

大学英语阶梯阅读系列教程

Band 1

郭浩儒 苏 衡 主编

Jane Eyre

简·爱

附注释、练习、答案



夏洛特·勃朗特 原著 刘 微 选编

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内 容 简 介

《简·爱》是英国女小说家勃朗特的第一部小说。主人公简·爱从寄宿学校到罗切斯特家做家庭教师,与罗切斯特产生了爱情。经过一番周折之后,他们终于结婚。

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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

勃朗特,C(Charlotte Bronte 1816 — 1855),英国女小说家。1816年4月21日出生于贫苦的牧师家庭,上过教规严厉、生活条件恶劣的寄宿学校,后来当过教师和家庭教师。1855年3月31日去世。她的作品主要写贫苦的小资产者的孤独、反抗和奋斗,属于曾被马克思称为以狄更斯为首的“出色的一派”。她的第一部小说《简·爱》(1847)一直受到广大读者的欢迎。简·爱和传统的女主人公有所不同,她是一个出身贫苦的家庭女教师,但她坚决反对压迫、屈辱和任何卑鄙邪恶的行为;她心地纯正,善于思考,始终捍卫独立的人格,敢于表达自己强烈的爱憎。小说生动地描写了作者十分熟悉的寄宿学校,谴责了主管人的虚伪残暴;但作品的主体是写简·爱和宅邸主人罗切斯特之间的爱情故事。经过一些周折之后,他们终于结婚。作者始终把他们之间的爱情描写为思想、才能、品质与精神上的完全默契。这是一部现实主义小说,但也带有浓厚的浪漫主义色彩。作者以抒情的笔法描写了自然景物和主要人物之间的深挚爱情,感情色彩丰富而强烈。

勃朗特的其他小说还有《教师》(1857),根据她自己的生活经历描写一个充当教师的少女在社会上独立谋生的艰辛。这部小说写得最早,但出版较晚。《雪莉》(1849)以少数篇幅描写了19世纪初工人破坏机器的运动,即勒德运动。《维莱特》(1853)被一些评论家认为是作者最成熟的作品,它描写作者在布鲁塞尔当教师时的一段爱情故事。此外还有《艾玛》(片段,1860)。

——摘自《中国大百科全书》

CONTENTS

Part One	A child at Gateshead	1
1	The red room	1
2	Leaving Gateshead	6
	Exercise One (1—2)	12
Part Two	A Girl at Lowood	17
3	My first impressions of school	17
4	Making a friend	20
5	Mr. Brocklehurst's visit and its results	23
6	Learning to like school	27
	Exercise Two (3—6)	29
Part Three	A Governess at Thornfield	34
7	Thornfield and Mr. Rochester	34
8	Getting to know Mr. Rochester	38
	Exercise Three (7—8)	43
9	Mr. Rochester's past	46
10	The mystery of Grace Poole	49
11	The Thornfield house-party	52
	Exercise Four (9—11)	57
12	The gipsy woman	60
13	The stranger is attacked	63
14	Trouble at Gateshead	67
15	The future Mrs. Rochester	71
	Exercise Five (12—15)	76
16	Preparing for the wedding	80

17 The wedding day	84
18 Mr. Rochester's explanation	87
Exercise Six (16—18)	93
 Part Four A Woman at Moor House	 97
19 Finding shelter	97
20 A new home	99
21 Mr. Rivers' sacrifice	102
Exercise Seven (19—21)	106
 22 Sudden wealth	 110
23 A voice from the past	114
 Part Five A Wife at Ferndean Manor	 119
24 Returning to Thornfield	119
25 Finding Mr. Rochester again	120
Exercise Eight(22—25)	124
 Key to Exercise	 126

Part One A Child at Gateshead

1 The red room

We could not go for a walk that afternoon. There was such a freezing cold wind, and such heavy rain, that we all stayed indoors. I was glad of it. I never liked long walks, especially in winter. I used to hate coming home when it was almost dark, with ice-cold fingers and toes, feeling miserable because Bessie, the nursemaid¹, was always scolding me. All the time I knew I was different from my cousins, Eliza, John and Georgiana Reed. They were taller and stronger than me, and they were loved.

These three usually spent their time crying and quarreling, but today they were sitting quietly around their mother in the sitting-room. I wanted to join the family circle, but Mrs. Reed, my aunt, refused. Bessie had complained about me. "No, I'm sorry, Jane. Until I hear from Bessie, or see for myself, that you are really trying to behave² better, you cannot be treated as a good, happy child, like my children."

