



外研社·企鹅英语分级有声读物

The Moonstone

# 月亮宝石



Wilkie Collins (英) 著  
徐志军 吴雪慧 王有光 注

一本书  
两种收获  
边读边听

● 高三、大学一年级



外语教学与研究出版社

FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS

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北京 BEIJING

# 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！

我们做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》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，我们也在表示衷心的感谢！

# Introduction

*“Look, Gabriel!” cried Miss Rachel, flashing the jewel in the sunlight. It was as large as a bird’s egg, the colour of the harvest moon, a deep yellow that sucked\* your eyes into it so you saw nothing else.*

When Colonel John Herncastle dies in England, a hated, lonely old man, he leaves a jewel to his niece, Rachel Verinder, for her eighteenth birthday.

But the jewel is not a gift – it is a curse. Because the Colonel stole the beautiful Moonstone from India and he knew that disaster\* will follow the thief of the stone and all who receive it after him.

And on the same night that Rachel is given the stone, it is stolen again. Who took it, from a locked house, surrounded by guard dogs? And what is the secret that Rachel will not tell anyone? The curse of the Moonstone is beginning . . .

Wilkie Collins has been called “the father of the English detective story”. He was born in London in 1824 and educated there for a few years. But his real education came on a two-year tour of Italy with his family from 1836 to 1838.

For a short time, he worked for a tea company, and also studied law, but he was already writing in his teens. By 1848 he had published his first book, the life story of his father, a painter. *Atonina*, a historical story, followed this in 1850. But he found his true direction in *Basil* (1852), which is a story of mystery and crime.

His best work was written in the 1860s: *The Woman in White* (1860), *No Name* (1862), *Annadale* (1866), and *The Moonstone* (1868). These were the first full-length\* detective stories in English and were extremely popular. He wrote fifteen more

books after these four but never equalled their quality, possibly because in his later years he suffered health problems and took opium\* to fight the pain. Wilkie Collins died in 1889.

# 内 容 简 介

“看，加布里埃尔！”雷切尔喊道，宝石在阳光下熠熠发光。这宝石大如鸟蛋，色如满月，深黄色的光泽摄住你的目光以致四周的一切黯然失色。

当约翰·赫恩卡索上校——一个不讨人喜欢的孤老头——在英国去世时，留下了一颗宝石给他侄女雷切尔，作为她18岁生日礼物。

然而，宝石并不是礼物，而是个祸害。因为月亮宝石是上校从印度人手里抢夺来的，他也知道灾难总会伴随着任何一个拥有它的人。

在雷切尔得到宝石的当天夜晚，宝石又被窃了。有看家护院的狗、门户又紧锁着的情况下，是谁偷走了宝石？雷切尔不会告诉任何人的秘密又是什么呢？月亮宝石带来的灾难就这样发生了……

被誉为“英国侦探小说之父”的威尔基·柯林斯于1824年生于伦敦，并在那里接受了几年的教育。而他真正的教育来自于1836年至1838年同家人的两年意大利之行。

他在一家茶叶公司工作了很短的一段时间，这期间也学习了法律。而他从十几岁就开始写作了。1848年，他的第一本书——关于他父亲（一位画家）的故事出版了。紧随其后，1850年出版了历史小说《安东尼纳》。但他是在《巴泽尔》（1852年）这部书中找到了自己的写作方向的，这是一个充满神秘和罪恶的故事。

他的最佳作品都是在19世纪60年代完成的：《白衣女人》（1860年），《无名》（1862年），《安娜戴尔》（1866年）以及《月亮宝石》（1868年）。这些是第一批长篇英文侦探小说，极受读者喜爱。在这之后，他又写了15本书，但再也达不到原有的水平，也许是因为他在晚年饱受疾病的困扰而不得不靠鸦片缓解苦痛的缘故。威尔基·柯林斯于1889年去世。

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## Taken from an Old Family Letter

