Chapter 6 A Fresh Life and Old Friends

* **Discuss the Question**

1. Have you ever parted with your old friends? How do you feel?
2. How can we adapt to a new environment quickly?

* **Read by Yourself**

I spent the next few days with my head in the clouds, overjoyed at my new life with Aunt Betsey and Mr Dick. Then one morning, Aunt Betsey said, “Trotwood, we are off to Canterbury today to visit your new school. We will stop on the way at my solicitor’s. Mr Wickfield is someone whose opinion I greatly value.”

At the mention of school, memories of Salem House and Mr Creakle spun1 through my mind. But I felt sure that Aunt Betsey would never send me to that kind of school.

The door of Mr Wickfield’s house in Canterbury was opened by a bony, red-haired boy of about fifteen. His pale, resentful2 face seemed old for his years, and I couldn’t help noticing that his red-brown eyes had no eyelashes. Instinctively3 I disliked the way he seemed to fawn on us, wringing his hands and smiling in a very unpleasant way.

“Uriah Heep, would you tell Mr Wickfield we are here?” asked my aunt as we went in.

Mr Wickfield had white hair, and looked as if he had a lot on his mind. But he had a kind smile and he was clearly very fond of my aunt.

“So this is your great nephew?” he asked.

“That’s right,” nodded Aunt Betsey. “I would like you to come with me and choose a school for him, Mr Wickfield.”

When the two of them returned they were both full of praise for the school they’d visited.

“It’ll be perfect for Trotwood,” Aunt Betsey declared, “but where can he live?”

“He could lodge here with us,” suggested Mr Wickfield.

I had already decided I liked Mr Wickfield with his gentle, gracious4 manner, and I was ever more certain when I met his daughter, Agnes.

She was so sweet-natured and full of life. It was clear to me that we’d become very good friends.

1spin /spɪn/ *v.*

(使) 快速旋转

2resentful /rɪˈzentfl/

*adj.* 感到气愤的

3instinctively

/ɪnˈstɪŋktɪvli/ *adv.*

本能地，凭直觉

4gracious /ˈɡreɪʃəs/ *adj.*

(尤指对社会地位较低者) 和蔼的，慈祥的

The next day I started at my new school. It was as different from Salem House as good is from evil. While Mr Creakle had been a violent bully, my new headmaster, Doctor Strong, was kind and gentle. The schoolroom was a large, well-lit hall and the sheltered gardens were full of peach trees. I knew immediately that I’d be very happy there.

I was even happier at home with the Wickfields, but I still disliked Uriah Heep, the law student. There was something about him that made me very uncomfortable, and he was always staring at me with his pale eyes, as if he hated me too.

“Are you aiming to be Mr Wickfield's partne in law, when you’ve qualified?” I asked him on evening.

Uriah rubbed his pale hands together and his body writhed5 in a most horrible way. “Oh no,” he oozed6, “I’m much too ’umble for a job like that. But you, Master Copperfield, are a gentleman. Maybe it will be you who become his legal partner.”

I shook my head. The thought hadn’t even crossed my mind.

“I would be honoured if you would come to have tea with my mother and I at our most ’umble home,” he went on, bowing low.

His invitation was such a surprise that I couldn't think of an excuse, and so a couple of days later, I found myself sitting in Uriah’s parlour with his mother. She seemed to writhe as she spoke, just like Uriah.

“We are so delighted you are sitting in our ’umble home,” she wheedled7.

Before I could speak, the two of them started fring questions at me.

“How long are you going to stay with the Wickfields?”

“What do you know about Mr Wickfield’s law business?”

“What do you think of his daughter, Agnes?”

They were like a pair of dentists8 pulling out a painful tooth. They managed to squeeze information out of me, and I told them a lot more than I meant to. I also realized that Uriah felt *threatened* by me. I guessed he really did wan to be Mr Wickfield’s law partner and saw me as his rival.

Luckily, I was saved from any more of this grilling9 by a man outside. He walked past the house, looked in, doubled back and strode inside.

“Copperfield!” cried the man. “Is it possible?”

5writhe /raɪð/ *v.*

(常指因剧痛不停地) 扭动，翻滚

6ooz /uːz/ *v.* (浓液体) 渗出，慢慢流出

7wheedle /ˈwiːdl/ *v.*

(用言语) 哄

8dentist /ˈdentɪst/ *n.*

牙医

9grilling /ˈɡrɪlɪŋ/ *n.*

盘问，责问，审问(的一段时间);

I stared in amazement. It was Mr Micawber! I introduced him to Uriah and Mrs Heep, and it seemed as though Mr Micawber would stand and talk forever. In the end, I said, “I can’t wait to see Mrs Micawber again,” and finally managed to steer10 him out of the house. I was delighted to escape!

