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OLIVER TWIST

雾都孤儿

查尔斯·狄更斯 著
保琳·弗兰西斯 改编



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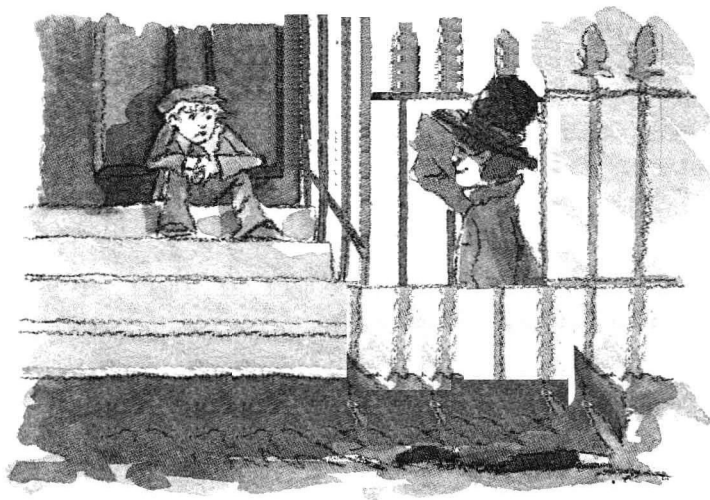
雾都孤儿

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Introduction

Charles Dickens was born in 1812, the second of eight children. When he was twelve years old, his father went to prison because he owed money. Charles went out to work to help his family. He never forgot this terrible time when he was poor, and later used his experiences in some of his stories.

In his twenties, Charles found work writing about London life for newspapers and magazines. Some of these articles were published as a book called *Pickwick Papers*. This is how Charles Dickens became famous at the age of twenty-four.

A year later, Charles began to write the story of *Oliver Twist* as a monthly magazine serial. It was published as a book in 1838. *Oliver Twist* tells the story of a poor orphan, Oliver, who survives starvation and life with the evil Fagin. Fagin, by training Oliver to be a pickpocket, does his best to destroy the young boy's childish innocence.

Charles Dickens wrote many more famous novels, including *Nicholas Nickleby*, *David Copperfield*, *A Christmas Carol* and *Great Expectations*. He died in 1870 at the age of fifty-eight and is buried in Westminster Abbey, London.



查尔斯·狄更斯生于1812年，在8个孩子中排行老二。他12岁那年，父亲因欠债进了监狱。查尔斯只好外出打工，补贴家用。他从未忘记自己受穷时这些艰难的日子，这些经历后来就成了他小说的素材。

20几岁时，查尔斯找到一份工作，为报纸杂志撰稿，讲述伦敦的生活百态。后来，部分稿件编辑成书，书名叫《匹克威克外传》。也就是这本书让查尔斯·狄更斯在24岁时一举成名。

一年后，查尔斯开始撰写《雾都孤儿》，在一家月刊杂志上连载。1838年该书出版。《雾都孤儿》讲述的是一个贫穷孤儿的故事。这个孤儿叫奥利弗，他饱尝饥饿，跟着费根这个魔鬼讨生活。费根把奥利弗训练成扒手，绞尽脑汁去毁掉这孩子的天真与无邪。

除此之外，查尔斯·狄更斯还写了很多著名的小说，其中包括《尼古拉斯·尼科尔贝》、《大卫·科波菲尔》、《圣诞颂歌》和《远大前程》。他于1870年去世，享年58岁，葬于伦敦威斯敏斯特教堂。

CHAPTER ONE

Hungry !

In the workhouse of a small town north of London, a pale young woman raised her head feebly from her pillow. She touched a locket around her neck, then the ring on her finger. "Give these to the child," she said to the nurse by her bed.

"I will, my dear," the old woman replied.

The nurse placed the newborn baby into its mother's arms. The young woman kissed its forehead with her cold white lips, shuddered — and died.

"Where did she come from?" the doctor asked.

"Nobody knows," the nurse said.

Oliver cried loudly. And if he had known that he was an orphan, he would probably have cried even louder. . .

After his birth, Oliver was sent to an orphanage where he had to live on the smallest amount of food possible. There he grew into a pale, thin child. On his ninth birthday, Mr Bumble, who looked after the orphans for the parish church, came to see him.

