liked his life to be comfortable*. And his life *was* comfortable. He had some money. His wife looked after him, and she seemed happy. She seemed to admire* him, and what more can a respectable man want?

When Winnie was younger, Winnie's mother had a small hotel. Some men stayed in the hotel for months or years, and others stayed just for a few nights while they had business in London. Winnie helped her mother to look after the hotel. The men all liked her. She was pretty, and she had beautiful, thick black hair. She was also quiet, and didn't talk much, and the men liked that too. Mr Verloc stayed at the hotel when he was in London. He seemed respectable, and he always had money.

When Mr Verloc and Winnie got married, they decided to leave the hotel. Winnie's mother sold it, and Mr Verloc and his new wife took some furniture* from it for their new house. And along with the furniture went Stevie. Winnie's mother was glad that she didn't have to worry about Stevie. Mr Verloc had money; Mr Verloc could look after Stevie. And Winnie always loved Stevie.

Stevie was a problem. He was a good-looking boy, but weak*. He could read and write, but was not much help in the hotel. There was something wrong with his head. He could not remember things. Outside, he could not find his way home, and

could not remember his address. Sudden questions and noises worried him a lot. His sentences were never good, but when he was worried they were worse. He got angry easily, and then he could speak only one or two words.

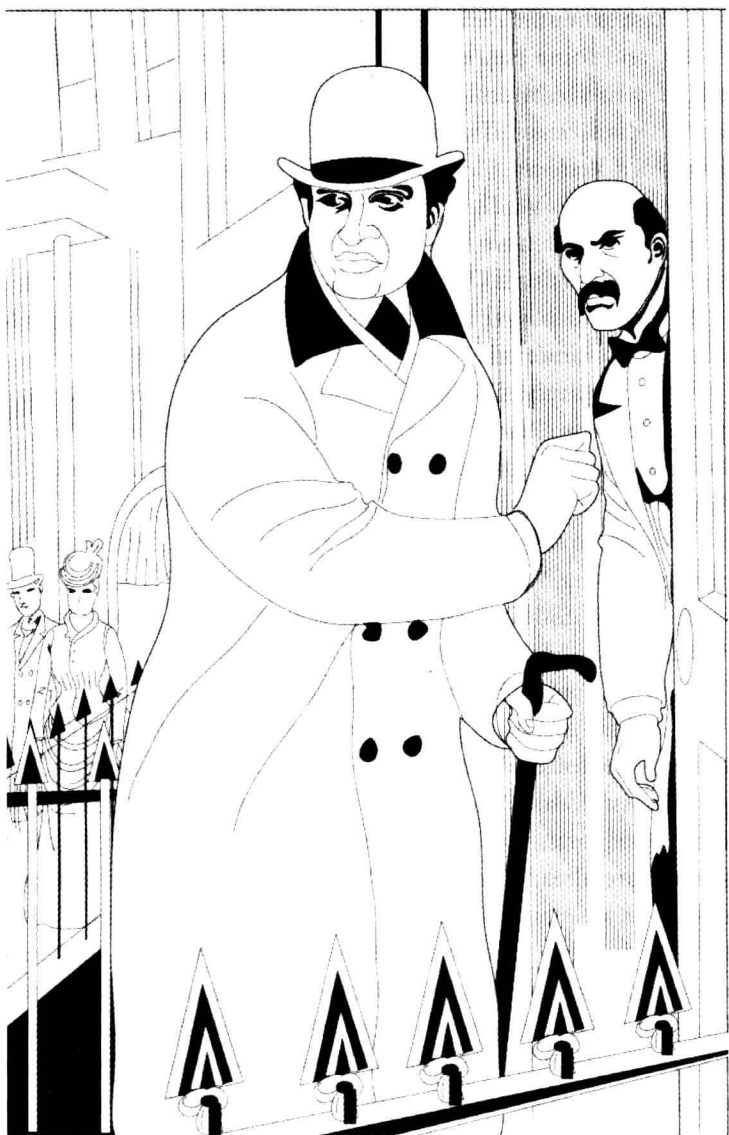
So Stevie came with the furniture to Mr Verloc's new house, with the shop in front. And there he sat all day, making circles on pieces of paper, while Winnie looked at him from time to time*, in the way that a mother looks at her child.

Chapter 2 A Dangerous* Plan

Mr Verloc left the house at 10.30 in the morning. It was unusually early for him. The sun shone, and he walked past Hyde Park* where men and women were riding horses, and people were walking. He wore his blue coat, his boots were black and shiny, and his face seemed fresh and clean. His heavy eyes were more awake* than usual. Carriages drove past on the roads, pulled by horses, with women's faces at the windows.

Mr Verloc could see that the people in the carriages and in the park were rich. The rich were weak and they had to guard themselves and their money against the poor. So the rich were afraid of the poor, and the poor hated the rich. Mr Verloc was an anarchist, and he wanted to see a revolution in Britain. He did not want to *do* very much, because he was lazy, but he wanted a revolution just to happen. So he was happy that the rich and the poor were enemies.