Mr and Mrs Micawber treated me to a splendid supper that evening, but I was saddened to discover that they still owed a great deal of money. It didn’t seem that their saving plans had been put into practice. And they owed even more after the supper!

Later that night I was sitting in my room, when who should I spot out of the window? It was Mr Micawber again. He was strolling11 along the pavement12, very deep in conversation with Uriah Heep. A chill slid13 over my body. The more I thought about Uriah, the more uncomfortable I became. Was he plotting something? What did he want with Mr Micawber?

10steer /stɪə(r)/ *v.*

驾驶(船、汽车等); 控制; 引导

11stroll /strəʊl/ *v.*

散步; 溜达; 闲逛

12pavement /ˈpeɪvmənt/

*n.* 人行道

13slide /slaɪd/ *v.*

(使) 滑行，滑动

* **Check Your Understanding**

1. What did Aunt Betsey decide to do with me?

1. How was the new school different from Salem House?

1. Who did I meet at Mr. Wickfield’s house?

|  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| Name | **Job** | **Appearance** | **Character** |
| Mr. Wickfield |  |  |  |
| Agnes |  |  |  |
| Uriah Heep |  |  |  |

1. Why do you think Uriah invite me to his home?

* **Share Your Opinion**

The title of Chapter 6 is “A Fresh Life and Old Friends”. How do you understand the title “A Fresh Life and Old Friends”?

Chapter 7 Agnes’s Warnings

* **Discuss the Question**

1. Have you ever made some important decisions in your life? If you do, what factors will you

take into consideration when making decisions?

* **Read by Yourself**

My time at Doctor Strong’s school passed very quickly and soon I was facing a new future out in the world. The only problem was I didn’t know what I wanted to do.

“Now you’ve stopped being a schoolboy, you need a break. Clear your head. Why don’t you go and visit that family with the strange name,” suggested Aunt Betsey.

“You mean the Peggottys, Aunt,” I cried. “I should love to visit them!”

“You could spend a night in London on the way,” continued Aunt Betsey. “See the sights.”

So a few days later, I found myself on a coach heading for London. On the way we passed Salem House. I stared at the high walls and shuddered1 as I thought of Mr Creakle. How I would have loved to storm inside and let all of the boys escape—like freeing caged sparrows2.

I rented a room in a hotel near Charing Cross, amazed at my own daring. As I was waiting for supper, I saw a young man stride3 into the hotel and I recognized him immediately.

“Steerforth!” I cried with joy, hurrying over to his side.

He looked at me blankly for a few seconds, and then suddenly realised who I was. “Little Copperfield” he exclaimed4, with surprise. “What are you doing here?”

“I’m going down to Yarmouth to see Peggotty and Dan,” I told him. “Why don’t you come with me?”

“I’ve nothing to do,” he agreed carelessly. “So why not?”

We arrived at Dan Peggotty’s in the middle of a joyful celebration.

“What’s happening?” I asked, when I heard the laughter and saw the smiles on everyone’s faces.

“Ham and Emily have just announced their engagement5!” cried Dan, beaming with happiness.

I was delighted for them, and Steerforth immediately made himself popular with everyone, giving compliments6, telling stories and making us all laugh. It was after midnight when we left Dan’s house and set out for our lodgings.

1shudder /ˈʃʌdə(r)/ *v.*

(因寒冷、害怕或激动) 发抖

2sparrow /ˈspærəʊ/

*n.* 麻雀

3stride /straɪd/ *v.*

大步走; 阔步行走

4exclaim /ɪkˈskleɪm/ *v.*

(由于强烈的情感或痛苦而) 惊叫，呼喊;

5engagement /ɪnˈɡeɪdʒmənt/ *n.*

订婚

6compliment

/ˈkɒmplɪmənt / *n.*

赞扬; 称赞

4gracious /ˈɡreɪʃəs/ *adj.*

(尤指对社会地位较低者) 和蔼的，慈祥的

“Emily is very beautiful,” said Steerforth thoughtfully.

“I agree,” I grinned7. “She and Ham will make an excellent couple.”

Steerforth frowned. “I’m not sure about that,” he said. “I don’t think Ham is good enough for Emily.”

I stopped and eyed Steerforth with shock. “That’s a pretty harsh thing to say!” I protested.

A twinkle of laughter appeared in Steerforth’s eyes and I thought he was joking. But later, I realised how stupid I had been not to realise what was happening.

The following morning, I asked Steerforth if he wanted to come over to my childhood home with me.

“Thanks, Copperfield, he replied quickly, “but the sea is calling me.” Steerforth was an excellent sailor and he claimed to want to go sailing down the coast.

Going back to my old house was a strange and sad experience. The garden had run wild and half of the windows had been shut up. The Murdstones had clearly moved on.

The next day, and the next, I went walking near my old home while Steerforth went sailing. One evening I returned and was surprised to find Steerforth, slumped8 in front of the fire, lost in thought.