*I am writing to my family to explain why I am no longer my cousin's friend, and to end the misunderstanding my silence has caused.*

*My disagreement with my cousin, John Herncastle, began in India in 1791, during the capture\* of the town of Seringapatam under General\* Baird. Before the battle the camp was alive with\* talk of gold and jewels in the Palace of Seringapatam, and particularly of a huge yellow diamond. Ancient Indian writings describe the diamond, known as the Moonstone, whose place was originally in the forehead\* of the Hindu God of the Moon.*

*In the eleventh century a golden temple was built for the Moon-God in the holy city of Benares. The god Vishnu appeared in a dream to the three priests\* who guarded the diamond. He ordered that it should continue to be guarded by three priests, night and day until the end of time. Vishnu foresaw\* disaster for anyone who might take the holy stone, disaster for his family and for all those who received it after him.*

*For centuries, three priests kept watching over the Moonstone until, in the early eighteenth century, the temple was destroyed by a Muslim\* army. Their leader, Aurungzebe, broke up\* the Moon-God and took the jewel. Powerless to get back their holy treasure by force, the priests followed the Muslim army, watching and waiting.*

*Many years went by, Aurungzebe died a terrible death, and the Moonstone passed (carrying disaster with it) from one unlucky hand to another, always accompanied\* by three priests, waiting for their chance. In 1794, the Sultan\* of Seringapatam fitted the jewel into the handle of one of his ceremonial\* knives. Unknown to him, three Hindus, disguised\* as servants, were keeping watch in his palace.*

*The night before the attack I and other officers laughed at my cousin when he became angry with us for not taking the story seriously.*



*"The Moonstone will have its revenge on you and your family!"  
cried the Indian before dying.*

*We entered the palace at dusk\* the next day. The day's fighting had whipped\* my cousin into an excitement close to madness. I was sent to stop soldiers stealing gold and jewels. While I was trying to control the men I heard terrible screams. Rushing through a door I saw two Indians lying dead and a third, badly wounded, falling beside Herncastle who held a long knife, dripping\* with blood. A large precious stone in the handle flashed as he turned to me. "The Moonstone will have its revenge\* on you and your family!" cried the Indian before dying. Herncastle turned to me, laughing like a madman, staring at the jewel. Soldiers came in. "Clear the room!" he shouted. I did so and left immediately, horrified\* by what I had seen.*

## PART 1 THE LOSS OF THE DIAMOND

*The events told by Gabriel Betteredge,  
Head Servant of Lady Julia Verinder*

### Chapter 1 A Record of the Facts

This morning (May 21st, 1850), my lady's nephew, Mr Franklin Blake, said to me: "Betteredge, I've seen Mr Bruff, our lawyer, and we talked about the loss of the diamond two years ago. He thinks a complete record of the facts ought to be put down\* in writing. And I agree with him. The story should be told and I believe we've found a way to do it. Everyone will tell their part of the story in turn, beginning at the beginning. I have a letter telling how my uncle got hold of the diamond in India. Next we must tell how the stone reached my aunt's house in Yorkshire two years ago; and then, of course, how it was lost twelve hours after it was given to Rachel. Nobody knows more than you, dear Betteredge, about what went on in the house during that time. So your narrative\* must be the first."

I have a clear memory for a man of over seventy. However, I did what you probably would have done: I modestly declared that I was incapable of such a task. But young Mr Franklin insisted, and here I am at my desk two hours later, realizing I may have bitten off more than I can chew\*. Oh, well, here goes . . .



I worked for Lord Herncastle, and after he died, when Miss Julia, his youngest daughter, married Sir John Verinder, I came with her to Sir John's house here in Yorkshire. I married a local girl, but five years later she died, poor soul\*, leaving me with my little girl, Penelope. Soon afterwards,

Sir John died and my lady was left with her only child, Miss Rachel. My lady made sure that Penelope was educated, and when she was old enough she became Miss Rachel's maid.