"Oliver is too old to stay here," he told the old woman who ran the orphanage. "It's time he went to live in the workhouse where he will be taught a useful trade. Then he can earn his keep. Let me see him at once. "

Mr Bumble had to wait a long time. He did not know that Oliver was spending his birthday in the coal-cellar. Why? He had dared to

complain that he was hungry!

“Will you come with me, Oliver?” Mr Bumble asked gently when the boy came into the room.

Oliver, hearing the kindness in the man’s voice, took his chance. He began to cry. “I am hungry,” he wept.

“Bring him some bread!” Mr Bumble ordered.

With two slices of bread and butter in his hand and a small brown parish cap on his head, Oliver went with Mr Bumble. He was glad to leave that wretched house where no kind word or look had ever brightened the gloom of his early years.

There was one rule in the workhouse — all the poor people who lived there had to starve slowly! They were given oatmeal and water three times a day, an onion twice a week and half a bread roll on Sundays.

“Somebody will have to ask for more,” one of the boys said.

“We shall draw lots.” It was Oliver who picked the short straw. That evening, when all the boys had emptied their bowls, they winked at Oliver. He got up from the table and held his empty bowl out to the master.

“Please, sir, I want some more,” he said.

There was a long silence.

“What!” the astonished man said at last.

“Please, sir, I want some more,” Oliver said again.

The master picked up a big spoon and beat Oliver about the head.

“Mr Bumble!” he shouted. “Oliver Twist has asked for more!”

Oliver was locked up alone in a room. When night came, he put his hands over his eyes to shut out the darkness. The next morning, this notice appeared on the gate of the workhouse.



REWARD

£5 to take boy in as an apprentice

At last, a week later, Mr Bumble unlocked the door of the room.

“You are going to work for Mr Sowerberry,” he told Oliver. “Now put your cap on straight and hold up your head, boy.”

“Yes, sir,” Oliver replied in a trembling voice.

They reached Mr Sowerberry’s shop just as he was closing up the shutters on the windows. The shopkeeper lifted up his candle to look at Oliver. “Mrs Sowerberry!” he called. “He’s here!”

Mrs Sowerberry came from a little room behind the shop and peered closely at Oliver. “Dear me!” she said, “he is very small.”

“He’ll grow, Mrs Sowerberry,” Mr Bumble replied.

“I dare say he will,” she grumbled, “and eat and drink us out of the house.” She opened a small door. “Get down there, little bag o’bones!” she cried.

She pushed Oliver down a steep flight of stairs into a dark kitchen where an untidy girl sat by the fire. “Charlotte,” Mrs Sowerberry shouted as she followed him. “Give this boy some of the cold bits o’meat the dog didn’t want.”

Oliver’s eyes lit up at the thought of some meat. It was awful to see how eagerly he tore that terrible food apart. When he had finished it, Mrs Sowerberry picked up a dim lamp and led the way back upstairs.

“You won’t mind sleeping among the coffins, I suppose?” she asked, “but it doesn’t matter whether you do or don’t. Your bed’s under the counter.”

Oliver worked very hard at the undertakers and his sad face was just right for attending funerals. At the end of a month’s trial, Mr Sowerberry took him on as an apprentice undertaker. He would have been almost

happy if it hadn't have been for Noah.

Noah Claypole also worked for Mr Sowerberry. He was jealous of Oliver and treated him badly. One day, when Oliver and Noah went down to the kitchen to eat, Noah began to tease Oliver. He pulled his hair and tweaked his ears.

"Sneak!" he hissed. "I'd like to see yer hanged!"

Oliver did not let himself cry.

"How's yer mother?" Noah asked at last.

"She's dead," Oliver replied, his cheeks turning red. "Don't say anything about her to me!"

"Yer mother was a real bad 'un," Noah sneered.

"What did you say?" Oliver asked angrily.

"A bad 'un," Noah repeated, "and it were a good thing she died before she was hung. "

Red with anger, Oliver jumped up and seized Noah by the throat. He shook him until his teeth chattered in his head. Then, with one great blow, he knocked him to the floor.

"Charlotte!" Noah cried. "The new boy's murdering me! Help! Help! Oliver's gone mad! Charlotte!"

Charlotte and Mrs Sowerberry rushed in and dragged Oliver, struggling and shouting, away from the other boy. Then Mr Sowerberry beat him with a stick. That night, when he was finally left alone, Oliver wept before falling into a troubled sleep. He awoke as the first ray of light glinted through the gaps in the shutters across the shop window.