"What does Bessie say I have done?" I asked.

"Jane, it is not polite to question me in that way. If you cannot speak pleasantly, be quiet."

I crept out of the sitting-room and into the small room next door, where I chose a book full of pictures from the bookcase. I climbed on to the window-seat and drew the curtains, so that I was completely hidden. I sat there for a while. Sometimes I looked out of the window at the grey November afternoon, and saw the rain pouring down on the leafless garden. But most of the time I studied the book and stared, fascinated³, at the pictures. Lost in the world of imagination, I forgot my sad, lonely existence⁴ for a while, and was happy. I was only afraid that my secret hiding-place might be discovered.

Suddenly the door of the room opened. John Reed rushed in.

"Where are you, rat?" he shouted. He did not see me behind the

curtain. "Eliza! Georgy! Jane isn't here! Tell Mamma she's run out into the rain — what a bad animal she is!"

"How lucky I drew the curtain," I thought. He would never have found me, because he was not very intelligent. But Eliza guessed at once where I was.

"She's in the window-seat, John." she called from the sitting-room. So I came out immediately, as I did not want him to pull me out.

"What do you want?" I asked him.

"Say, 'What do you want, Master Reed'," he answered, sitting in an armchair. "I want you to come here."

John Reed was fourteen and I was only ten. He was large and rather fat. He usually ate too much at meals, which made him ill. He should have been at boarding school⁵, but his mother, who loved him very much, had brought him home for a month or two, because she thought his health was delicate⁶.

John did not love his mother or his sisters, and he hated me. He bullied⁷ and punished me, not two or three times a week, not once or twice a day, but all the time. My whole body trembled when he came near. Sometimes he hit me, sometimes he just threatened me, and I lived in terrible fear of him. I had no idea about how to stop him. The servants did not want to offend⁸ their young master, and Mrs. Reed could see no fault in her dear boy.

So I obeyed John's order and approached his armchair, thinking how very ugly his face was. Perhaps he understood what I was thinking, for he hit me hard on the face.

"That is for your rudeness to Mamma just now," he said, "and for your wickedness⁹ in hiding, and for looking at me like that, you rat!" I was so used to his bullying that I never thought of hitting him back.

"What were you doing behind that curtain?" he asked.

"I was reading." I answered.

"Show me the book." I gave it to him.

“You have no right to take our books,” he continued. “You have no money and your father left you none. You ought to beg in the streets, not live here in comfort with a gentleman’s family. Anyway, all these books are mine, and so is the whole house, or will be in a few years’ time. I’ll teach you not to borrow my books again.” He lifted the heavy book and threw it hard at me.

It hit me and I fell, cutting my head on the door. I was in great pain, and suddenly for the first time in my life, I forgot my fear of John Reed.

“You wicked, cruel boy!” I cried. “You are a bully! You are as bad as a murderer!”

“What! What!” he cried. “Did she say that to me? Did you hear, Eliza and Georgiana? I’ll tell Mamma, but first —”

He rushed to attack me, but now he was fighting with a desperate¹⁰ girl. I really saw him as a wicked murderer. I felt the blood running down my face, and the pain gave me strength. I fought back as hard as I could. My resistance¹¹ surprised him, and he shouted for help. His sisters ran for Mrs. Reed, who called her maid, Miss Abbott, and Bessie. They pulled us apart and I heard them say, “What a wicked girl! She attacked Master John!”

Mrs. Reed said calmly, “Take her away to the red room and lock her in there.” And so I was carried upstairs, arms waving and legs kicking.

As soon as we arrived in the red room, I became quiet again, and the two servants both started scolding me.

“Really, Miss Eyre,” said Miss Abbott, “how could you hit him? He’s your young master!”

“How can he be my master? I am not a servant!” I cried.

“No, Miss Eyre, you are less than a servant, because you do not work.” replied Miss Abbott. They both looked at me as if they strongly disapproved of me.

"You should remember, miss," said Bessie, "that your aunt pays for your food and clothes, and you should be grateful. You have no other relations or friends."

All my short life I had been told this, and I had no answer to it. I stayed silent, listening to these painful reminders.

"And if you are angry and rude, Mrs. Reed may send you away." added Bessie.

"Anyway," said Miss Abbott, "God will punish you, Jane Eyre, for your wicked heart. Pray to God, and say you're sorry." They left the room, locking the door carefully behind them.