My lady promoted\* me. I became manager of her farms in Yorkshire and carried on this work until, on Christmas Day 1847, my lady invited me to tea. "Gabriel," she said, "it is time to work less. From today you will give up the outdoor work and simply look after the servants here in the house." I protested\*, but looking out over the cold grey hills I knew she was right.

## Chapter 2 Three Indian Men

I shall begin with the morning of 24th May, 1848. My lady called me into her sitting-room. "My nephew, Franklin Blake, has returned from abroad," she said. "He is coming to stay until Rachel's birthday next month. He will arrive tomorrow." I calculated\* he was twenty-five years old. I hadn't seen him since he was a boy – the nicest little boy I've ever known. The fun he and Rachel had playing together! He'd gone abroad, to schools in Germany, Italy and France, and had then wandered around Europe, no doubt borrowing everywhere he went (I remembered he still owed me a halfpenny). He spent money like water – probably on those Continental\* women he mentioned to me in a letter once. His yearly allowance\* of seven hundred pounds disappeared in an instant!

Next morning, my lady and Miss Rachel, expecting Mr Franklin at dinner time, drove out to lunch with friends. I inspected\* our guest's bedroom, left a bottle of wine to warm in the soft summer air, and was about to sit down outside in my favourite chair when I heard a sound like a drum. I went round

to the front of the house. Three dark-skinned Indian men in white coats, each with a drum, were looking at the house. Behind them stood a small English boy. One of them, a man of most elegant\* manners, told me in excellent English that they were travelling magicians\*. He asked permission to perform tricks to my lady. I said she was out and ordered them to leave. The man bowed beautifully and they left. I returned to my chair until Penelope woke me, excited, saying the Indians were planning to do some kind of harm to Mr Franklin. She was in the garden when they left. On the road, thinking they were unseen, one of them had poured ink into the boy's hand and made signs over his head. "Can you see the Englishman from abroad?" the Indian asked him. "I see him," said the boy, staring at the ink. "Has he got *It* with him?" asked the man. "Yes," answered the boy. "Will he come here tonight as he said?" asked another. "I can't see any more," said the boy. "My mind is full of fog." They made more signs over the boy, woke him up, and walked off towards town.

Penelope was sick with worry. "Father, what does *It* mean?"

"We'll ask Mr Franklin when he comes," I replied.

### Chapter 3 The Will

I was nearly asleep again when Nancy, the kitchen maid, rushed out, bumping into my chair. "I'm sorry, sir," she said. "But Rosanna's late for dinner again. She fainted\* again this morning, and asked to go out for some air. She'll be at the Shivering Sand, no doubt." I had a kind of pity for Rosanna so I decided to fetch her myself.

Four months before, in London, my lady had visited a home for women who had just been released from prison. She met

Rosanna Spearman, who had been a thief, an extremely plain-looking girl with a deformed\* shoulder. The Director recommended\* her, saying she deserved a second chance. A week later, she began as our second housemaid.

Only my lady, Miss Rachel and I knew about her past, and Rosanna was grateful for our trust in her. She was hard-working and polite, but the servants didn't like her silent, lonely ways. They thought she thought she was superior to\* them.

Our house is near the sea, with beautiful walks in all directions. But a quarter of a mile away is an ugly, lonely little bay that has the most horrible quicksands\*. When the tide turns, something happens down under the surface. The whole face of the quicksand begins to tremble. No boat ever comes into that bay – even the birds seem to avoid it. Yet it was Rosanna's favourite place.

When I arrived, I saw her sitting in the grey coat she wore to hide her shoulder, looking out to sea. She was crying. I gave her my handkerchief, sat down beside her, and asked her what was wrong. "It's my past, sir," she said, drying her eyes. "You must forget all that," I said. She took my hand and squeezed\* it. "Why do you like this miserable place?" I asked. "A strange kind of magic seems to pull me here," she replied. "Sometimes I think my grave is waiting for me here." She put her hand on my shoulder. "Dear Mr Betteredge, I'm trying to deserve your trust, but sometimes I feel there's no future for me here." She pointed at the quicksand. "Look!" she said. The tide was turning. The whole face of the sands was beginning to tremble. "Isn't it wonderful? Isn't it terrible?" she cried. "Throw a stone in, sir. Watch the sand suck it down!"