“How was boating today?” I asked him.

My voice gave him a start and he looked gloomily9 into the fire.

“What's the matter?” I asked.

“It’s just me, Copperfield,” he muttered. “I’m feeling very low today.”

“What do you mean?” I asked, but he went on staring into the fire and didn’t reply.

I was puzzled by Steerforth’s odd behaviour, but he wasn’t the only one who was acting strangely. Emily had suddenly become nervous and moody. One night when we were all together, she suddenly burst out crying. “You should have chosen someone better than me!” she sobbed to Ham. “I’m no good for you!”

I was amazed by this outburst. Ham and Emily seemed to be so in love. Had something gone wrong between them? I just couldn’t work it out.

At last I had to return to Dover to decide on my future. Aunt Betsey and I talked about what I was going to do, and eventually we decided that I should become a lawyer.

7grin /ɡrɪn/ *v.*

露齿而笑; 咧着嘴笑

8slump /slʌmp/ *v.*

重重地坐下(或倒下)

9gloomily /ˈglu:mili/

*adv.* 阴沉地；阴郁地

“I have arranged for us to visit the office of a law firm in London called Spenlow and Jorkins,” she told me one day. “I’m hoping they’ll offer you a job.”

To my excitement, Mr Spenlow agreed to take me on. “But there is one condition,” he explained pleasantly. “You need to pay one thousand pounds to cover our training costs.”

My heart sank. One thousand pounds! It was a huge sum of money.

“Agreed,” replied Aunt Betsey.

I turned to her in astonishment10. “I can’t let you pay!” I insisted. “I really can’t.”

“Nonsense!” she replied. “I shall spend my money as I wish.”

That same day she found me a comfortable set of rooms overlooking the river Thames. I couldn’t believe my luck! I was so grateful to Aunt Betsey for her kindness and generosity. Life in London was going to be good. It was in this happy state of mind that I received a surprise visitor—my good friend, Agnes Wickfield.

I could instantly see from her face that something serious was troubling her.

“I’m very worried about one of your friends,” she told me.

I pulled a face. “And who’s that?” I asked.

“Steerforth,” she replied.

“Steerforth!” I cried. “What’s the matter with him?”

“All I’m saying is that I know he’s kind and charming, but he’s also rich and used to having everything he wants...”

“I won’t hear of it!” I protested. “Steerforth’s one of my oldest friends!”

Agnes could see how strongly I felt, so she quickly dropped the subject and moved on.

“I also need to talk to you about Uriah Heep,” she said. “I’m scared that he has some kind of hold over my father and he’s using it to hurt him. I’m sure Uriah wants to become his partner in the firm.”

“The worm11!” I declared with outrage, as I remembered Uriah's insistence that he was too “’umble” ever to be Mr Wickfield’s partner. “You must stop this happening, Agnes!”

“I can’t,” she replied and she blushed. “Uriah knows my father isn’t as quick as he used to be, and he plays games with him.”

I guessed that Uriah must have tricked Mr Wickfield into making some bad mistakes in his work. Perhaps Uriah was threatening to reveal12 his errors to the outside world to ruin his legal career.

10astonishment /əˈstɒnɪʃmənt/ *n.*

惊讶; 惊异

11worm /wɜːm/

*n.* 蠕虫；寄生虫

12reveal /rɪˈviːl/

*v.* 揭示; 显示

23put up with

忍受；容忍

24snap /snæp/ *v.* 厉声说; 怒气冲冲地说

25flater /flater/ *v.*

结巴地说; 支吾其词

26forvbid /fəˈbɪd/ *v.*

禁止; 不准

“I’ll deal with Uriah!” I seethed13.

“Please don’t do anything!” Agnes begged me. “It would just cause more trouble for my father. Be friendly towards Uriah. That way you may find out exactly what he’s up to.”

I had to admit that Agnes was right. Uriah was a powerful enemy and if I let him know how I felt he would be on his guard. I promised to hold my temper and to try to discover what his plans were.

Not long after this, Agnes and I were at a party where he too was a guest. His slimy13 behaviour was almost unbearable that night. Whenever I spoke to Agnes, he hovered14 nearby, listening in to our conversation. I could hardly bear it. But I remembered the promise I'd made to Agnes and as the party drew to a close, I approached him.

“Uriah,” I said, forcing myself to look friendly, “why don’t you come back to my rooms for coffee?”

He leaped at the chance. “Oh what an honour it is for an ’umble person like myself to be invited to the rooms of such a person as yourself,” he oozed.

And so, a short time later that night, Uriah sat at my table.

“It’s a shame about Mr Wickfield,” he said, pretending to sigh. “He has got himself into so much trouble. He’s very lucky to have me around to help him. And if I wasn’t to help him...”