"I am not going to let them beat me any more," he thought proudly.

"I shall run away and seek my fortune a long way from here. "

Oliver got up and unlocked the door. Then, looking quickly from right to left, he went outside and set off up the hill.

第一章 饥肠辘辘！

伦敦北部有一个小镇。在小镇济贫院里，一个年轻女子脸色苍白，有气无力地从枕头上抬起头来。她摸了摸项链下的金属小盒，又摸了摸手上的戒指，对床边的护士说道：“把这些都给孩子留下吧。”

“好的，我的乖乖。”老妇人答道。

护士把刚刚出生的婴儿放到母亲的怀里。年轻女子用冰冷苍白的嘴唇吻了吻孩子的前额，打了一个寒战，便死了。

“她是哪儿来的？”医生问道。

“谁也不知道。”护士答道。

奥利弗大声哭着。他要是知道自己是个孤儿，恐怕会哭得更响……

奥利弗自打出生那天起就被送到了孤儿院。在那里，他靠可怜的一点食物度日，身材瘦小，脸色苍白。在他9岁生日那天，负责教区孤儿的班布尔先生前来看他。

“奥利弗太大了，不能再待在这里了。”他对负责孤儿院的老妇人说道，“他应该待在济贫院里，学门有用的手艺，自己挣饭吃。我这会儿就去见见他。”

班布尔先生不得不等上好一阵子。他哪里知道奥利弗这会儿正在煤窖里度过自己的生日呢。噢，他先前还抱怨填不饱肚子呢！

“你愿意跟我来吗，奥利弗？”班布尔先生在奥利弗走进屋子时轻声说道。

奥利弗听此人说起话来和风细雨，决定碰碰运气。他边哭边说：“我饿！”

“给他拿点面包来！”班布尔先生大声说道。

手里拿着两片面包和黄油，头上戴着一顶褐色的教区小帽，奥利弗跟班布尔先生走了。他很高兴，终于离开了那个倒霉的地方。在那个地方，从来就没有一句好听话，从来就没有一个好脸色。因此，他的早年生

活一直闷闷不乐，郁郁寡欢。

济贫院里有个规矩：生活在那里的穷人都得挨饿！一日三餐吃的是燕麦粥，外加点水。两个星期才能吃上一个洋葱头，只有礼拜天才能分得半个面包卷。

“总得有人出面再要点吃的。”其中一个男孩子说道，“咱们抓阄吧。”这阄还偏偏让奥利弗给抓到了。那天傍晚，所有人都把碗给吃空了。之后，大家都朝奥利弗挤眉弄眼。奥利弗从桌子旁站了起来，把吃空了的碗伸到主人面前。

“求求你，先生，我还要。”他说道。

接下来是长时间的沉默。

“什么？！”惊呆了的男人终于开口了。

“求求你，先生，我还要。”奥利弗再次说道。

只见主人拿出一个长把勺子，朝奥利弗的头抡去。他边抡边喊道：“班布尔先生，奥利弗·退斯特还要！”

奥利弗被独自一人关在一个小屋里。夜幕降临时，他用手遮住眼睛，企图把黑暗挡在外面。第二天早晨，济贫院的门上贴出一个告示。

悬 赏

凡愿意将其带走收为学徒者，奖励酬金5英镑。

一个星期以后，班布尔先生终于打开了房门。“今后，你就要听索厄伯里先生使唤了。”他冲奥利弗说道，“把帽子戴好，把头抬起来，小子。”

“是的，先生。”奥利弗答道，声音颤抖着。

他们来到索厄伯里先生的铺子时，索厄伯里先生正上窗板，准备打烊呢。店主举着蜡烛，看了奥利弗一眼，然后喊道：“索厄伯里太太，他来了！”

索厄伯里太太从铺子后面的一个小屋子里走了出来，仔细看了看奥利弗，说道：“天哪！来了个小不点儿！”

“会长大的，索厄伯里太太。”班布尔先生说道。

“是啊，会长大的。早晚会把我们吃光喝穷的。”她边嘟囔着边打开一扇小门。“进去吧，芦柴棒！”她喊道。

她一下把奥利弗推下楼梯，推到了一个昏暗的厨房。那儿，一个蓬头垢面的女孩坐在火旁。索厄伯里太太一边跟在奥利弗后面，一边喊道：

“夏洛特，把狗吃剩的那些凉了的肉渣拿点来，给这个家伙。”