I heard a voice shout, "Betteredge!" Rosanna jumped up and looked towards the woods behind us. I was astonished by the sudden change in her. Her cheeks turned a beautiful red, her whole being seemed to brighten with a kind of breathless

surprise. I looked round and saw a handsome, beautifully dressed young gentleman coming out of the trees. His smile would have made even the quicksand smile. He sat down beside me, put his arm around me and said, "Dear old Betteredge, I owe you a halfpenny." He looked up at Rosanna, their eyes met and her cheeks went an even deeper red. Seemingly confused, she turned and left us suddenly. It was very unlike her. "She's an odd one," said Mr Franklin. "Why on earth did she do that?" I couldn't – then – offer any explanation for her behaviour.

"Welcome back, Mr Franklin," I said. He had changed, but he still had the same bright, straightforward look in his eyes. "I've a reason for coming earlier than expected," he said. "I've been followed by a dark-skinned man in London for the last few days. I took an early train to lose him. Tell me about those Indians who came today."

"How on earth do you know about them?" I asked.

"I saw Penelope. 'My father will tell you all about the magicians,' she said. She's pretty, Betteredge, and she says your edge is better than ever!" His gay\* mood died away when I told him. Looking worried, he took a small packet from his pocket. *It means this*," he said. "My wicked uncle's famous diamond. He left it to Rachel in his will. My father, who is managing his brother's affairs, gave it to me to bring here. The will states that it must be given to her on her birthday."

"Your father is managing his affairs!" I said. "He hated him! So did my lady. She forbade him to ever enter her house again."

Let me explain. It became public knowledge that Colonel Herncastle had got possession of the Moonstone in dishonest circumstances\*. When he returned from India, he was avoided by everyone. For years he led a lonely life, never showing the diamond to anyone. It was said that he was afraid it would cost him his life. Almost two years ago, he came to my lady's



house in London, on the night of Miss Rachel's birthday. I was told a gentleman wanted to see me. I left the party upstairs and met him in the hall. He was old, wasted\*, but looked as wild and wicked\* as ever. "Tell my sister," he said, "that I have come to wish my niece a happy birthday." I went upstairs with the message. Controlling her anger, my lady said coldly, "Tell Colonel Herncastle that Rachel is busy, and that I do not wish to see him." When I told the Colonel downstairs his grey eyes settled on me and he laughed softly. "Thank you, Betteredge," he said. "Never mind. I shall remember my niece's birthday in the future." He left without another word, and the next I heard of him was that he had died, six months ago.

Mr Franklin tapped the packet. "I have made some interesting discoveries at Mr Bruff's office," he said. "An old family letter says that *It* was the object of an ancient holy curse, and also the object of a promise by three Hindu priests. If the Colonel knew this – and he almost certainly did – was he deliberately\* trying to pass on the curse to the sister he hated, by giving *It* to her innocent daughter?"

I couldn't understand my own alarm. Who, in this age of progress, could believe that the peace of our English country house could be suddenly ruined by an Indian diamond with a Hindu curse on it?

Mr Franklin read my thoughts. "I noticed the man following me after I took the stone out of the bank." He looked around him suspiciously\*. "You must understand that the idea of chosen servants of an old Hindu superstition\* waiting for years for the opportunity to get back their holy stone is perfectly normal – in the Oriental\* way of thinking, that is. Their religion has given them a different idea of patience\* to ours. The Colonel knew this, and made clever arrangements to hide the stone during his lifetime." He lay down. "I don't want to alarm my aunt unnecessarily," he said, staring up at the