Uriah looked at me with a cold, calculating15 glare, “... things would go very ’ard for him. Very ’ard.”

“Liar!” I thought. “You’re the one who has got him into trouble!”

“But it’s not Mr Wickfield I have my eye on,” Uriah said, leaning forward and rubbing his clammy16 hands together. “I have a soft spot for his daughter, Agnes.”

I felt my blood boil. Uriah had plans to marry Agnes! He wasn’t fit to wipe dirt off her shoes.

I thought of challenging him to a fight, but I resisted.

“Have you told Agnes of your feelings?” I managed to say.

“Oh no,” replied Uriah, “and I would appreciate it if you said nothing. Let’s keep it as our little secret.” And he smiled in a slimy, unpleasant way that made me shudder.

I found it almost impossible to sleep that night. I tossed and turned17 as the thought of Uriah scheming18 to marry Agnes was simply too horrible to consider.

13seethe /siːð/ *v.*

强压怒火; 生闷气

13slimy /ˈslaɪmi/ *adj.*

似泥浆的; 谄媚的

14hover /ˈhɒvə(r)/ *v.*

翱翔; 盘旋

15calculate /ˈkælkjuleɪt/ *v.* 计算; 核算

16clammy /ˈklæmi/ *adj.*

黏糊糊的; 湿漉漉的

17toss and turn

辗转反侧

18scheme /[ski:m/ *v.*

密谋; 秘密策划

* **Check Your Understanding**

1. How did I feel towards Salem House?

1. Who did I meet in London unexpectedly? How did we?

3. What were the Peggotty’s celebrating?

4. What did Steerforth think about the engagement? Why would you say that?

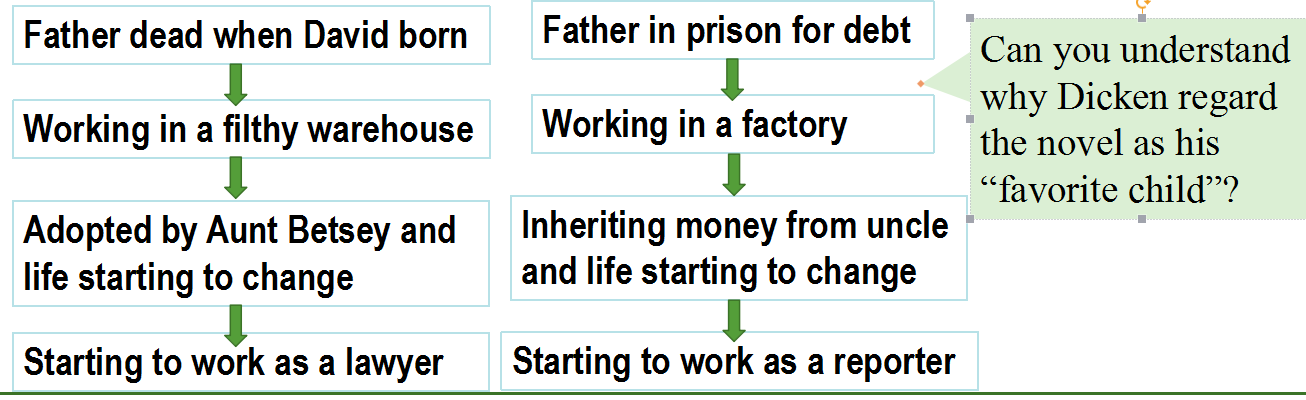
5. How did Steerforth behave strangely one evening? What can you infer about him from his odd behavior?

6. What kind of profession did I decide to take on?

7. Why did I invite Uriah for a coffee after the party?

* **Share Your Opinion**

1. Find sentences that describe Uriah. Do you think what kind of people Uriah Heep is.
2. Up to this chapter, can you compare the life track of David’s with Dicken’s?



Chapter 8 Bad News From the Peggottys

* **Discuss the Question**

1. Have you ever done something that you regretted later?
2. How will you make up for the loss?

* **Read by Yourself**

1errand /ˈerənd/ *n.*

差使; 差事

2offhand /ˌɒfˈhænd/

*adj.* 漫不经心的; 不在乎的

3despair /dɪˈspeə(r)/ *n.*

绝望

4gracious /ˈɡreɪʃəs/ *adj.*

(尤指对社会地位较低者) 和蔼的，慈祥的

But something was about to happen that would send all thoughts of Agnes and Uriah out of my mind—at least for a while. I fell in love with Mr Spenlow’s daughter, Dora.

To me, Dora was the most beautiful creature in the world and I would walk right across London from north to south, just for the chance to see the light at her window.

I would stand for hours, waiting for a glimps of my beloved, as she set out on an errand1 with her little dog Jip. I could imagine no greater joy than to sit in the same room with her and to hear her voice.