奥利弗一听说肉渣眼睛为之一亮。他急不可耐地把那令人作呕的食物撕开，那样子煞是可怕。等他吃完了，索厄伯里太太拿起一盏昏暗的灯，领着他回到楼上。“我猜你睡在棺材堆里没问题吧？”她问道，“不过，有问题也不要紧。你的床铺在柜台下面。”

奥利弗在这个殡葬承办人手下拼命地干活。他那张伤心的脸特适合葬礼的气氛。一个月的试用期过后，索厄伯里先生决定收他为徒，做一名殡仪员。要不是因为诺亚的缘故，他的日子本可以过得十分惬意。

诺亚·克雷坡尔也在索厄伯里先生手下做工。他非常嫉妒奥利弗，对他不怀好意。有一天，奥利弗和诺亚一起去厨房吃饭。诺亚借机取笑奥利弗，拽他的头发，拧他的耳朵。

“你这个鬼鬼祟祟的家伙。”他从牙缝里挤出一句话，“真想亲眼看着你被吊死。”

奥利弗强忍着，没让自己哭出来。

“你妈咋样？”诺亚最后问道。

“她死了。”奥利弗说道，两颊开始变红，“不要跟我提她。”

“你妈是个坏透了的贱货。”诺亚讥笑道。

“你说什么？”奥利弗愤怒了。

“贱货！”诺亚又说了一遍，“她死了好，比吊死强。”

奥利弗气得满脸通红，跳起来掐住了诺亚的喉咙。他用力摇晃着，直到诺亚的牙齿在口里咯咯作响。接着，一巴掌把他掼倒在地。

“夏洛特！”诺亚叫道，“刚来的这个家伙要杀死我。救命啊！救命！奥利弗疯了！夏洛特！”

夏洛特和索厄伯里太太冲了进来，使劲把奥利弗从诺亚身边拉开。奥利弗一边挣扎，一边喊叫。接着，索厄伯里先生用棍子抽他。那一夜，等屋里就剩下他一个人时，奥利弗哭呀哭呀，直到把自己哭睡了，梦里仍不得安宁。当第一缕曙光透过店铺窗板的缝隙射进来时，他醒来了。

“我不会让他们再打我了。”他想着，心里很得意，“我要逃离这里，到很远的地方去碰碰运气。”

奥利弗起来了，把门打开。他朝两边匆匆地看了一下，然后就出了门，向山里逃去。

CHAPTER TWO

Fagin takes Oliver in

As soon as Oliver reached the road, he began to run, hiding in the hedgerows every time somebody passed by. At last, he came to a milestone: LONDON 70 miles.

“I shall go there!” he thought. “It’s so big that nobody will find me!”

Oliver went twenty miles that day. He ate only a dry crust of bread and some water. When night came, he turned into a field and crept under a bundle of hay. He felt frightened at first, but he was so tired that he soon fell asleep.

The next day, he could walk only twelve miles because his feet were sore and his legs were so weak that they trembled. Some people were very kind and gave him scraps of bread and cheese. He stumbled on for several days until, at last, he arrived in the little town of Barnet, a few miles north of London. It was so early that all the shops were still closed. Oliver sat on a cold doorstep to rest. A boy, wearing a man’s coat nearly down to the ground, came over to him. He was short, with bowed legs, and sharp, ugly eyes.

“What’s the matter?” the boy asked.

“I am very hungry and tired,” Oliver told him with tears in his eyes. “I have been walking for seven days.”

“You want grub, you shall have it,” the boy replied, dragging Oliver to his feet. “My name’s Jack Dawkins — but my friends call me

the Artful Dodger because I'm good at avoiding trouble. Call me Dodger for short. ”

The Dodger took Oliver to an inn.

“Going to London?” the Dodger asked as they tucked into ham, bread and beer.

“Yes,” Oliver said.

“Got any lodgings? Any money?” he asked.

Oliver shook his head.

“I suppose you want a place to sleep tonight?” the Dodger said.

“I do,” Oliver replied.

“I've got to be in London tonight and I know a respectable old gentleman wot'll give you lodgings for nothink,” the Dodger told him.

The Dodger didn't want to reach London before dark, so it was nearly eleven o'clock when they came to the outskirts of the city. Oliver glanced around him . He had never seen a more wretched place . The