The red room was a cold, silent room, hardly ever used, although it was one of the largest bedrooms in the house. Nine years ago my uncle, Mr. Reed, had died in this room, and since then nobody had wanted to sleep in it.

Now that I was alone I thought bitterly¹² of the people I lived with. John Reed, his sisters, his mother, the servants, they all accused¹³ me, scolded me, hated me. Why could I never please them? Eliza was selfish, but was respected. Georgiana had a bad temper, but she was popular with everybody because she was beautiful. John was rude, cruel and violent¹⁴, but nobody punished him. I tried to make no mistakes, but they called me naughty every moment of the day. Now that I had turned against John to protect myself, everybody blamed me.

And so I spent that whole long afternoon in the red room asking myself why I had to suffer and why life was so unfair. Perhaps I would run away, or starve myself to death¹⁵.

Gradually it became dark outside. The rain was still beating on the windows, and I could hear the wind in the trees. Now I was no longer angry, and I began to think the Reeds might be right. Perhaps I was wicked. Did I deserve¹⁶ to die, and be buried in the churchyard like my Uncle Reed? I could not remember him, but knew he was my mother's brother, who had taken me to his house when my parents both died. On

his death bed he had made his wife, Aunt Reed, promise to look after me like her own children. I supposed she now regretted her promise.

A strange idea came to me. I felt sure that if Mr. Reed had lived he would have treated me kindly, and now, as I looked round at the dark furniture and the walls in shadow, I began to fear that his ghost might come back to punish his wife for not keeping her promise. He might rise from the grave¹⁷ in the churchyard and appear in this room! I was so frightened by this thought that I hardly dared to breathe. Suddenly in the darkness I saw a light moving on the ceiling¹⁸. It may have been from a lamp outside, but in my nervous state I did not think of that. I felt sure it must be a ghost, a visitor from another world. My head was hot, my heart beat fast. Was that the sound of wings in my ears? Was that something moving near me? Screaming wildly, I rushed to the door and shook it.

"Miss Eyre, are you ill?" asked Bessie. "Take me out of here!" I screamed.

"Why? What's the matter?" she asked.

"I saw a light, and I thought it was a ghost." I cried, holding tightly on to Bessie's hand.

"She's not even hurt." said Miss Abbott in disgust¹⁹. "She screamed just to bring us here. I know all her little tricks²⁰."

"What is all this?" demanded an angry voice. Mrs. Reed appeared at the door of the room. "Abbott and Bessie, I think I told you to leave Jane Eyre in this room till I came."

"She screamed so loudly, ma'am." said Bessie softly.

"Let go off her hands, Bessie." was Mrs. Reed's only answer. "Jane Eyre, you need not think you can succeed in getting out of the room like this. Your naughty tricks will not work with me. You will stay here an hour longer as a punishment for trying to deceive²¹ us."

"Oh aunt, please forgive me! I can't bear it! I shall die if you keep me here . . ." I screamed and kicked as she held me.

“Silence! Control yourself!” She pushed me, resisting wildly, back into the red room and locked me in. there I was in the darkness again, with the silence and the ghosts. I must have fainted. I cannot remember anything more.

1. nursemaid	n. 保姆,女仆
2. behave	v. 表现
3. fascinate	v. 强烈吸引
4. existence	n. 生存; 存在
5. boarding school	寄宿学校
6. delicate	adj. 体弱多病的
7. bully	v. 欺侮
8. offend	v. 冒犯
9. wickedness	n. 邪恶
10. desperate	adj. 绝望的
11. resistance	n. 反抗
12. bitterly	adv. 痛苦地
13. accuse	v. 指责
14. violent	adj. 暴力的
15. starve somebody to death	饿死
16. deserve	v. 应受,应该
17. grave	n. 坟墓
18. ceiling	n. 天花板
19. disgust	n. 厌恶
20. trick	n. 诡计
21. deceive	v. 欺骗

2 Leaving Gateshead

I woke up to find the doctor lifting me very carefully into my own bed. It was good to be back in my familiar bedroom, with a warm fire and candle-light. It was also a great relief to recognize Dr. Lloyd, who Mrs. Reed called in for her servants (she always called a specialist for

herself and the children). He was looking after me so kindly. I felt he would protect me from Mrs. Reed. He talked to me a little, then gave Bessie orders to take good care of me. When he left, I felt very lonely again.

But I was surprised to find that Bessie did not scold me at all. In fact she was so kind to me that I became brave enough to ask a question.

"Beside, what's happened? Am I ill?"