Can you imagine how madly happy I was the day I discovered that Dora loved me! It was too great a miracle and we became secretly engaged to be married.

Mr Spenlow had always liked me, and would probably have been happy for me to marry his only daughter as long as I was wealthy. But something terrible had happened. My poor Aunt Betsey had lost all her money.

I worried and worried how I could save money. In the end I decided to explain to Mr Spenlow what had happened to Aunt Betsey, and ask him to give back the thousand pounds that my aunt had handed over when I joined the frm. He had always been very encouraging about my work, and I hoped that he might still keep me on, even after he had returned the money.

To my astonishment he became very cool. He explained in a very offhand2 way that it was quite impossible. I was thrown into the depth of despair3. I wrote letter after letter to Dora, telling her how much I loved her. But how could we ever be together? Her father would never agree to our marriage now he knew I had no money.

One day, shortly after my meeting with Mr Spenlow, he asked to see me. “What are the meaning of these letters you’ve been sending to my daughter?” he demanded.

“I love your daughter and we are engaged,” I declared.

“Nonsense!”exploded Mr Spenlow. “You will not talk of engagement.”

4stammer /ˈstæmə(r)/ *v.*

口吃; 结结巴巴地说

5prospect /ˈprɒspekt/

*n.* 希望; 前景

6twists and turns 曲折

7shrug /ʃrʌɡ/ *v.*

耸肩(表示不知道或不在乎)

8passionate /ˈpæʃənət/

*adj.* 热诚的; 狂热的

“But... but,” I stammered4.

“No!” raged Mr Spenlow. “We will throw these letters in the fire and forget all about them!” When I seemed rich, Mr Spenlow had thought well of me. Now I had no prospects5, he’d obviously changed his mind.

But life has a strange habit of taking twists and turns6 that we do not expect. To everyone's amazement, Mr Spenlow, who had seemed quite strong and healthy, suddenly had a heart attack and died. Poor Dora was now left an orphan, as her mother had already died some years ago. I was of course very sorry, but I could not help hoping that in time, Dora and I might be together.

Meanwhile, as I could no longer continue with my law career, I decided to try to earn my living as a journalist. I was always very busy and rarely had time to see my friend Steerforth. While he, having no money worries, spent much of his time sailing in Yarmouth.

“How are Dan, Peggotty, Ham and Emily,” I asked when we did get to meet. It seemed so many months since I had been in their warm and friendly home.

“I’ve hardly seen them,” Steerforth said, with a shrug7 of his shoulders. I found that strange as the Peggottys had seemed to like him so much.

But Steerforth always did things in his own way, without consulting anyone else, so I did not press him further.

However, when I received a letter from Peggotty to say that her husband was seriously ill, Steerforth agreed to make the trip to Yarmouth again with me.

When we got down to Yarmouth, I dropped in to see Dan in his barge house. He was just the same as ever. But I was shocked when I set eyes on Emily. She was so changed. Gone was the beautiful, passionate8 young woman I’d always known, to be replaced by a silent, trembling figure who clung to her Uncle Dan all of the time.

Peggotty’s husband died while I was there, and the arrangements for the funeral took everything else out of my mind. But I arranged to meet Emily and Ham as soon as I could. When I reached the barge house, Ham was alone.

“Can I have a word with you?” Ham asked me.

“Of course,” I replied.

Ham’s face was a ghostly pale.

“What is it?” I asked, filled with a sudden terror. His voice quivered with despair. “My...my dea Emily has...has run away.”

9wicked /ˈwɪkɪd/ *adj.*

邪恶的; 缺德的

10sheen /ʃiːn/ *n.*

光泽; 光辉

11vague /veɪɡ/ *adj.*

模糊的; 不具体的

12groan /ɡrəʊn/ *v.*

呻吟; 叹息

13alight /əˈlaɪt/ *adj.*

燃烧; 着火

14gritted teeth 咬牙切齿；咬紧牙关

He handed me a letter in Emily’s writing.

*“...When you who love me so much better than I have ever deserved, see this, I shall be far away...I will never come back, unless he brings me back a lady. Rub me out of your life, Ham, for I am truly wicked*9*.*

*My last tears and love to my dear Uncle Dan.”*

As I read and re-read the letter with shock, Dan Peggotty joined us.

“Where’s Emily?” he asked cheerfully.

Ham handed him Emily’s letter. Dan’s face clouded over with a dark sheen10 of fury.

“Emily’s letter says ‘he’,” said Dan in a rage. “It’s *him*, isn’t it? It's Steerforth.”

Ham nodded, too unhappy to speak.

I sank down into a chair, completely shattered. So that was why Steerforth had been so vague11 about all of his sailing trips down in Yarmouth. He hadn’t been sailing at all. He’d been trying to persuade Emily to run away with him! How could he have done this to the Peggottys?