Mr Verloc arrived in Chesham Square and knocked on the door of a large house. It was the Embassy of a foreign country. A servant opened the door and Mr Verloc walked inside. He pulled a letter from his pocket and showed it to the servant, who looked at it and then took Mr Verloc to a room. Mr Verloc waited in the room for a few minutes, and then he heard a door open behind him.



*Mr Verloc knocked on the door of a large house.
It was the Embassy of a foreign country.*

At first, when he turned, he saw only black clothes, the top of a head, and some papers. The man was reading the papers as he walked into the room. He went over to the table and put the papers down on it. Then he put on some glasses and turned to look at Mr Verloc.

"My name is Vladimir," the man said, and he picked up the papers again. "We have here some of your reports."

Mr Verloc waited. What was this man going to say?

"We're not happy about the police in this country," Mr Vladimir continued. He seemed tired.

For the first time since he left his home that morning, Mr Verloc opened his lips. "Every country has its police," he said. But the Embassy man just continued to look at him, so Mr Verloc went on: "You know that I cannot do anything about the police here."

"We want to see something happen," Mr Vladimir said. "Something big. You can do that, can't you?"

Mr Verloc didn't answer. "The police here are too soft*," Mr Vladimir said. He went and sat down behind a desk. "We want them to be harder. Then ordinary people will be afraid of them . . . and then ordinary people will want a change, a revolution perhaps. Do you see? People here do not hate the police enough."

"Of course," said Mr Verloc, who was not unintelligent*. "If you read my reports, you will see that the ordinary people of this country are already unhappy. Things are getting quite dangerous here."

"I have read your reports," said Mr Vladimir. "I cannot understand why you wrote them. They are useless. We already *know* things are dangerous. Why do you think we use you and pay you money? We do not pay you to tell us what we already know, but to make things worse than they are. We do not want reports; we want to see something real happen."

"I'll do my best," Mr Verloc started to say, but he stopped because the other man was just looking hard at* him.

"You're very fat," the other man said rudely*. He spoke in French.

"What did you say?" Mr Verloc asked.

Respectable people in London knew Mr Vladimir well, and liked him. He was amusing* and told stories well. But Mr Verloc could see no amusement in his face. Mr Vladimir sat back in his chair and looked hard at Mr Verloc without moving his eyes.

"You understand French, don't you?" he said.

Mr Verloc explained that he was half French and lived there for a long time. He stood in the middle of the room holding his hat in one hand and feeling helpless. But then Mr Vladimir changed to English for the rest of the conversation*.

"Ah, yes, of course," he said. "You were in prison there, weren't you? For five years? You sold us some secrets. How did they catch you?"

"A woman . . ." began Mr Verloc. "She took my money, and told the police."

"That wasn't very clever," Mr Vladimir said. "So what do you want?"

"I don't have anything to say," said Mr Verloc. "I got a letter. You wanted to see me."

"How can you call yourself an anarchist?" Mr Vladimir said. "You're too fat. You're not poor and hungry. I think you're lazy. And how long have we paid you from the Embassy here? How long have you worked for us in this country?"

"For eleven years," said Mr Verloc. "Since Baron* Stott-Wartenheim was here. He used me several times. I came to London at first because he asked me to."

"Ah, yes, the Baron," said Mr Vladimir. "Yes . . . he got a lot of soft, lazy people to work for us. But things must change. I asked you to come here to tell you this: you have to work for your money now. I see that you understand me. We don't want reports; we want action."

"But only three months ago, when the Duke* Romuald was

visiting Paris, I warned the Baron that some people wanted to try to kill the Duke. Don't you remember?"

"The French police didn't need your warning," said Mr Vladimir. "And now I repeat: we don't want words, we must have action. We want the British to wake up.* Why do you anarchists just write stupid newspapers which nobody reads? You're all lazy. What can I do with you?"

"Why did you ask me to come here to the Embassy at eleven in the morning?" asked Mr Verloc, a little angry. He was better with words than with actions; he was unhappy that this young man was trying to get him to do something. "It's dangerous for me to come here in the morning. If someone sees me, I'll stop being useful to you."

"That's your problem," said Mr Vladimir. "When you stop being useful, we stop paying you."

Mr Verloc's legs felt weak and he wanted suddenly to sit down.

"When I say that we want action," Mr Vladimir went on, "I don't mean that people have to die. We just want to frighten people. Buildings are enough. But which buildings? That's the question. What do you think, Mr Verloc?"

Mr Verloc didn't know. He said nothing. He was frightened of traps.*

"I'll tell you," Mr Vladimir said. "Today people love and admire science. They thank science for their comfortable lives. So if we want to frighten them, we must attack a science building. The newspapers won't be able to use all their old, tired words to talk about *that*. Usually when a bomb attack* happens, on a king, perhaps, or a theatre, people just say, 'Oh, some poor people did that,' and then they forget about it. But what about a bomb attack which people can't explain? *Then* they'll wake up. And it must be a famous building. I'll tell you the building that I'm thinking about, if you like. Can you guess?"