"Yes, you became ill in the red room, but you'll get better, don't worry, Miss Jane." she answered. Then she went next door to fetch another servant. I could hear her whispers.

"Sarah, come in here and sleep with me and that poor child tonight. I daren't stay alone with her, she might die. She was so ill last night! Do you think she saw a ghost? Mrs. Reed was too hard on her, I think." So the two servants slept in my room, while I lay awake all night, trembling with fear, and eyes wide open in horror, imagining ghosts in every corner.

Fortunately I suffered no serious illness as a result of my terrible experience in the red room, although I shall never forget that night. but the shock left me nervous and depressed²² for the next few days. I cried all day long and although Bessie tried hard to tempt²³ me with nice things to eat or my favourite books, I took no pleasure in eating or even in reading. I knew I had no one to love me and nothing to look forward to.

When the doctor came again, he seemed a little surprised to find me looking so miserable.

"Perhaps she's crying because she couldn't go out with Mrs. Reed in the carriage this morning." suggested Bessie.

"Surely she's more sensible than that," said the doctor, smiling at me. "She's a big girl now."

"I'm not crying about that. I hate going out in the carriage." I said quickly. "I'm crying because I'm miserable."

"Oh really, Miss!" said Bessie.

The doctor looked at me thoughtfully. He had small, grey, intelligent eyes. Just then a bell rang for the servants' dinner.

"You can go, Bessie," he said. "I'll stay here talking to Miss Jane till you come back."

After Bessie had left, he asked, "What really made you ill?" "I was locked up in a room with a ghost, in the dark."

"Afraid of ghosts, are you?" he smiled.

"Of Mr. Reed's ghost, yes. He died in that room, you know. Nobody ever goes in there any more. It was cruel to lock me in there alone without a candle. I shall never forget it!"

"But you aren't afraid now. There must be another reason why you are so sad," he said, looking kindly at me.

How could I tell him all the reasons for my unhappiness!

"I have no father or mother, brothers or sisters," I began. "But you have a kind aunt and cousins."

"But John Reed knocked me down and my aunt locked me in the red room," I cried. There was a pause.

"Don't you like living at Gateshead, in such a beautiful house?" he asked.

"I would be glad to leave it, but I have nowhere else to go."

"You have no relations²⁴ apart from Mrs. Reed?"

"I think I may have some, who are very poor, but I know nothing about them," I answered.

"Would you like to go to school?" he asked finally. I thought for a moment. I knew very little about school, but at least it would be a change, the start of a new life.

"Yes, I would like to go," I replied in the end.

"Well, well," said the doctor to himself as he got up, "we'll see. The child is delicate, she ought to have a change of air."

I heard later from the servants that he had spoken to Mrs. Reed about me, and that she had agreed immediately to send me to school.

Abbott said Mrs. Reed would be glad to get rid of me. In this conversation I also learned for the first time that my father had been a poor vicar²⁵. When he married my mother, Miss Jane Reed of Gateshead, the Reed family were so angry that they disinherited²⁶ her. I also heard that my parents both died of an illness only a year after their wedding.

But days and weeks passed, and Mrs. Reed still said nothing about sending me to school. One day, as she was scolding me, I suddenly threw a question at her. The words just came out without my planning to say them.

“What would uncle Reed say to you if he were alive?” I asked.

“What?” cried Mrs. Reed, her cold grey eyes full of fear, staring at me as if I were a ghost. I had to continue.

“My uncle Reed is now in heaven, and can see all you think and do, and so can my parents. They know how you hate me, and are cruel to me.”

Mrs. Reed smacked²⁷ my face and left me without a word. I was scolded for an hour by Bessie as the most ungrateful child in the world, and indeed with so much hate in my heart I did feel wicked.

Christmas passed by, with no presents or new clothes for me. Every evening I watched Eliza and Georgiana putting on their new dresses and going out to parties. Sometimes Bessie would come up to me in my lonely bedroom, bringing a piece of cake, sometimes she would tell me a story, and sometimes she would kiss me goodnight. When she was kind to me I thought she was the best person in the world, but she did not always have time for me.

On the morning of the fifteenth of January, Bessie rushed up to my room, to tell me a visitor wanted to see me. Who could it be? I knew Mrs. Reed would be there too and I was frightened of seeing her again. When I nervously entered the breakfast-room I looked up at a black column! At least that was what he looked like to me. He was a tall, thin man dressed all in black, with a cold, stony face at the top of the col-