“You mustn’t blame yourself, Master Davy,” said Ham. “It’s not your fault.”

“Of course it’s my fault,” I groaned12. “If it wasn’t for me, Emily would never have met Steerforth.”

As I sank deeper into my chair, Dan Peggotty grabbed his coat.

“Where are you going?” asked Ham.

“I’m going to find Emily,” replied Dan, his eyes alight13 with determination.

“But she could be anywhere in the whole world!” cried Ham.

“Then I’ll search the whole world,” replied Dan through gritted14 teeth. “”I will find her and bring her back!“”

* **Check Your Understanding**

1. What does “something” refer to in Paragraph 1?

1. How does the writer show David’s love for Dora?

3. How did David feel when David found he and Dora both loved each other?

4. How did Mr. Spenlow react to David and Dora’s secret engagement?

5. What kind of people is Mr. Spenlow?

6. Why was David surprised to see Emily?

7. How did David feel toward Emily’s leaving?

* **Share Your Opinion**

1. In this Chapter, we knew when David met Emily later he found Emily had changed so much.

Why do you think Emily changed greatly?

1. Why do you think Emily ran away with Steerforth? Try to analyze the reasons from different

perspectives.

Chapter 9 Uriah Heep’s Scheme

* **Discuss the Question**

1. Have you ever met someone who is very bad?
2. How would you feel if you are trapped in a scheme?

* **Read by Yourself**

1betray /bɪˈtreɪ/ *v.*

出卖; 泄露(机密)

2malicious /məˈlɪʃəs/

*adj.* 怀有恶意的

3meddle /ˈmedl/ *v.*

管闲事; 干涉

3despair /dɪˈspeə(r)/ *n.*

绝望

4fraud /frɔ:d/ *n.*

欺诈罪; 欺骗罪

5treachery /ˈtretʃəri/ *n.*

背叛; 背信弃义

6plot /plɒt/ *n.*

故事情节; 阴谋

7fawn /fɔ:n/ *v.*

恭维; 讨好; 巴结

8flutter /ˈflʌtə(r)/ *v.*

(使) 飘动，挥动

9torture /ˈtɔ:tʃə(r)/ *v.*

拷打; 拷问

10falteringly

/ˈfɔ:ltərɪŋli/ *adv.*

迟疑地；彷徨地

11wail /weɪl/ *v.*

(因悲伤或疼痛) 哭号，恸哭

11snarl /snɑ:l/ *v.*

龇牙低吼; 咆哮着说

In the days after that terrible discovery, I went over and over everything that had happened. Agnes had been right yet again. Steerfortho had behaved very badly and I was ashamed of him—but I still could not believe that he was wholly evil. He had betrayed1 his friends through selfishness, but he had not meant to do them harm.

Uriah Heep on the other hand, intended every malicious2 act.

Mr Wickfield had employed Mr Micawber as his clerk. At first Mr Micawber was delighted with his new job, but it wasn’t long before Uriah was meddling3 in Mr Micawber’s affairs, pushing him deeper into debt and further into his power.

One night, Agnes visited me in my rooms, looking exhausted and unhappy. “Uriah Heep is now in partnership with my father,” she told me. “And Father is completely in his power.”

So Uriah had finally got his way!

“Uriah and his mother now live with us,” Agnes continued, “and Uriah is always at mysi father’s side. He hides lots of papers from us. I'm sure he’s scheming some even worse sort of fraud4 or treachery5.”

I wondered if Agnes knew that Uriah wanted to marry her. But she seemed unaware of his plot6 and I didn’t want to make her even unhappier.

I was determined Uriah should never get his way. So a few days later I went down to see Mr Wickfield in Canterbury. Uriah was fawning7 and fluttering8 around the older man, who was trembling and anxious. But my arrival seemed to give Mr Wickfield the courage to cry out for help.

“That man is my torturer!” he said falteringly10, pointing a finger at Uriah. “He has taken every drop of peace and quiet from my life!”

“Don’t be a fool!” snapped Uriah viciously. “Without me, you would be nothing. I have kept your name and reputation!”

“You have ruined me!” wailed11 Mr Wickfield.

“Silence him, Copperfield”, Uriah snarled12, “or the old fool will say something he regrets!”

“I will not silence him,” I cried, preparing to confront12 Uriah. “You have ruined him.”

Uriah’s eyes burned with hatred. “This isn’t about Mr Wickfield, is it, Copperfield?” he shouted. “This is about you. You are jealous13 of me because I have become Mr Wickfield’s partner!”

Uriah then rubbed his clammy hands together. “I think it’s time, Mr Wickfield, for you to discover that one day in the near future, I shall marry your daughter.”

This was too much for Mr Wickfield. He moaned14 in horror, started pulling his hair out, and beating his head with his own fists.

In fury, I hit out and slapped Heep’s cheek. He caught my hand and we stared in silent anger at each other for at least a minute. Then he smiled, in an oily, contemptuous15 way. 1 forgive you, Copperfield,” he said. “There’s nothing you can do to me now.”

I left the house, my mind made up that I would do everything in my power to wreck Uriah Heep’s schemes. But I needed proof.

12confront /kənˈfrʌnt/ *v.*

对抗; 与(某人)对峙

12jealous /ˈdʒeləs/ *adj.*

吃醋的; 妒忌的

14moan /məʊn/ *v.*

呻吟; 抱怨

15contemptuous

/kənˈtemptʃuəs/ *adj.*

蔑视的; 鄙视的

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* **Check Your Understanding**

1. How did Dacvid feel toward Steerforth’s running away with Emily?

1. Why would David have this kind of mixed feelings?

3. What can you infer from Mr. Wickfield’s words and actions?

* **Share Your Opinion**

1. Uriah Heep is a negative figure in David Copperfield. He controlled Mr. Wickfield and

attempted to “steal” the firm, and even wanted to marry with Agnes. Why do you think he

would develop such kind of characters?

Chapter 10 The Shipwreck

* **Discuss the Question**

1. Would you save someone who you disliked or hated? Why?
2. Do you think people will deserve what they have done? Give your reasons.

* **Read by Yourself**

Then, at last, I had a stroke of luck. Mr Micawber wrote to me from Mr Wickfield’s suggesting that my aunt and I should come down to Canterbury. Mysteriously, he hinted1 that he had some very important news for us.

I tried not to raise my hopes too high. What had he managed to discover? When we arrived at Mr Wickfield’s house, we found Mr Micawber and Uriah deep in conversation.

“What a surprise!” said Mr Micawber, throwing his arms in the air and pretending2 he didn’t know we were coming.

“A surprise indeed!” said Uriah. “How fortunate we are to have such fine guests in our ’umble company.”

“Mr Wickfield is not well at the moment,” said Mr Micawber, “but Agnes would be delighted to see you all.”

He hurried out and returned a few moments later with Agnes. Uriah beamed at Agnes and then turned to Mr Micawber. “Leave us alone now,” he instructed darkly. But Mr Micawber didn’t move.

“I have told you to go!” ordered Uriah sharply.

But Mr Micawber reached into his coat pocket and pulled out a letter. “In front of these witnesses, I announce that this document prove beyond doubt that Uriah Heep is a forger3 and a cheat,” he declared.

Uriah spluttered with fury. “So this is a plot!” he shrieked, glaring at me. “I’ll get even with you and then you’ll be sorry!”

He lunged at Mr Micawber, trying to tear up the letter. But Mr Micawber stood firm.

“I will now read the charges against Uriah Heep,” Mr Micawber announced solemnly4.

The atmosphere in the room was electric. As Mr Micawber read out what Uriah had done, we listened in astonishment. We knew he was a liar, but no one had suspected how treacherous5 he had been. He had been cheating and stealing from all of Mr Wickfield’s clients.

Aunt Betsey was one of them. She had not lost her fortune after all. Uriah had stolen it. She had trusted Mr Wickfield, and so she had never blamed him or tried to discover what had happened to her money.

1hint /hɪnt/ *v.*

暗示; 提示

2pretend /prɪˈtend/ *v.*

假装; 佯装

3forger /ˈfɔ:dʒə(r)/ *v.*

伪造者; 犯伪造罪的人

4solemnly /'sɒləmli/

*adv.* 郑重; 一本正经地

5treacherous /ˈtretʃərəs/

*adj.* 不可信任的; 背叛的

As the list of his crimes grew longer, Uriah’s face twisted with rage. Gone was any pretence of ’umbleness.

“I’ve always hated you, Copperfield,” he burst out. “You always thought you were so high and mighty6, but you’re just a nobody!”

“You hated everyone, Uriah,” I said. “You pretended to be a friend and then you cheated and lied. Well, now you have been found out!”

“But I’m not going to tell you anything more!” snarled Uriah.

“We’ll see about that!” said my aunt lightly.

I was delighted that Uriah was no longer able to threaten Agnes and Mr Wickfield. All the stolen money was found and Mr Wickfield escaped the public shame that he had so feared.

I continued in my career as a writer, and I was even able to marry my dear pretty Dora. But my happiness did not last.

Dora loved me, but she had never had to look after herself in her life and she expected me to do everything. Soon, our household became as wildly disorganized as the Micawbers. Dora wept bitterly at every unpaid bill. But it was quite beyond her to pay it.

Then our first baby died and Dora became ill. She grew paler and weaker with every day and seemed to fade away in front of me. I was powerless to stop it. She died one evening in late autumn and I fell into the deepest pit7 of despair.

If it hadn’t been for Agnes’s support and kindness, my life would have been completely unbearable. Over the next few weeks I decided that I needed to go away. Maybe if I left England the pain might gradually fade. Before I set out, I paid a visit to the Peggottys at Yarmouth. Ever since Emily had left, Dan had been searching for her and Ham had stayed at home alone.

The weather was wild and windy as I arrived in Yarmouth, and the storm gathered strength as evening fell. Later that night, I was woken by shouts of “There’s a shipwreck8 close by. It’s breaking up”.

Everyone was running down to the beach in a wild panic and I joined them. Through the lashing9 wind and rain, I could see a ship tossing madly in the gale. Its back was broken and it would soon break up entirely. Then I spotted Ham in the crowd. He had got out his boat and was about to set off into the storm!

“Ham,” I yelled above the wind. “Stop! You can’t go out there! You’ll be killed!”

“There’s one last sailor clinging10 to the wreck,” Ham shouted back. “Someone has to go out there and save him!”

6mighty /ˈmaɪti/ *adj.*

强而有力的; 巨大的

7pit /pit/ *n.* 深洞; 深坑

8shipwreck /ˈʃɪprek/ *n.*

船舶失事; 海难

9lash /ˈlæʃɪŋ/ *v.*

猛击; 狠打

10cling /klɪŋ/ *v.*

抓紧; 紧握

11swamp /swɒmp/ *v.*

使不堪承受; 淹没

12foam /fəʊm/ *n.*

泡沫橡胶; 泡沫

14rigid /ˈrɪdʒɪd/ *adj.*

死板的; 僵硬的

I watched in horror as Ham rowed towards the wreck, his boat almost swamped11 by the violent waves. I saw him leap from his boat onto the wreck and stretch out his hand to the poor sailor. But then the wreck suddenly shuddered and split in two and Ham disappeared in a swirl of foam12.

A little while later, his body was washed up on the shore. Ham had given his life to save another. Soon after, the body of the last sailor washed up too. I stared down at the dead man’s face and went rigid13 with shock. I knew him only too well. It was Steerforth.

* **Check Your Understanding**

1. Why do you think David didn’t raise his hopes too high?

1. How did Uriah react to Mr. Micawber’s accusation? Why do you think Uriah reacted this way?

3. How was my marriage with Dora? Why would the marriage become such unsuccessful?

4. Who helped me through the difficult time? How was David’s feeling toward her?

* **Share Your Opinion**

1. In the last paragraph of this chapter, Ham risked life to save the last sailor. But when the

sailor’s body was washed up, David went rigid with shock because it was Steerforth. Why wold David behave that way? What would he think?

1. Try to analyze Ham’s character and personality according to the chapters.

Chapter 11 New Beginnings and Happy Endings

* **Discuss the Question**

1. What kind of life do you expect to live when you grow up?
2. What would you do to pursue a life that you’ll be satisfied with and like?

* **Read by Yourself**

Steerforth had left Emily abroad with no money, and so she came to London where Dan Peggotty finally tracked her down. Dan decided that there was nothing to hold him in Yarmouth and he and Emily began a new life in Australia.

And in search of yet another fresh start, the Micawbers decided that they would also go to Australia. “Something will turn up there,” said Mr Micawber, as cheerful as ever.

I went travelling abroad as I’d planned, taking pleasure only in the letters from Agnes Wickfiel urging1 me to come home and continue my writing career. I listened to her encouragement and picked up my pen once more.

When I finally returned to England, I found that things had gone well while I was away.

Mr Wickfield was a contented man, free forever from Uriah Heep, and Aunt Betsey was delighted to have me back at her side. Like Agnes, she hoped I would continue writing.

And in Australia, the Peggottys and Micawbers were thriving2 in their new lives.I was really happy for them all, and I began to feel happier myself too. Although I would never forget Dora, I realised I was starting to fall in love with someone else.

Agnes Wickfield was the perfect match for me. I’d always loved her as a friend, but now loved her even more and wanted her to be my wife.

When I finally summoned3 up the courage to ask her to marry me, she told me that she’d secretly loved me for years. I could hardly believe my happiness and we were married within a fortnight4. Aunt Betsey, who had always liked Agnes, was almost as pleased as I was.

As I sit here now I have the two women at my side, who mean everything to me—Agnes, my wife, and Aunt Betsey, who looked after me when I was all alone in the world.

Who could have guessed that little David Copperfield would at last gain happiness?

1urge /ɜ:dʒ/ *v.*

敦促; 催促

2thrive /θraɪv/ *v.*

兴旺发达; 繁荣

3summon /ˈsʌmən/ *v.*

传唤; 召唤

4fortnight /ˈfɔ:tnaɪt/

*n.* 两星期

5treacherous /ˈtretʃərəs/

*adj.* 不可信任的; 背叛的